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1

North Korea P.O.V.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

I groaned at the sound of my alarm in my ear. I had set it to wake me up at six even though school started at eight. That means everyone else is getting another hour of sleep while I'm trudging my tired body around my house.

I felt too tired to actually turn the alarm off. This is why I wake up two hours earlier. I'm so tired and lazy in the mornings that I'd be late to school everyday.

The alarm clock went on for about five minutes until the sound started giving me a headache. I turned it off and practicaly rolled out of bed. I walked over to my closet and grabbed my clothes for school: a black shirt with gray pants.

It's plain, I know. But I don't really care. In fact, most of my clothes are dark colors. I never really cared about what I was wearing. I just made sure I didn't draw any unwanted attention to myself.

Time skip to when North's downstairs

I was eating cereal and watching TV when I heard racket from upstairs. I set my bowl of cereal down and crept up the stairs. The noise sounded like it was coming from my room.

I walked to my door and eased it open. Now that I was closer, I noticed that is was just music. It wasn't even in my room.

The music was coming from the house next to me. The window was open and a radio was blasting songs. I immediately recognized the songs. It was K-Pop. Of course. I should have known.

My annoying brother, South Korea, lives right next to me. He always blasts K-Pop music at seven in the morning. He only stops

when I threaten to nuke him.

Instead of trying to get him to turn off the K-Pop, I just closed my window, shut my blinds, and used my curtains to block my-and his-view. I really wasn't gonna waste my voice on him today.

I hurried downstairs and shut off my TV. I put my bowl of cereal in the dishwasher and speed-walked to my front door. I slipped on my black sneakers and almost left the house before realizing-

"My backpack."

I had left my backpack on the couch. I went back inside and picked it up. I wrapped the straps around my shoulders and hurried outside.

You're probably wondering why I was in such a rush. I had all the time in the world because school started at 8:55 and it was only 7:05. Well, I usually start walking to school at seven so I can get there before all the... uhm... annoying kids... got there.

Once everyone was at the school, it'd be really loud. I like to think, and I think some of you can relate when you can't hear your own thoughts because kids don't know how to shut up.

Today was no excuse. For me walking to school early, I mean. I was thinking about who goes to my school and who doesn't. I was secretly hoping South and America were attending different schools.

I got pulled out of my thoughts when I heard someone call my name.

"North Korea!"

I recognized that voice anywhere. I turned around and saw China walking towards me. He waved at me and I waved back, smiling. "Hey China."

Once China had caught up to me we began our walk to school. I forgot to mention that it was really warm out.
"Still walking to school early?" China asked.

I glanced up at him and nodded. "같은 오래된 것들. How about you?"

China blinked at me. "I don't speak Korean, dude."

I sighed. "I said, 'Same old stuff. How about you.' "

China nodded. "Same stuff with me, too."

We walked in silence for a bit before China spoke up.

"Why do you get up so early?"

"Huh?"

The question had caught me by surprise. China had been friends with me long enough to understand my ways. I guess he secretly wondered why but never bothered to ask.

"Why do you get up so early?" China repeated.

"I'm really lazy and tired in the mornings. If I got up at seven then I'd be late to school everyday. I also come to school early so I can think in the quiet."

China nodded his understanding and seemed to speed up.

"H-hey! Slow down! I have shorter legs!" I called as I practically jogged to catch up.

China laughed and slowed down so I could walk again. China had always been taller than me. When we were younger I used to be up to his stomach. Over the years I got taller and now I'm up to his chest. But still, the guy had long legs.

"Why are you up this early?" I asked China after a bit.

"I hoped to meet up with you. I also wanted to get out of the house before Taiwan woke up."

China and I had a good laugh and continued to talk as we walked to school. Before I knew it, we were on school grounds just outside the

front doors.

"You wanna go in?" China asked. "We can go to homerooom and talk there. Most likely it'll be more quiet there than here when everyone arrives."

I looked around the front of the school. "Sure."

Time skip, everyone is at the school and South is waiting for Ame

South Korea's P.O.V.

I was waiting near the school gates for America to show up. In the meantime, I was looking at everyone else's group of friends.

Japan was walking over to Italy, Soviet Union, and Third Reich. Italy had stolen Soviet's ushanka and was holding it over his head. Soviet was trying to get it back but it was kinda hard to do since Italy was taller than him. Everyone was smiling though, so no hard feelings.

France was holding a flower behind her back and was talking to Britian. I'll give you three guesses of who the flower is for. Britian was excited as always, and even at my distance I could tell he was restless. Eventually, France pulled out the flower and showed it to Britian, who froze. He took the flower and hugged France.

I smiled and looked around for America.

Still not here...

I sighed and continued to look at everyone else.

Russia was talking to Poland and Finland. Russia occasionally looked over at his dad's struggle to get his ushanka back and giggled.

"GIVE ME BACK MY USHANKA ITALY AND JAPAN!"

Soviet had yelled loud enough for everyone to hear. We all were used to this because Italy's always pranking him. I however, looked

over. Third Reich was on the ground laughing while Japan and Italy tossed Soviet's ushanka back and forth, while Soviet scrambled to get it.

It was a game of monkey in the middle but instead of a ball and having fun, it's stealing your friend's ushanka and tossing back and forth while they tried to get it back.

I snickered at the sight and watched for a while longer. Soviet eventually gave up and just punched Italy's stomach when Italy caught his ushanka. He took his ushanka back while Italy died laughing while holding his stomach. Soviet put his ushanka back on and I assume was trying to get them all to stop laughing at him.

I stopped watching and looked around a little more. UN, EU, and NATO were going inside the building.

"Heya South."

I turned around and saw America standing there. He was wearing his classic NATO shirt and some shorts.

"Took you long enough. Where were you?" I asked, pretending to be annoyed. I actually was used to Ame being late.

America laughed. "Slept in. I guess one of my brothers thought it'd be funny to turn off my alarm clock."

I chuckled. "Or you forgot to set it."

"Possibly."

America and I laughed at the thought, then went over to our usual spot near the hedges.

"Have you seen Canada?" America asked once we were over there.

"No, why?" I asked.

America looked around at the countries. "I thought of all countries he at least would wake me up."

I honestly didn't know what to say for that one. I just shrugged.

"What were you looking at earlier?" America asked.

I last looked at UN, EU, and NATO going inside the school, but that's boring for America. I decided to tell all about Italy stealing Soviet Union's ushanka and Japan joining in.

America and I were both gasping for breath once I was done.

"That is hilarious!" America exclaimed. "What was Third doing?"

"Laughing. I think he was laughing so hard he couldn't help Soviet." I said, a giggle coming out.

It took a few moments for me and America to calm down.

"Have you seen China?" America asked.

"Huh?"

"China. Have you seen him? He's supposed to trade something with me today." America said, looking around.

"What is this thing you want to trade?" I asked, curious.

"Classified." America said in a goofy tone.

I laughed a little. I wasn't upset that America didn't want to tell me. I understand something like that.

I shook my head. "Sorry, haven't seen him. He's usually comes with Taiwan, so you could ask him."

I followed America as he walked to Taiwan; who was talking to Mexico and Belarus. "Hey Taiwan, I know you don't like him, but have you seen China?"

Taiwan turned and looked at America. He frowned and then sighed. "No, I haven't seen him."

America sighed. "Was he with you this morning?"

Taiwan shook his head. "He wasn't in his room. Must've came to school early. Good for me because I don't have to deal with his whining."

America thanked Taiwan and we walked up the stairs to the doors. We entered the school and walked down the hallway. I looked at the time. 8:20. Countries start coming inside at 8:30.
I exited my thoughts when I heard America sigh.

"Something wrong?" I asked, turning towards him.

"I need to find China, but where could he be in this gigantic school?" America shook his head.

I thought for a moment. Then an idea came to my head.

"그는 북한과 함께 할 수 있습니다 ... (He could be with North Korea...)" I said.

"Dude, I don't speak-"

I didn't let America finish his sentence. I grabbed his hand and rushed down the hallway. We came to a classroom and heard voices inside. I immediately recognized North's laughter and China telling jokes.

America didn't seem to hear North. He burst into the classroom. "China! I've been looking for you all-" He stopped when he saw North Korea.

I hope you enjoyed this first chaptor. I also hope it wasn't too cringey. I probably won't update fast because of school and unmotivation, but I'll try. This first chapter was really boring tho ._.

I also accept tips on grammer and wording, and KIND criticism. I want to improve my writing skills and it would be a big help if you guys helped.

I'll try to get Chapter 2 out as soon as I can, but until then have a good day!

2

If you understand Korean or any language that isn't English on here, I'm sorry if Google Translate doesn't convert it correctly oof. But then again, I don't know if Google Translate translates it correctly or not :P

North Korea P.O.V.

China had just finished telling me a funny story, and was about to start another one when America bust into the room.

"China! I've been looking for you all-" America stared at me and we locked eyes (He actually locked eyes with my one eye that wasn't covered with an eyepatch).

When America had bust in I internally groaned. Then South walked in trying to calm America down and I internally groaned AGAIN. America was ignoring South Korea.

"North Korea." He said coldly.

"America." I returned the tone.

The four of us sat in silence. South twiddling with his fingers and kept glancing between America and me, and China stared at the desk he was sitting in.

America only took one step forward when China quickly got up and blocked his way of getting to me. I was standing now and was confused by China's actions.

China cleared his throat. "So, about that trade..."

America perked up, completely forgetting about me. His voice was more cheerful now. "Yeah! I actually was looking for you because of that. We never specified when we'll trade."

China nodded. "How about after school at my house?"

"Sure! See you there." America waved at China and left the class. Before he exited the classroom though, he glared at me. Guess he didn't forget I was there.

South was now standing alone while me and China stared at him. He didn't say anything but continued to twiddle with his fingers.

I was started to wish he was gone and I started tapping my feet. South looked up at us in reponse, I guess.
"This is my homeroom, too."

I groaned. Just great. My annoying brother is not only in the same school, but he's in the same homeroom as me. South--for some reason--smiled. "I sit next to you, North. Now we can-"

I slammed my head on the desk next to me. China immediately checked if I was okay. I was, just little dizzy, but I was fine. I nodded when he asked if I was okay for the fifth time.

South Korea's hand was over his mouth and he had a worried expression on his face.

"North Korea! Are you okay?" He asked, walking over to us. South tried to help me regain my balance but I pushed him away. Instead, I leaned against China to regain my balance; who held onto me.

Before South could make another attempt to help me, America walked back inside. "South, I know this is your homeroom but come on."

South hesitantly walked over to the door. Both he and America left and their footsteps echoed down the hall.
"Thank goodness..." I murmered.

"Are you okay? Why did you do that?" China was still holding me even though I had regained my balance.

"I'm fine, China. But America AND South Korea are attending the same school as me? That's my worst nightmare come true."

China nodded in understanding and finally let go of me. I immediately was disappointed that he wasn't holding me anymore--

wait, what?

China sighed. "Do you wanna go see anybody else? We can leave our backpacks here."

I thought for a moment. "아냐, 학교가 곧 시작될거야 나중에 러시아나 소련을 볼 수있을 것입니다. (Nah, school will start soon. Maybe we can see Russia or Soviet later on.)"

China looked at me in hopes of a translation. I smiled and shook my head, as if saying "Figure this one out alone."

China pouted and sat back down in his desk. I giggled at his response and sat down in my desk, too.

I stopped laughing after hearimg some footsteps--actually, LOTS of footsteps in the hallway.

It must be 8:30.

Russia and Ukraine walked into the classroom. Russia greeted both China and me with a smile and a wave.

Ukraine smiled at China but snorted at me. I honestly didn't care. In response, I flipped him off.

Ukraine glared at me and sat down at the front of the classroom. Russia sat two seats behind him, so he was in front of China. China and I always sit in the back.

As time passed, more countries entered the classroom. Indonesia, Madagascar, India, Malaysia, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Australia, and more. Eventually, as expected, South Korea entered and sat right next to me.

To my surprise, he didn't immediately start talking to me, instead opting to turn around and chat with Brazil.
"How was the game?" South Korea asked the Brazilian.

"It went great. My team won every match except one." Brazil boasted.

"What happened during the match you lost?" South Korea asked.

"The scores were tied, and there was only one minute left in the match. Then all of a sudden, the enemy team got another point! Argentina's team totally cheated."

Argentina was two desks to the right of Brazil. "What do you mean my team cheated?! It was your team that wasn't playing fair the whole game!"

"Face it, Argentina, your team cheated just so you could win the game. I'm still going on to the championship so there's no need to deny it." Brazil smiled at Argentina.

"My team didn't cheat!!"

"Yes it did!!"

They started arguing and South turned back around. I tuned out Brazil and Argentina's voices because they were kinda annoying. South turned to me and poked my arm.

"Hey North. How are you?"

I ignored him like I always do. I could feel him still looking at me, but I couldn't glance because my dang right eye is covered with my eyepatch. Don't think I'll take off the eyepatch, because I won't.

Eventually. I felt him turn away from me. I looked at him and he was staring at his desk. There was actually hurt in his eyes and I felt a little bad. I almost felt urge to tap and talk to him.

Almost.

I turned away and pulled out my phone. The teacher is never there in the homeroom. The students can do what they want.

I started texting Soviet Union, who was on the second floor.

Me
Hey Soviet

Soviet Union
Hey North, how you doin?

Me
I'm doing okay. Another average day so far, almost got into a fight with jerkerica yadda yadda. Same as middle school. How bout you?

Soviet Union
Jeez, you and America really don't like each other, huh?

Me
You're one to talk

Soviet Union
Shut up, the Cold War was a while ago...

Me
Haha

Soviet Union
>:(

ANYWAY, my day has been fine so far

Me
Did Italy and Japan steal your ushanka?

Soviet Union
...

How did you get that idea?

Me
I hear Chile and Madagascar talking about it right now

So did they?

Soviet Union
...yes

Me
XD

Soviet Union
Don't laugh at me!!

Italy's really tall and Japan is a high jumper!!

Me
You should've seen it coming. Italy's always pranking you.

Soviet Union
Yeah, but he does it randomly! I never see it coming.

Me
Oh my god..

Wanna hear what's happening in my homeroom?

Soviet Union
Better be more exciting than what's happening here.

Go for it

Me
Brazil and Argentina are arguing about who cheated during the game they had.

It's started to get physical

Soviet Union
Awwwww I wanna be there and see the chaos unfold!

Me
Haha, I think Third would like to see it as well.

Soviet Union
Yeah, probably.

Gtg now. Japan's getting mad because I'm not listening to him :P

Me
Okay, 안녕
(Bye)

Soviet Union
до свидания
(Bye)

I quickly put my phone away before Brazil or Argentina accidently smacked it out of my hand. They were wrestling now and a few countries were chanting: "Fight, fight, fight!"

I remained silent at my desk. I had pulled out a book and was reading it when Brazil crashed into my desk.

My desk crashed into my torso, causing immediate pain and preventing me from breathing. Brazil had already gotten up but was still fighting with Argentina.

I was struggling to push my desk off of my torso when China shoved it back. I took a few deep breaths and thanked him.

"No problem." China said, grabbing my arm and pulling me to the left side of the room.

We watched the fight from there.
Brazil was dragging Argentina by the collar of his shirt while Argentina struggled to break free. He eventually did, but Brazil quickly kicked his shin causing him to collapse again.

"You're cheating like always!" Argentina shouted as Brazil dragged him by his legs.

"Am I? You were the one who cheated during the game." Brazil chuckled.
Argentina kicked with all his might until Brazil let go, then quickly got up and punched Brazil in the nose.

We all could hear a crack as Brazil stumbled backwards, clutching his nose with both hands.

Every country in the class froze when we heard it. Brazil was up against the right-side wall, tears were streaming from his eyes and he was whimpering.

"I-I didn't mean to... I... I'm really sorry, Brazil. L-let me take you to

the nurse's offi-"

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!" Brazil screamed.

I noticed a lot of blood streaming down. I wasn't the only one. India ran up to the table at the front of the room and grabbed a bunch of tissue. He then raced to Brazil and started cleaning up the blood.

The teacher finally entered and didn't like what she saw.

She said coldly, "Argentina and Brazil will report to the principle's office. The rest of you get in your seats. NOW."

Countries raced back to their seats. Argentina continued to stand still. The teacher turned to him. "What are you waiting for? Go to the principle's office."

Argentina pointed at Brazil, who was murmuring to himself in what I assume was Portuguese.

The teacher turned to him. "India, take Brazil to the nurse's office, then come back here immediately."

India looked up at the teacher. "But he's... I-"

"I said to come back here once Brazil is in the nurse's office. Do I make myself clear?"

India hesitated before nodding. "Yes ma'am..."

He helped Brazil up and then walked out if the classroom. Argentina followed them. The teacher turned to the rest of us in the room.

"I am heavily disappointed in all of you. You could've stopped the fight but you didn't. Some of you were even encouraging it!"

No one said anything as she continued.

"Raise your hand if you were encouraging the fight."

A few countries nervously raised their hands. I however knew that

there were more.

The teacher seemed to read my mind. "I know there were more. Raise your hand, NOW. Don't bother lying to me. I was watching you all on the cameras."

The rest of the countries that encouraged the fight raised their hands. The teacher nodded.

"Detention to those whose hands are raised."

The countries groaned. I almost snickered. *Serves them right,* I thought.

The teacher introduced herself as Mrs. Applebloom. She also told us that she teaches math, and she's excited to start out the new year, excluding what happened just now.

She let us talk to each other but didn't let anyone out if their seats unless they asked.

China leaned over to me. "What are your thoughts on her?"

I glanced at Mrs. Applebloom, she was on her phone facing the door. I turned to China and shrugged. "She seems nice. She's stern when students misbehave. That's what I like about a teacher."

China nodded and told me that he agreed.

China and I chatted until Mrs. Applebloom dismissed us for math. "Those of you who have me for math this morning line up against the wall, we have assigned seats!" She called as we left.

I walked with China to my locker. During summer break, we had chosen lockers and me and China chose to be right next to each other. I had Mr. Lucas for math, so I'd be going to the third floor.

China sighed.

"Something wrong?" I asked him as I opened my locker.

"Yeah, but we don't have math together." China replied, grabbing

his math book.

I closed my locker with my math book in hand and chuckled. "I'll be fine. Long as I don't have America in math I'm all good."

China nodded and smiled at me but I could tell he was nervous. I gave him a reassuring pat in the arm. "I'll meet up with you here, okay?"

We both walked up the staircase and split there. China walked through the second floor hallways while I continued the climb the stairs to the third floor.

When I finally reached the top I jogged to my math class. I got there a minute before class started and breathed a sigh of releif. I entered the classroom and looked around. "Hello North Korea," Mr. Lucas greeted me and then pointed to the back of the room. "You can sit back there. Everyone had free roam to choose where they sat and that's the only seat available."

I nodded and made my way to the back of the classroom. I could feel eyes on me as I walked. And even though I'm used to this, I started getting uncomfortable. I speed-walked the rest of the way and sat down in my desk.

I internally breathed a sigh of relief when everybody turned back around. I recognized one country I'm neutral with, Third Reich.

He turned around slightly and waved at me, grinning. I gave a tiny, awkward wave back. I only waved at China, Russia, and Soviet, so waving at anybody else was...weird...

Reich turned back around. The bell rang and Mr. Lucas got up and started telling the class about what we'd be doing. "We will start learning about ------- now, so pay attention." He said.

I couldn't hear what he said we were learning about, but didn't think any of it. I'd figure it out once he taught it.

Time skip to lunch because Idk how High school workes :")

I grabbed my lunch box from my backpack inside my locker and

walked to the cafeteria. It was crowded. Countries were already in their friend groups, and if they weren't then they were walking to their friend groups.

I looked around the lunchroom for China and locked eyes with America. He was sitting with Australia, New Zealand, Poland, South Korea, and Russia.

I quickly broke eye contact and shuffled to an empty table. I didn't even open my lunch box, I just stared at it. Eventually, I pushed it away and just sat there without eating anything.

South Korea P.O.V.

America was telling us about the American Revolution. I had known nothing about it and was honestly curious about how my best friend came to be.

He was just finishing telling us about the battle of Yorktown when Poland excused himself to go to the bathroom. I had turned around to tell him to hurry so he doesn't miss the rest of it when I saw it.

My brother was sitting alone at a table, and he wasn't eating his food.
I was staring at North Korea for a couple of minutes before America snapped and caught my attention.

"Dude, you okay?" He asked.

I nodded and turned back to my brother. I could feel America get angry and annoyed. "Why are you paying attention to him? It's obvious he doesn't care and wants nothing to do with you." America said.

I honestly felt hurt by what America and said. Russia noticed.

He whispered something to America. America relaxed a little but but I could tell it was forced. "Why don't you uh, go talk to him? Maybe get him to eat." America suggested.

He was trying his best to make it seem like he meant what he said, but I've known him long enough to tell he doesn't.

I decided to take his advice, whether he meant it or not. "Okay."

"Удачи, Юг!" Russia called. **(Good luck, South!)**

I walked over to my brother and set my lunch box down beside his.

"이봐, 어떻게 지내? (Hey North, how's it going?)" I asked him.

He turned away from me. I felt hurt but persisted anyway.

"당신은 중국을 기다리고 있습니까? (Are you waiting for China?)"

North still didn't say anything to me. I was getting annoyed now. It's not like me to get annoyed. I'll try to talk to him one more time.

"무언가가 당신을 귀찮게한다면 말해주세요. 나는 당신을 위해 여기 있습니다. (If something's bothering you, tell me, please. I'm here for you, you know that.)"

When North still wouldn't turn around and talk to me, I grabbed his face and forced him to look at me.

"들어 봐, 난 네가 나에게 이야기 할 때까지 떠나지 않을거야. 대화 하나만하고 싶은데 너무 많이 물어 볼까요?! (Listen, I'm not leaving until you talk to me. I just want one conversation, is that too much to ask?!)"

I had raised my voice during that last sentence, but nobody noticed because the cafeteria was so loud. North Korea was shocked at my sudden change in attitude and voice. I was too, but I just wanted to hear one word from him.

It's been so long since we last talked.

I want to be close again.

I let go of his face and stared into his eye. He seemed to shrink back at my stare, or was that my imagination?

He gulped and stuttered, "무엇에 대해 이야기하고 싶습니까? (Wh-what do you want to talk a-about?)"

I smiled and clapped. That's when I heard a voice behind me.

"韓國，您在這裡做什麼？" **(What are you doing here, South Korea?)**

I'm not fluent in Chinese, but I know a little bit, but that wasn't helpful in this case. But I did know that China didn't sound happy behind me.

I turned around and saw China standing there. He wasn't glaring at me, but he did have annoyance in his eyes. "North and I were talking." I responded.

"More like you're talking to him. What are you doing over here?"

"I wanted to talk with my brother. I just want to get along again..." I stopped talking and looked at the ground.

China nodded and sat next to North Korea. He started telling him about math class and what happened during it. They both weren't paying any mind that I was there.

I then got an idea. I reached into my lunchbox and pulled out two chocolate pies. North Korea immediately turned towards me and stared at the pies. China looked at them, too.

I giggled. "You want one?"

North Korea crossed his arms and shook his head. But he still stared at one of the pies.

"Suit yourself." I said. I picked one up and took a slow bite from it, making sure I chewed slowly.

I knew North Korea wanted one, he just didn't want to admit it. He was staring at the choclate pie in my hand and then looked down at the one on the table. China was snickering beside him.

I finished the chocolate pie and rubbed my stomach. "Mmm... That was good. I think I'll have another one."

As I reached for the second chocolate pie North tensed up. I was

about to grab it when the bell rang.

Leaving the chocolate pie on the table, I got up and joined America and the others in the hall. Before I left the cafeteria, though, I turned around.

As I expected, North Korea was eating the chocolate pie that I had left, and China was laughing at the smudges of chocolate on his face.

I smiled. I knew North Korea was still the same as he was before we serperated. He's only hiding it.

I just need to ease him out of his shell.

Another boring chapter... Oof. I feel like I'm going too quick with this story, but at the same time I feel like it's boring if I have the story progress slowly. I need help...

Welp, chapter 2 is done, and North Korea loves chocolate pies. I had to do a couple of research during certain events in the story, for example, when India got Brazil the sneeze-paper to clean up the blood.

Bet I'll forget which subject Mrs. Applebloom and Mr. Lucas teach. I might even forget their names. I might start the next chapter with South Korea, I don't know. I also want to get other countries involved a lot more often, even if they don't contribute to the story. Idk how I'll do that.

Sorry about my rambling, hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Adios!

3

GAH! Sorry for not getting this chapter out sooner, I had multiple mental breakdowns writing this chapter because I had no idea what to do.

I apologize if this chapter is super cringey or just doesn't make sense over all.

I've noticed North Korea isn't as mean or hateful as he is in my head. I'll try to change that the rest of the story.

South Korea P.O.V.

The school day had ended and I was walking home as I always do. Alone. Like always.

When North Korea and I were younger, we used to walk to and from school together. Every activity we would do together until he... changed.

It was during the Cold War between The Soviet Union and The United States of America. We had been out walking one day and I had to go to the bathroom. Once I got back he was talking to this tall country.

His skin was red and he had the hammer and sickle symbol on the top left of his head. I recognized him immediately. It was Soviet Union, and I didn't like him one bit. The whole communist thing just didn't settle well in my mind. I was more of a fan of capitalism.

I was speed-walking over to my brother to pull him away when The Soviet Union reached his hand out, as if making a deal. His mouth moved but I couldn't hear anything.

It was getting dark out and no one else was on the street. I wanted to get home and better yet-get away from that communist.

I continued to walk briskly to my brother when I felt a hand on my

shoulder, stopping me. I turned around and the red, white, and blue country stood behind me.

"You are now a capitalist. Come with me."

I turned around to get my brother. He had shaken hands with the tall country and his flag was changing.

"Korea!"

My brother turned towards me and we both tried running to each other. The Soviet Union grabbed North and America grabbed me. Both of the stronger nations dragged us away as we tried to break free of their grasp and reunite.

I remember seeing North's tear stained face just as his flag finished changing, and was starting to feel mine change as well. A couple seconds pass of me trying to break free of America's grip when I realized I couldn't see my brother anymore.

I shook my head and sighed. Years have passed since that incident and since the Cold War ended. America and I are best friends, and he apologized for dragging me away like that all those years ago.

I had gotten used to my new life and the name South Korea. North Korea is no longer under the rule of Soviet Union, now is a nation and operating himself, but is still allies with Soviet.

I haven't changed at all since we separated, and always dreamed of meeting my brother again and staying the same besties as we were all those years ago. But now he's so cold to me; pushes me away, and wants nothing to do with me.

I felt tears prick the corner of my eyes as I unlocked my front door. Before I entered I looked to my left. North was my neighbor, at least. It's better than nothing.

I opened the door and entered my house, locking it behind me. I gazed around my living room and wanted to clean it. I had been so tired the past few weeks; I never got the chance to clean up all the clothes and crumbs on the floor.

It honestly looked like I had a party.
I hung my backpack up on the kitchen chair and cooked some food. I ate alone at my table and sighed.

The silence of my house bothered me. It just didn't seem right. I always started feeling a pang of sadness because it reminded me of my brother and I's separation.

This is why I always played K-Pop when I got home. It distracted me from the silence and helped me relax a bit.

I put my plate in the dishwasher and picked up my radio. I turned to a K-Pop station and set it down near the living room TV. I decided to clean up my house while I still had energy.

Time skip, six in the afternoon

I had just finished doing an hour of homework. *Who the heck assigns this much homework at the beginning of school?!* I thought bitterly.

I looked out my window and saw that North's curtains were removed from the window and his window was *open*. He must have wanted some fresh air. I looked at the clock. It was a quarter past 6. This would a perfect time to blast some K-Pop. He won't expect it.

I took my radio and put one of my most favorite K-Pop CDs inside of it. I set it on my windowsill and turned it on full volume. I opened my window and got ready to push the start button.

"하나 둘 셋! (One... two... three!)"

With my K-Pop blasting away, in no time at all North had drawn back his blinds and was yelling at me to turn it off.

"한국을 끄세요! (Turn it off, South Korea!)"

I laughed as he continued yelling at me to turn it off. Eventually, he threatened to nuke me. Instead of turning off the music, I turned it down so he could hear me. "당신이 나를 핵무기 만한다면 미국은 당신을 반발 할 것입니다. 너 저걸 원하니? (If you nuked me, America would nuke you back. Do you want that?)"

North stared at me for a couple moments. I could tell he was trying to think of what to say next.

Eventually, he huffed and said, "좋아, 이겼어. (Fine, you win.)"

He closed his window and walked away. I turned up my K-Pop and danced away in my room, singing along with the lyrics. I stopped when I heard the doorbell an hour later.

I turned off the music and jumped down the stairs three at a time. I walked to the front door and was surprised to see America standing there.

"미국?! Ahem, America? What are you doing here?" I was genuinely surprised that America was at my door. He didn't even text or call beforehand.

America smiled at me. "Hey, South. I was wondering if I could stay the night."

Woah, woah, woah. What?!

I stared at him. "밤을 보낸다는 것은 무엇을 의미합니까?!" I internally slapped myself. America. Doesn't. Understand. Korean.

"What do you mean, spend the night?" I repeated in English. "You need to call beforehand, you know this."

America shuffled his feet. "Yeah, I know... I decided to spend some time with an allie, but I realized it was getting late. I can't walk home now, it's too cold and I can't see anything. You were the closest so here I am."

America was right. It was *really* dark out, and it did get really cold at night. America also lives a while away, so that wouldn't be good.

I sighed and let him in. "You can sleep in the guest room. Aren't your parents worried about you right now?"

America nodded. "I forgot my phone at the house this morning, can I use yours?"

I handed America my phone and sat back and watched TV while he called his parents. I could hear the conversation he was having in the other room. It wasn't a long one.

"Hey Dad, I'm staying at South Korea's house tonight. I was hanging with a friend and lost track of time. I can't get home, it's too cold and I can't see crap."

"..."

"Okay, Dad."

"..."

"Alright, bye. Tell Canada I hope he gets better."

America walked into my living room and gave me my phone back. "What was that about Canada?" I asked him as he sat down beside me.

"Oh, Canada's sick. That's why he wasn't at school today, guess I forgot that he was in the morning." America explained.

"Is it bad?"

"He doesn't have the energy to move and he's throwing up a lot. It's not the worst but he's not okay."

"오 이런..."

"What-"

"I said oh gosh."

America and I continued to watch TV until eight thirty. I grabbed the remote and turned off the television, earning a groan from Ame.

"Why can't we continue?"

"Dude, we have school tomorrow."

"So?"

"Get your rest. I don't care if you choose against it, but I need my 아름다운 수면. (Beauty sleep)"

America snorted. "I think I'll stay up."

"자신에 맞게. 당신이 너무 피곤하고 다음 수업을 찾을 수 없을 때 나에게 울지 마십시오. (Suit yourself. Don't come cryin to me when your super tired and can't find your next class.)"

I left America to try and identify what I said and went to my room. I closed the door and changed into my pajamas. I looked out my window and saw North Korea talking to somebody. I noticed a red hand and assumed it was China.

I closed my window and got into bed, drifting off to sleep.

North Korea's P.O.V.

The school day seemed to drag on. It was the same thing in every class. The teacher introduced themselves, had all the students introduce themselves (Though I didn't say anything), then they told us about what they teach, and then gave us a 'test'. The test was actually just a cheap way to get to know the students. I doubt they'd actually take time to know each student since there are over a hunred in this school.

Anyway, I was waiting in the hallway for all the students to clear out when someone bumped into me.

"Oh! Sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going."

I turned around and saw Chile standing there (the bastard was taller than me-). I stared at Chile and frowned. He finally opened his eyes and stared at me back. "O-oh! North Korea! Um..." He trailed off.

I raised an eyebrow. It was obvious he wanted to say something but wasn't. Chile let out a sigh. "Look, I'll get to the point..." He trailed off *AGAIN*.

I was now getting annoyed. Not only at Chile but at his presence. His *existence*. I really wanted to push him away. But I tried not to.

"Why don't you talk?"

Really? That's the question you ask. I pushed Chile away despite his taller size and mass. I aggressively motioned for him to leave the school.

"You can't tell me what to do." Chile said, taking a step towards me.

I prepared myself for a fight when I heard a very familiar Chinese accent behind Chile.

"我建議您在受傷之前聽取朝鮮的建議。" **(I suggest you take North Korea's advice before you get hurt.)**

Chile pushed past me and ran down the hall to the exit of the school. I nodded at China in thanks as he too stared after him.

China shook his head. "They all should know you only talk to me."

I nodded. "가짜의. (Dummy)"

"That reminds me," China pulled a book out of his locker. "I want to learn Korean so I don't have to ask for a translation so much. Besides, I want to be able to read the menu when we go out to eat at Korean restaurants."

I giggled a bit. It *is* really funny watching China try to read the menus at the restaurants. I always end up translating for both him and the waiter.

"That sounds like a great idea, I'll help you. Hopefully you'll be able to understand faster." I said, grinning.

"Yeah..." China trailed off.

I stopped grinning. "China? You okay?"

China was staring at me. I raised my hands till they were an inch from his face, and then clapped.

He jumped. "Huh? What? Oh, sorry. Must've spaced out again." He laughed.

China and I walked through the halls until we came upon the school exit. China opened and held the door for me and I thanked him. We were walking home together, something that always happened during the week.

China got a call from his brother and reluctantly answered the phone. "什麼。" **(What.)**

For some reason I could hear Taiwan despite China not having it on speaker. I still couldn't understand what they were saying, though.

"也很高興聽到您的聲音。聽中國，我正在開派對，我要把你踢出屋子過夜，這樣你才不會讓我難堪。" **(Glad to hear you, too. Listen China, I'm having a party and I'm kicking you out for the night so you don't embarrass me.)**

"什麼？！" **(WHAT?!)**

"你聽到了" **(You heard me.)**

"你不能把我踢出去！" **(You can't just kick me out!)**

“是的，我可以。你知道為什麼嗎？我是哥哥。此外，這只是今晚的事，不要這么生孩子。” **(Yes, I can. You know why? I'm the older brother. Besides, it's just for tonight, don't be such a baby about it.)**

“那不公平！什麼-” **(That's not fair! What-)**

“如果你問我要去哪裡，我真的不在乎。想辦法。” **(If you're asking me about where you're gonna stay, I really don't care. Figure something out.)**

Taiwan hung up the phone as China stared at the ground. He had stopped walking and I was starting to worry about him.

"Everything okay?" I asked, setting a hand on his shoulder and looking up at him.

"H-hey... Can I spend the night...?" China asked. I could tell he was trying his best on not letting his voice crack.

I nodded. "Of course you can. Did something happen?"

"The bastard Taiwan kicked me out of the house so I don't embarrass him at his party."

"...Did he..."

"It's just for tonight, don't worry."

I nodded and grabbed China's hand. I led him to my house and opened the door, letting him in. We went up the stairs to my room.

"I don't have a guest bedroom, and I don't want you to sleep on the couch," I motioned to my bed. "So you can sleep here."

China looked at my bed, then back to me. "Where are you gonna sleep?"

"The floor."

I walked over to my closet to grab a mattress, a pillow, and a blanket. China grabbed my arm before I could open it. "I can't do that to you, I'll sleep on the floor."

"No, you're my guest, so you'll sleep on the bed."

"It's your room, I'll sleep on the floor."

"The guest shouldn't sleep on the floor!"

China and I both kept on insisting on giving the other the bed. Without thinking, I said this: "How about we both sleep on the bed?"

Realizing what I said, I covered my mouth and blushed. China stared at me for a few moments, also blushing.

"Um... uh... uhm... I- uh..." I sputtered out.

China laughed. "That's actually a great idea."

"N-no it's not!"

"Yeah, it is."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"North Korea, we're both gonna sleep on the bed."

"No."

"No."

"Yes."

I slapped my forehead when I realized what he did. China chuckled. "Glad you agree."

"That's not fair!"

"Sure, it is!"

Before I could say anything else I suddenly heard K-Pop. It was so loud and unexpected that I jumped.

Quickly getting angry, I rushed to my window and pulled back the blinds. As always, South was standing there with his radio.

"한국을 끄세요! (Turn it off, South Korea!)"

China watched as I continued the scream at South Korea to turn the music off, whom was laughing at me. After five minutes of yelling, I threatened to nuke him. China stiffened at that.

South Korea turned the music down but not *off*. He then said to me, "당신이 나를 핵무기 만한다면 미국은 당신을 반발 할 것입니다. 너 저걸 원하니? (If you nuked me, America would nuke you back. Do you want that?)"

I opened my mouth to reply but no sound came out. South was right. If I nuked or hurt South Korea's country in any way, America would immdediately jump to his aid, maybe even nuke *me*.

I was probably standing there for a good minute before China said something. "North, please don't. Relax."

I sighed. "좋아, 이겼어. (Fine, you win.)"

I closed my window and turned towards China. "He has a point, you know," He told me. "And I don't want you getting hurt."

I nodded. I walked over to my bed and lied down.

"You doing okay?" China asked, sitting down next to me.

"Yeah, just stressed about what South said."

China didn't say anything. Instead, he pulled out the book he had from his backpack. "How about you teach me some Korean to get your mind off of it?"

"Good idea."

I taught China Korean until 9 o'clock at night. He caught on pretty quickly and most of the time pronounced the words correctly. It was honestly pretty fun.

We layed down on opposites sides of the bed and told each other good night.

For the first time in years, I wasn't stressed about waking up tomorrow. Now I had something to look forward to.

I'm gonna have to clear some stuff up later won't I :")

4

[image]

iGnOrE tHe ImAgE-

North Korea P.O.V.

I awoke to the usual alarm in my ears. This morning would be the same as always-

Why do I feel arms around my waist?

I turned to my head and saw China cuddled next to me, holding my waist and somehow fast asleep despite the alarm. That's right-China had stayed over because his brother kicked him out for the night.

BUT WHY IS HE CUDDLING ME?!

I felt my cheeks heat up. I was really surprised and didn't know what to do. I remembered the alarm when I started to get a headache. God, did I have to put it so loud?

I tried reaching for it to turn it off but found it useless. China's grip was firm, and I couldn't move. I instead decided to wake him up. That's when I realized my mistake.

China's face was dangerously close to mine when I turned around. I froze and stared at him for a few seconds, admiring his beauty before snapping out of it.

"Stupid..." I called myself aloud.

I gently shook China awake, and he became a blushing mess after he realized what happened.

"Sorry! Sorry! My mistake! I- uh... Sorry..." He apologized.

I only laughed for a second before grabbing my head. That dang alarm...is too loud...

China acted quickly and turned the alarm off. My headache stopped after a few moments.

"You okay?"

I nodded. China sat next to me now. Even though the headache was gone my hands remained where they were.

"You sure?"

"I'm okay China, really."

My words were more quiet than I wanted them to be. China only grew more worried. "You sure?"

I didn't say anything this time. Currently, I was trying to keep the room from spinning. "North?"

I remembered China was in the room and turned to him. He had a worried expression on his face. "Yeah... I'm okay now." I said.

I stood up and went downstairs, followed by China. We both got ready for school in silence. Half way there, China asked me, "So... what was that about?"

I looked at him. "I always get a headache when that alarm goes on for too long. I really need to turn it down."

China chuckled. "You do. It was gonna drive me insane."

We continued to chat along the way. Suddenly I realized I was the only one talking. I looked at China. Sure enough, he wasn't saying anything; he was just looking straight ahead and seemed deep in thought.

I tugged his sleeve. "China."

He flinched and looked down at me (literally). "Sorry, I was thinking..." He turned away from me.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked him, curious.

"...The 混蛋 Taiwan..." **(Bastard)**

I nodded. I was furious at Taiwan that he kicked China out. I could tell China was trying his best to not cry last night.

China and I arrived at the school early. Instead of going inside, China wanted to stay outside and wait for a special brother of his. So we both talked on the stairs for a while.

In no time at all it seemed, countries starting coming. I was about to head inside when I heard a familiar voice call me. Thank goodness it wasn't South Korea.

"Hey! North Korea! Over here!"

I turned towards the direction which I heard the voice, and I saw Soviet waving at me. As always, Italy, Japan, and Third Reich were with him.

I waved back and then turned to China. "It's okay, go over with them. I'll be okay."

I nodded and walked over to Soviet. "Hiya, whatcha doing over here?" I asked. That's strange, I never talk like that. Oh well.

"Oh! I have an idea!" Japan said, getting our attention. He grinned, an evil one. "Let's play Steal The Ushanka!"

"Great idea!" Italy said.

"I want to play this time!" Third Reich said.

"Heck no! We are *not* playing that ga-" before USSR could finish his sentenced I jumped up and snatched his ushanka. "Reich! Catch!"

I threw the ushanka at Third Reich before Soviet could get it back. Third caught it and then tossed it to Italy. Then Italy passed it to Japan, who passed it to me, and I passed it to Reich again, and so on. We did switch it up sometimes.

This game was actually pretty fun.

Soviet Union was scrambling to get to get his ushanka back pleading with us to give it back.

We stopped what we were doing when we heard shouting. I had a feeling this moment would come. I turned around and saw China yelling at Taiwan. They both were speaking Chinese so I didn't know what they were saying. I did know that China was furious, though.

The rest of the countries and UN, EU, and NATO all watched as the brothers fought.

South Korea P.O.V.

I was chatting with America and New Zealand when shouting caught our attention. We turned and saw China and Taiwan screaming at each other in another language, which I assume was Chinese.

Every single country and UN, EU, and NATO all watched as their fight got more aggressive.

China was yelling at Taiwan and was pushing and shoving him. Taiwan looked like he was going to hit China at any moment.

UN tried to calm them both down, but to no avail. Eventually, Taiwan shoved UN away, causing him to fall down. Taiwan then focused his attention on China and went on a long rant about something, but once again, I can't understand Chinese.

China looked even more mad than before once Taiwan finished, and shoved Taiwan as hard as he could. Taiwan collapsed on the ground, hitting his head hard. He quickly got up and shoved China back. Eventually, this shoving battle turned into an all out fist fight.

Several countries and UN tried to calm them down, but it still didn't help. They all instead pulled them apart and held them by their arms to keep them from attacking each other.

Taiwan and China were panting, and they didn't put up a struggle against the countries that held them back. China was more damaged than Taiwan due to him being shorter than his older

brother; who had used his height to his advantage.

Multiple teachers and the principle rushed outside. They took Taiwan and China and took them inside. Countries immediately started talking about the fight that had just happened.

I could hear some of things they were talking about.

"What do you think they were so mad at each other about?"

"China and Taiwan never got along, but I didn't expect them to actually do *that*."

"Taiwan actually hurt China, I thought he said he'd never lay a hand on him no matter what he did?"

"I can't believe Taiwan actually shoved UN..."

I looked towards UN. He was rubbing his arm that had been scraped when he fell down. EU and NATO were saying stuff to him. They then headed inside to go to what I assume was the nurses office.

"Wow..." America was staring at the ground. "I can't believe they did that..."

I didn't say anything. I was speechless along with most of the other countries. Every single conversation didn't last long. I also didn't expect them to do that.

I mean, sure, China and Taiwan never really got along but fighting like that? It was really confusing. It even got me thinking about a certain Korean.

I looked around for North Korea. I saw him with Soviet Union, Nazi, Italy, and Japan. He was holding Soviet's ushanka and was giving it back to him. The five of them were talking amongst themselves in hushed voices, they were the only conversation still going on.

"Should we go inside? It's eight thirty." New Zealand murmured.

"Yeah... we should. 믿을 수가 없어 ... (I can't believe this...)"

"I'm more confused on China and Taiwan fighting to ask you what you said." America said as he lead us inside.

Every country and nation was silent as we went inside the school. My homeroom classroom was filled with hushed whispering. North Korea sat silent beside me, staring at his desk.
"이봐 노스, 그게 뭔지 알아? (Hey North, do you know what all that was about?)"

He nodded slightly and turned to me, scowling. "그것이 내가 당신에게 말하고있는 것입니다. 다시 말하면 당신을 다치게 할 것입니다. (That's all I'm telling you, talk to me again and I'll hurt you.)"

I raised my hands like I was getting arrested and turned away. "어쨌든 더 이상 질문하지 않겠다 (I wasn't gonna ask anymore questions anyway.)"

I looked around the classroom at the students. Each one was talking about the fight, and I could tell some rumors were going to spread.

"Maybe Taiwan did something to China."

"Maybe China did something to Taiwan."

"Did Taiwan steal something from China?"

"I bet €100 that China did something bad to either Taiwan or his stuff."

I kept catching glances of North Korea as each country shared why they thought the brothers fought. North Korea was shaking his head at most of them. I decided to listen to each opinion and then look towards North.

I pulled out a notepad and pencil to take notes, and cross out incorrect opinions according to North.

Here's what I collected:

Every single time someone suggested China did something bad to

Taiwan or his stuff, North Korea shook his head. When someone suggested Taiwan did something China, North didn't move.

I now had five possible reasons on my notepad. I was trying to decide which was more reasonable, so I was looking into Taiwan's personality and any recent events that could've possibly angered China.

I was searching through my memories and recent events when I realized North was scanning my paper. I pretended to not notice him. He almost seemed...impressed... I could actually see a tiny smile on his face. I decided it'd be funny to see his reaction when I turned to him.

"What do you think?" I asked him, pointing towards the five possible options.

North actually jumped the tiniest bit. I giggled a little. He frowned and blushed a little. "나 한테 웃지 마! (Stop laughing at me!)"

I stopped giggling for his sake. "So what do you think? Of my possible options."

He looked back at my notepad. "It's impressive... I guess... How did you, uh, get that information?"

"I listened to countries opinions on the matter, then I looked at you because I noticed you were often shaking your head. You shook your head at certain ones: specifically the China did something to Taiwan ones. I them wrote down the ones where you didn't move, because I took that as a maybe or a yes." I explained.

North nodded, he then turned away and pulled out his phone. He was definitely texting someone. I wonder who it was.

I wanted to talk to someone, I turned around to tall to Brazil but he wasn't there. I was confused for a moment but then I remembered. Brazil and Argentina got into a serious physical fight, almost like the one China and Taiwan got into this morning. Brazil ended up getting seriously injured, and I guess both him and Argentina got suspended, since Argentina wasn't here as well.

I turned to my right and saw Malaysia sitting next to me, sketching. Malaysia and I are friends, but we haven't talked much due to an argument we had a month ago.

"Hey, Malaysia?"

Malaysia turned to me. He nervously waved. "Long time no see, South Korea."

"Hey, so I wanted to apologize for the argument we had..."

"How about we both apologize? I was in the wrong as well."

"Deal."

"On three?"

"Sure."

Malaysia started counting down. "1... 2... 3..."

"I'm sorry about the argument we had." We both said in union.

I heard North snort beside me, probably annoyed by what he called a 'cheesy apology,' or a 'cheesy reunion.'
I ignored him and decided to catch up with Malaysia.

Time skip to lunch

I was sitting with America as always and was pondering about the fight. I had been thinking about it all day now. I don't know why I was so interested in it, I just was.

Anyway, when I sat down I told America that I didn't feel like talking, so he was talking Poland, Ukraine, and Russia. Sometimes he'd get my attention to ask me something or give me something but that was it.

Eventually, the sound of the cafeteria doors opening caught my attention, and I turned to them. I saw North Korea standing there.

He was looking around the cafeteria, I think for a table. He usually

sits with China and I haven't seen China all day after he went to the principle's office. Hopefully he doesn't sit alone.

North Korea finally layed his eyes on a table that nobody was sitting at, and was walking over to it. I wanted to call out to him but something stopped me. It seemed I couldn't open my mouth to call for him.

Luckily, Soviet walked over to him and motioned for North to sit with him and his friends. North seemed...happy...when he nodded and followed Soviet.

I turned back to my friends and joined in the conversation. We didn't talk about anything important, just about the homework and our thoughts on teachers. Occasionally we'd talk about what stuff is going on in our countries and some tensions with others but that's it.

Time skip to end of school
South Korea is waiting for America

It's unusual for me to walk home with or wait for America. I usually just go home straight away because everyday I just want to listen to K-Pop.

America had asked me during lunch to wait for him, so here I am.

I was looking around for Ame when I saw Taiwan and China walk out of the school. They both were silent and had bandages on. Everyone stared at them as they walked past.

China gave everyone a death glare and asked in the most terrifying voice I've heard: "What."

Everyone turned away, including me. North was by the big cherry tree and ran over to China. They greeted each other and left the school.

To be honest, I ship them.

America finally came out of the school and walked over to me. I turned to him. "Hey, what did you need me for?"

America smiled and pointed at Japan. "Japan's having a party this weekend at his house. Wanna come?"

I pondered it. "Will he play K-Pop?"

America laughed. "Japan said he'd let anyone choose any music they liked, two turns each."

"Sure, I'll be there."

"Yipee!" America hopped. "I'll go tell him. He's going to create a group chat and tell all of us the time and date."

America ran over to Japan and told him that I was coming. Japan nodded. He then waved at me.

America ran back over to me. "Alright, that's what I wanted. I told you to wait for me because I knew you head straight home at the end of the day."

I laughed. "You have me there."

I then got an idea. "Can North Korea come?"

America's eyes widened and then he frowned. "You know Japan and North Korea don't get along. In fact, I don't think any country likes North Korea."
I sighed. "I know, America. But China's coming, right?"

America nodded. "Japan's inviting everyone, besides North."

"China will bring North."

America fell silent for a moment. "But the other countries-"

"Not every country doesn't like North." I said, sticking up for my brother. "Soviet Union, Russia, and I also like him. I don't about Third Reich, they're neutral."

America was silent once more. He sighed. "Fine... But in the end, it's not my choice if North comes or not. And last I checked, he's not a fond of parties."

I chuckled. "True, but neither is Soviet."

"Maybe Japan talked him into coming."

America and I laughed. "If China's coming, does he have the address and stuff?"

America gasped. "I don't think Japan or anyone even told him. I'll text him tonight."

I nodded. "I have to go now. See ya, America."

"Bye South. Gotta go listen to that K-Pop, huh?"

I laughed as I walked away. "Yeah!"

Another time skip

I was taking a nap when I got a notification from my phone. I assumed it was Japan's text message and checked it. To my surprise, instead of just texting the countries that countries told Japan would be coming, he texted *everyone*. I couldn't believe he put every country in the world and UN, EU, and NATO in the chat.

Japan
Hello everyone! UwU
Most of you might've heard that I'm having a party this weekend. No certain countries are invited, EVERYONE IS WELCOME!! UwO
The party is at my house on Saturday, lasting from 7 pm to 5 in the morning.
Food and drinks will be supplied, but feel free to bring any food or drinks yourself! Espicially treats!
No acholohic beverages, though (I'm talking to you, Soviet Union, Russia, and Nazi!).
I highly doubt this next one, but North Korea if you come, please don't nuke my house -w-

UN
What the-

America
I'm pretty sure you all know I'm going.

Poland
Uh, DUH!! You're really out there, and you go to any party. Invited or not.

Soviet Union
Japan. I want to kill you right now.

Japan
Why??

Soviet Union
I CAN'T BRING MY VODKA!!

Russia
Relax Dad. Besides, see it as a chance to lay back on the vodka, try a new drink.

Soviet Union
Okay, first off, why are you texting this to me when you're in the next room. Second, I know you're one to talk. I know about your secret stash of vodka that you drink on a daily.

Russia
...

Soviet Union
See? Не суди мои пути, в конце концов, ты взял это у меня
(Don't judge my ways, after all, you picked it up from me)

Ukraine
HA! Russia getting owned by Dad is the best thing that happened today

Russia
Don't you dare laugh at me, Ukraine. I'll tell everyone who your crush is if you do.

Ukraine
I'm not even laughing.

Russia
Next time you are, I'll tell >:)

Ukraine
You wouldn't dare

Russia
You sure?

Ukraine
I swear, you got that from Dad.

Russia
No, I got from myself

Soviet Union
Pretty sure you got that from me.

Belarus
I feel like a lot of Russia's personality came from Dad.

KazakhStan
What the heck- nvm.
I'm coming to the party anyway, thanks Japan.

Japan
No problem!

Nazi/Third Reich
I'll come to the party, you coming Soviet?

Soviet Union
Nope

Italy
Nuh uh! You're coming! You promised!

Soviet Union
I didn't promise anything!

Italy
Yes you did!

Soviet Union
I. Did. Not.

Italy
Sends voice recorder of Soviet saying that he'll come to the party, Italy eventually gets him to say 'I promise'

Soviet Union
YOU RECORDED IT?!

Italy
Of course I did. Thought it'd be useful later on

Soviet Union
OH MY GODBAKSOFJSWBDBFNGOXPAJEBFBSBFJCKWOWIDHSB

Soviet Union has left the chat

France
Wth?

UK
What in the bloody hell just happened?

Russia
I'll talk him

Canada
Okay, so I just got to my phone. What's happening?

America
Go back and read all the texts and you'll be caught up.

Canada
Welp, that was funny

Australia
You recovered pretty quickly Can

Canada
I know, even I'm confused.

Mexico
¡Decir ah! ¡Eso fue graciosísimo! Espero que algo así vuelva a suceder.

America
Someone go to Google translate and translate what he said.

Poland
Mexico said: Ha! That was hilarious! Hope something like this happens again.

Anerica
Oh, okay. Mexico you need speak english

Philippines
I think he can, just very little.

Canada
America, not every country is fluent in English. Maybe if you took the time to actually help them learn then you could understand them better. Remember when France was learning English just so she could understand and talk us and Dad?

America
How could I forget that? I guess you have a point Canada

France
Yup! I remember it too! I still perfer to speak French though.

Canada
Tu te souviens quand l'Amérique a trébuché sur un caillou?
(Remember when America tripped over a pebble?)

France
Oh, c'était hilarant! Je veux dire, bien sûr, il s'est blessé au genou, mais c'était quand même drôle. **(Oh, that was hilarious! I mean sure, he hurt his knee, but it was still funny.)**

America
Okay, I know you guys are talking about me

Canada
Are you sure?

America
Yup, cause I'm going to Google translate right now.

America
THAT WAS ONE TIME AND I WAS LITTLE OKAY

UK
I don't think your mom or brother can respond to you right now, Ame

America
And why not?

UK
Sends video of France and Canada dying of laughter in the livinf room

America
It's not that funny!

UK
You sure?

Soviet Union has joined the chat

Soviet Union
Alright I back. What do you want?

Russia
Y'all better say something. I had to give him all my vodka to get him back

Columbia
XD

Mexico
Welp, Rusia está viviendo la vida difícil ahora **(Welp, Russia is living the hard life now)**

America
Okay, Mexico, come over to my house Wednesday through Friday so we can work on your English

Mexico
Bueno **(Okay)**

China

I heard about the party

Me
Hey China! I honestly thought you weren't going to reply

China
I just got finished with arguing with Taiwan.

EU
Why did you and Taiwan start fighting?

China
I'd rather not talk about it

EU
Alright...

EU
I know Taiwan is in the chat. Taiwan, you have to apologize to UN when you see him.

Taiwan
Yeah, yeah, whatever. Better then dealing with a brat for a brother

China
I WILL beat you up!

Taiwan
We all know I was the winner

North Korea
Frick it

China
Go for it, you can tell them North

North Korea
Taiwan was having a party yesterday and he kicked China out for the night so he doesn't 'embarrass' him

America
TAIWAN!!

UK
I can't believe this

France
What.

Canada
I will hurt someone

Australia
Aye! That's not cool, mate!

New Zealand
That ain't cool Taiwan

Me
That's cruel! Wth Taiwan!

Malaysia
...wow Taiwan...

Soviet Union
Taiwan I swear to god I will hurt you the next time I see you

Italy
Not. Cool.

Japan
I command all my cats to attack the low-life Taiwan

Nazi/Third Reich
I can't believe you, Taiwan.

Belarus
Usually I'd jump to Taiwan's aid... But this is low... I can't and am not helping you in this one Taiwan

Russia
Can I declare war?

UN
If you really feel like you should declare war Russia, come to my house

and we'll talk about it.

NATO
...
EU
Even if not every country replied, I know others will be furious at the news. Please, everyone calm down. For the betterment of your people?

America
Fine. But I think someone will have to hold Soviet back when he sees Taiwan again.

Japan
I can cancel the party if you like?

America
No, no, no, no. You're fine Japan. Keep the party going. We all need somewhere to clear our heads from this for a bit any way.

China
I'll go to the party. North Korea you're coming with me.

North Korea
No.

China
Pleeaaassseeeee?????

North Korea
Ugh, fine.

UN
Alright, no more talking in this chat everyone. We all need our sleep for school tomorrow.

(All Countries)
Awwwwwwww...

America
UN still takes charge even though he goes to the same school

UN

I'm in higher classes than all of you

America
True dat

I put my phone down and lied down in bed. I wanted to blast K-Pop to annoy North, but I just felt so tired all of a sudden. I decided to go to sleep early.

I changed from my clothes into some comfortable pajamas and layed down in bed.

Hopefully there won't be another fight tomorrow.

5

This chapter's writing may be even more cringier than the others. I might pick up the pace, too.

South Korea POV

I was sitting on the stairs leading into the school. I was chatting with America (obviously), Russia, Ukraine, and Canada. Canada was drinking maple syrup (How...) while America chatted away. You could honestly compare America's mouth to a cheetah.

I occasionally looked at Soviet, I still remember what he said yesterday. Will he really beat up Taiwan when he sees him? Will Taiwan even come to school?

My thoughts were interrupted by something hard hitting the back of my head. "Ow!"

America looked over at me. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think so. Something hit my head." I replied, rubbing the back of my head.

I looked at the ground and saw a rock sittinf next to me. I picked it up and examined it. It's pretty small, but it still hurt some how. Whoever threw it must have a hard throw.

I felt tapping on my shoulder. The taps seemed hesitant and slow, but they also felt hard and hurt a little bit.

I looked behind me and to my surprise, saw North Korea standing there. One of his arms was behind his head and he was looking at the ground. An awkard silence was between us until North finally spoke up.

"Hey... uh... sorry about hitting you with that rock..." He murmured.

I was so shocked that he was willingly talking to me, let alone

apologizing. I must've been staring at him for a while and it made him comfortable. "I'll go now."

He was about to turn around when I grabbed his arm. "It's alright. It didn't hurt that much. But I'm happy that you're talking to me. It's been a while, hasn't it?" I was probably saying too much for North. He never really was a talker, let alone to me.

He tugged at his shirt and nodded. "Yeah... It has..."

I was about to say something else when America cleared his throat. "Ahem."

America tried to make his voice sound like he was clearing his voice to talk and he was chill, but he ended up sounding annoyed, which he was.
North and I turned to him. America looked straight at North.
"Thanks for apologizing North Korea. *Now if you mind?*" America's voice was cold.
North nodded and quickly hurried away. I stared after him and then glared at America.

"What?" America raised an eyebrow.

"Do you know how long it's *been?"* My voice was cold and mean. I was truly upset. "That was the first time my brother willingly talked to me in *years!* We were getting along just fine but then you went and *ruined it."*

America was shocked for a second. He then looked sad and looked away at the ground. "Sorry..."

I honestly didn't feel bad right now. I huffed and crossed my arms. The one time North Korea talks to me and America makes him go away again.

Russia, Canada, and Ukraine didn't know what to do. They were sitting in the middle of their friends argument. I said this in an attempt to reassure them, "You don't have to choose sides. This is just between me and America."

It worked. Russia went to comfort America and Canada and Ukraine

decided to talk again. I remained silent to cool down.

I've never been this mad at America before. I do however, remember a time when I was more mad at America than this. It was once again during the Cold War. I was sitting in America's house and my flag had finished changing.

America was telling me about being a capitalist, and how much I'd like it. He also told me my new name. I don't remember what else he told me when I jumped up, screaming at him.

I screamed at him that I didn't want to be a capitalist, I didn't want to be South Korea and I didn't care. I told him that the only thing I wanted was my brother.

I shook my head to escape the memory. It's bad one in my mind. Sure, it allowed me to become who I am now, but it's filled with so many negative things that I didn't want to remember it.

I heard yelling that pulled me out of my thoughts. Like I thought, Soviet was trying to attack Taiwan, but Italy and Japan were holding him back by his arms. Third Reich was in front of him, trying to calm him down and pushing him back. Taiwan ran inside the school. Soviet was trying to run after him, but was failing.

Eventually, Italy got annoyed with everything that was happening and just picked Soviet up and hoisted him over his shoulder. Soviet was kicking and screaming for a couple minutes. He eventually calmed down and I could hear Italy say, "You done?"
Soviet nodded and Italy put him down. Even though Soviet was mumbling he didn't run inside the school after Taiwan.

I turned away from them and looked around for North Korea. He was talking to China and Indonesia. That was strange. North Korea only got along with Soviet Union and China. I guess Indonesia somehow got on his good side. But then again, I don't know much about him because of our separation.

Indonesia seemed really relaxed and happy when talking North, unlike other countries. Other countries are either on edge or like they were about to fight.

Anyway, Indonesia gave North Korea something and then walked off. North Korea showed China whatever he was holding and China nodded. North turned to me and looked at me for a few seconds.

I smiled and waved at him. It seemed like he smiled too, but it could've been my imagination. China tapped his shoulder and he continued talking to him.

I took a deep breath. I was calm now, I think I can talk to America again. I turned around to apologize-and America wasn't there. Neither was Russia.

Canada and Ukraine were still here, though. "Hey, Canada? Do you know where America and Russia are?" I asked the Canadian.

Canada looked from Ukraine to me. He shrugged. "Dunno, I wasn't paying attention."

"They went in the school. America said he wanted some space." Ukraine said, answering my question.

I couldn't help but think America wanted some space from *me.* To be honest, it hurt. "Do you think he wanted some space from... me?"

Canada choked on his maple syrup. After he stopped sputtering, he turned to me and shook both his hands and head. "No no no, I don't think America wanted space from *you,* most likely me. I was ranting on him earlier about how maple syrup is *way* better than Pepsi or Coka Cola." He smiled. "America would never hate you. If it seems like he does, give it a little time and then make up."

I smiled and nodded. Canada always knew how to make countries feel better. I looked towards the doorway. "Do you think I should go in and apologize?"

Canada shrugged. "I don't know about that one. Strange, I know. But America *did* make your brother go away right when you were about to finally talk again."

"You had a right to be upset. I would've been upset as well if it were me and one of my siblings." Ukraine added. "But it's up to you decide whether to apologize or not in this situation."

Canada nodded. "It's 50/50 right now. How I see it going, it's either you or him apologize and you hang out again or neither of you apologize and you hang out again."

I nodded. 'I just have to decide whether or not the one who apologize's is me.' I thought.

I thought about this for a bit. I decided I'd just go inside and see how America is doing, and then ponder my next move. I got up and walked to the doors. "Where are you going?" Ukraine asked, turning around.

"To see how America is doing. And don't worry, I won't come back outside and interrupt your make-out session with Canada. 음식." **(eumsig./Chow.)**

I learned that from Japan. Ukraine and Canada's faces were red as I went inside. I laughed to myself before setting out to look for America.

After what felt like hours of searching, I finally found him by the science classroom. Russia was hugging him as he wept into his chest. I felt bad because I was the one that made him like this. I sighed and called out, "America? Russia?"

Russia looked at me and America followed a couple seconds after. "S-South?" America stuttered.

I nodded. "It's me. Listen, I'm sorry that I yelled at you like that-"

"No."

"Huh?"

Russia let go of America and he walked over to me. America wiped his eyes and sniffled. "Don't apologize."

I was confused. "But it's my fault you were crying."

America smiled, half sad half pure. "You had a right to be upset. It's my fault. I never should have interrupted your conversation." He wiped away another tear. "You and North have been separated for

too long. I don't own your country anymore, you can make your own decisions. If you want to talk to your brother I'm not gonna stop you."

I hugged him, well, it was more of a tackle-hug. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

America laughed and hugged me back. His smile vanished when we pulled apart. His eyebrows were creased. "Please make smart desicions. I don't want your country to suffer."

I playfully rolled my eyes **(Yes, they have pupils.)**. "I'll be fine, America. Besides, if I'm ever in trouble I'll call you, okay?"

America sighed and smiled. "Okay."
The bell rung. To be specific, the eight thirty bell rung. I still don't know why they installed that. It's still the first week of school and where did they find the time to install it?

America walked to Russia and waved to me. "I gotta head to homeroom, see ya at lunch South Korea!"

I waved back. "Bye!"

I ran down the halls to get to homeroom. Walking into the classroom, I noticed no students were inside, other than North Korea and China of course. I walked to my desk and took my phone out of my backpack. I played some games on it for a while.

I eventually got bored and looked to see what North was doing. To my surprise he was writing in a notebook, but I guess everything "new" he does is surprising to me.
He was writing something in Korean, which I could obviously read.

이 문장을 다시 쓰되, 나라의 문화에 대해 뭔가를 추가하십시오.
(Rewrite this sentence, but add something about your country's culture.)

Huh? Why was he writing that?

North Korea then picked up the notebook and showed it to China. China read it, and I was impressed. Sure, he pronounced a few

things wrong, but overall he did everything correctly. North Korea nodded and told China he did well. He then corrected China on the ones he pronounced wrong. China made a oh sound.

"내가 ... 문화를 쓰나요?" **(naega ... munhwaleul sseunayo?/Do I... write... culture... down?)**

China said the words slowly, and North laughed. "지금은 아닙니다."**(jigeum-eun anibnida./ Not now.)**

China nodded. As if on cue, countries started coming inside the classroom.

North Korea POV

I quickly shoved the notebook in my backpack. I didn't want any countries seeing what I wrote down, despite that there's a 99.9% chance that they won't understand what I wrote. All the countries in the world-except some-hate me anyway, so they probably won't even care.

I took out a book that I was reading for the past few days and opened it up. It was a good one. I was so focused on the book and the storyline that I didn't notice someone calling me.

I eventually did, but the voice was so faint that I thought I was imagining it. But the voice called my name so many times that I just decided to see if anyone *was* calling me.

I closed the book I was reading and looked around the room. The only countries that were looking at me were China and South Korea, oh, and also Australia for some reason.

Australia was glaring at me, which wasn't a surprise. On the last day of summer break I threatened to nuke him. Why? He threw a spider at me. Don't think I was overreacting, Australia's spiders were *huge*, isn't it reasonable that I freaked out?

Anyway, Australia's siblings have been at my throat ever since. Well, except Canada. He was angry at me, but was still nice when I was around. He did make me apologize though.

Even after I apologized to Australia he was still mad at me. He 'forgave' me, but I think he only did that because Canada was watching.

Anyway, China asked to borrow a pencil, which I gave to him, and South Korea tried to start another conversation, which I ignored. He stilled blabbed on anyway.

I wasn't entirely ignoring him, though. I'll admit, I *was* actually paying attention to what he was saying, I just didn't face him or talk.

I felt that someone was glaring at me and looked around the room. It was Australia, obviously.

But now he was holding something. It looked like a note. He whispered something to the country next to him-which was Greece- and then pointed at me. Greece turned around and frowned at me. She then shook her head. She whispered something to Australia and they both started laughing.

I stopped paying attention to them and listened more on South's talking. I looked at my book so that I looked like I was reading to other countries, but also made it look like I wasn't entirely ignoring South.

Time skip, North is walking to history

I was on my way to history class when I heard a lot of whispering. *A lot.* I looked around and saw countries in the hallway whispering to each other. Strange, usually they'd all be talking. At least 75% of them glanced at me from time to time. I started getting uncomfortable amd speed-walked the rest of the way to history.

History, teacher already started lesson

I was writing down things Ms. Juniper told us to write down when I finally looked up at the board. She had written down the homework for the night and was talking about the date in which it was due. But one problem. I couldn't read what was on the board.

No, it wasn't her handwriting, her handwriting is really good. I

know because China told me. It was the language she wrote it in.

English.

I know it sounds weird, but I can't read English. I can only speak it. How my phone works? Everything is in Korean. Even if someone texts me in English it translates to Korean. When I text them back, it translates it to English so they understand. You understand?

You better because I'm not explaining it again.

I nervously raised my hand and waited for Ms. Juniper to call on me. She did.

"Yes, North Korea?"

I gulped. Everyone was looking at me. "What's the homework?"

Ms. Juniper looked really confused. "What do you mean, what's the homework? I wrote it on the board."

The whole class laughed. My voice came out weak when I replied. "Th-that's the thing... I can't r-read English..."

The whole class burst out laughing. I immediately covered my face with my arms. I wish China was here... Soviet, Russia, Indonesia, even South Korea... Anybody that cared about me!

Ms. Juniper silenced the class with a glare. She then softened her expression and turned to me. "You must be the student he talked about," She said, "I'm really sorry. It's my first day on the job. The homework is reading pages one through thirty-six, and then answer questions one through five."

I nodded and wrote it down in my notebook **(He has a notebook for all the subjects, a notebook for the homework in all the subjects, and a spare one for random stuff, a.k.a. the notebook he wrote in for China to read. That one.)**. Everybody was back to listening to Ms. Juniper, but all I could think about was their faces as they laughed at me. They were so... happy... but at the same time their smiles were so cruel...

I shook my head to clear my thoughts and paid attention the rest of class. Me. Juniper also anounced that instead of writing the homework down, she'll say it.

"For *North Korea*." A country whispered, too quiet for Ms. Juniper to hear but loud enough for the rest of us. The whole class giggled and a few countries looked back at me.

"I don't see what's so funny about my announcement," Ms. Juniper said, putting her hands on her hips and frowning. "but if you think it's so funny, why don't you try to teach the class?"

Everybody went silent at that.

Ms. Juniper laughed. "Thought so."

She continued teaching the lesson the rest of the period. But I couldn't help noticing that countries were passing notes around, giggled, and then looked at me.

I sighed and put my head on my desk. I just wanted to dig a hole, crawl into it, and *die*.

This is gonna be a long year...

6

North Korea POV

Every period was worst than the last. The news that I couldn't read English spread like wild fire. All throughout the day, countries whispered and laughed at me. At one point, Panama walked up to me and pinned me against my locker. He then took out a piece of paper and showed it to Belgium and Romania, who were behind him.

I could tell they all read it, but they didn't say anything. Panama then showed the paper to me. "Read it." He said.

I was starting to get nervous. I was alone and cornered by Panama and his friends. They could do anything to me.

I opened my mouth to say something but immediately closed it again. Panama slammed his hand on the locker beside me, making me flinch.

"Are you deaf or something? Read the dang paper."

I looked at the paper and glanced back at Panama. He was grinning now, most likely already knew my answer.

"Well?" He asked, his grin growing wider. "What does it say?"

I felt like crying when I responded. "I-I can't read it..."

Panama and his goons burst out laughing. Belgium repeated what I said but in a squeaky voice. Romania and Panama laughed some more. Panama then slammed the lockers behind me and smiled. A cruel one.

"Learn English you mutt."

Panama, Belgium, and Romania walked off laughing. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding in. I allowed tears to roll down

my face and I sniffled.

I hate crying.

It just proves you're weak.

"*But you are weak."* A voice in my head said. I recognized it. It was the voice that whispered negative things whenever I felt sad. If it happens for so long, I start to beleive it.

"*You're so weak. You have to have big, strong countries like China, Russia, and Soviet Union protect you. Don't you understand? They don't care about you. They never did. They just like trading with you."*

"No.. no no no no..."

"HA! No wonder America and all the countries hate you."

The voice stopped when the late bell for sixth period rang. I decided to camp out in the bathroom than go to class a hot mess.

I ran down the hall to the closest bathroom. I ran inside and entered the last stall. I sat on the toilet and cradled my head between my legs.
I sat there and wept silently for the rest of the period.

Time skip, lunch

I was sitting alone again, but now I felt vulnerable. I knew countries were talking about me the entire time. I wanted to eat but just felt like I couldn't. So I just sat there motionless at the table.

I exited my little daze when I felt tapping on my shoulder. I turned and saw China. He was really worried.

"Are you okay? I called your name ten times but you never replied. I was right here, too."

I wanted to tell him everything. I wanted to tell him how countries are making fun of me because I can't read English. How Panama, Belgium, and Romania cornered me before sixth period, and made fun of me because I couldn't read the note Panama held. I wanted

him to hug me and comfort me, and tell me everything was okay and that he'd take care of it.

But all I ended up saying was, "Yeah, I'm fine."

I could tell by China's expression that he didn't believe me, but he nodded and sat down beside me.

We both sat in silence. I knew China wanted to say something, but he was trying his best to not say anything. He failed.

"So... You can't read English?"

I choked on my food. China slapped my back until I gently pushed his hands away. I stopped coughing after five seconds. "H-how did you know?"

He waved a hand around the lunchroom. "Greece told me. I think everyone knows."

I sighed. "I figured."

"You know, nothing's wrong with that."

I looked at China. "What makes you say that?"

He laughed. "I couldn't read English for the longest time. America actually helped me read it, he had so much patience with me, and didn't even care that it got in the way with so many things he was doing."

I eye widened in surprise. America? Patient? "Really?" I asked China.

He nodded. "Really. Teaching me how to read English was his top priority."
I smiled and nodded. I'll admit, that was really nice of America. Wish he was that nice now. But then again, China and America got along for the longest time. The minute I saw America, I thought of him as an enemy.

Guess what he is to me now.

China looked over at America. "Maybe he can-"

"No."

I frowned. "You know how me and America are."

China sighed. "I know, I know. It was a dumb idea."

No, it wasn't. I'm just not brave enough to actually ask him, and I'm afraid he'll embarrass me if I do. I told China in my head.

In reality I just shrugged and said "It was decent, really. But America and I-"

"I know, North."

China and I talked throughout lunch. I knew some countries were staring at us. It was weird, because China always sat by me. Why is it weird to them now?

Anyway, it actually didn't bother me.

You have three guesses on why.

Another time skip UwU

I was at the school gate waiting for China. I was minding my own buisness when I heard Soviet talking to Romania. I couldn't help but overhear their conversation.

"Hey Romania. What did you want to say? Hurry it up, too, I'm supposed to cook dinner and Russia gets whiney when he's hungry."

"Hey Soviet. Have you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"The news."

"God dang it Romania. SAY IT ALREADY!"

"Okay, okay! Geez... North Korea can't *read* English."

"So?"

I was honestly surprised. The voice had told me so many times that day that Soviet didn't care for me. I felt sure that he would have laughed at that.

I guess it was wrong.

I wasn't the only one surprised. "Huh?" Romania asked. "What do you mean, 'so?' "

Soviet rolled his eyes. "So? Should I care about that?"

Romania gaped. "He... He's a freak!"

Soviet stood perfectly still. "North Korea isn't a freak."

"Yes, he is."

Soviet laughed. But not a happy one. More of a psychotic one. "Not all countries are perfect with English. And if I catch you and any of your bozo friends bullying him, I won't hesitate to *snap your neck!"*

Romania stumbled back. His eyes were wide with fear. Soviet then smiled and waved at him. "Bye bye!"

He walked towards me. "Tell me if anyone bullies you, okay?"

I nodded and smiled. "Thanks Soviet."
Soviet looked at the time on his phone and then sprinted down the sidewalk to his house. I guess he's late.

I looked at Romania and he was glaring at me. He turned away and made his way Bulgaria.

China stepped up beside me. "Hey North, let's go."

I nodded and smiled. "Yeah, lets."

As we walked back I made a mental note of telling Soviet who bullied me. I told myself that I would tell him *and* China if anything happens. I'll be happy the rest of the year.

But will I?

South Korea POV

It was Friday, the day before Japan's party. Everyone was excited about it. They were all talking about what they'd bring, what they'd do, stuff like that.

I was excited about the party, too. But I had more important things on my mind. Philippines had told me that North Korea couldn't read English. That didn't surprise me.

I thought it'd be obvious that I understood how to speak, read, and write English, and for North to only know how to speak it. I was owned by America after all.

What I found surprising was countries reactions to it. A lot of countries thought it was funny and made fun of him, while some others, like Britian, France, Indonesia, Canada, Soviet, and others, didn't have any reaction.

I was angry. Why? Countries thought it was okay to make fun of *my* brother for something so stupid! They could just be nice and actually help him understand!

I need to cool down.

My fists were clenched as I entered the school. I walked up to America and asked him a question.

"Hey America."

He turned to me. "Hey South Korea."
"Stupid question, but have you heard the rumors?"

"Yeah. North can't read English, correct?"

I nodded. "What do you think of it?"

America shrugged. "It's not a big deal for me. He can learn and not understand any language he likes, I don't care."

He paused and then turned back to me. "Why are you asking?"

I let out deep breath to keep from yelling. "A lot of countries are making fun of him for it. I haven't seen it with him *around,* but I know they are."

America looked honestly shocked at the moment. "That's... I... Oh my god..."

He closed his eyes and shook his head. "Are you gonna do anything about it?"

I shrugged. "That's the thing, I don't know *what* to do. I want to comfort North but he never wants me around. But if I tell countries to stop bullying him, it might get worse. I'm stuck."

America sighed. "Well, I don't know what to do either. But if you need me to do anything, I'll do it, okay? And no, North will have to come up to me himself if he wants to read English."

I nodded and hugged America. "Thank you."

America hugged me back. "No problem."

I walked away to homeroom. It was pretty early to arrive but I needed time to think. I entered the classroom and as I expected, North Korea and China were there.

North Korea was teaching China how to say sentences in Korean. I sat down beside him and remained silent.

I did find it strange that he was perfectly fine with teaching China Korean right in front of me. I found it interesting anyway, so I didn't mind.

After about five minutes, China started having a hard time saying a sentence. North slowly said the sentence one syllable at a time, China followed suit.

"Now try it." North Korea said.

But before China could say anything, Australia bust into the room

panting. He turned around and shouted into the hallway, "New Zealand, mate! I beat ya in your own game! Where's my reward lad?"

New Zealand tiredly ran up to the door. "I'll... give it... to you... after... school..." He said between gasps.

Australia laughed and turned to enter the room. He stopped when he saw North Korea.

"Oi, North. Why you arrive so early all the time?" Australia said, slightly frowning.

North scowled. "당신의 사업은 없습니다." **(dangsin-ui sa-eob-eun eobs-seubnida./ None of your business.)**

"I don't understand Korean, lad. I was just asking a question, ye didn't need to sound so rude." Australia scoffed.
(I'm definitely offending some Australians and I'm sorry I don't mean to.)

North rolled his eyes and turned to China, who started a conversation. Australia also rolled his eyes and turned to New Zealand.

"This ain't your homeroom."

New Zealand pointed to North Korea, who now looked tense and uncomfortable.

"Don't mind the bloke..." Was all I heard Australia say before he whispered something to New Zealand. New Zealand started laughing and walked away.

China wasn't very happy. "What did you say, 澳大利亚?" **(Àodàlìyǎ/ Australia)**

Australia looked surprised. "Nothin important." He said, glancing around.

China scowled. "If it has anything to do with North Korea, it is *so* my business."

"And mine." I piped in. "He is my brother after all, even if he doesn't want my help."

North looked at me for a few seconds. He then looked at his desk.

Australia sighed. "I didn't say nothin to New Zealand. I told the lad a joke."
China raised a brow. "Are you sure? Telling New Zealand a joke right after you were talking about North Korea is strange, and I heard North's name in the 'joke.' "

Australia now looked worried.

"Well?" China pressed on, standing up.

"I-well... um... I, uh..." Australia stammered.

China was about to say something else when the bell rung. He reluctantly sat down in his seat but continued to glare at Australia.

So I'm doing something new, which doesn't really need to happen. But sometimes I feel like going to other countries POVs might be interesting. *Might.*
God I'm so stupid.

Autralia POV

Saved by the bell... I thought as I made my way to my seat. The China lad sat back down in his chair, but he was still giving me the death glare.

I should be more careful...

America POV

I was still surprised by what South said. Sure, I never cared for North Korea, but for some reason I felt bad that countries bullied him for not being able to read English...

Growing up, my dad always said that even if they are your enemy, no one deserved to be bullied. I still believe that to this day, and North Korea is my enemy.

I got dragged out of my thoughts when I heard the bell ring. I sighed, I really didn't want to go to class right now.

Despite complaining to myself, I made my way to homeroom. As soon as I arrived, Canada and New Zealand wrapped me in a big hug.

"Uh... Guys? Why are you hugging me all of a sudden? You saw me this morning." I said, hugging them back.

New Zealand guided me to my desk without saying anything. I sat down and Canada and New Zealand stood in front of me.

"Hey, Meri. So, I wanted to apologize about the whole, maple syrup is better than Coke and Pepsi. Coke and Pepsi are sooo much better." Canada said.

Weird, but okay. New Zealand piped in.

"Coke and Pepsi are so much better than L&P. I shouldn't ever have doubted you, Ame."

I was really confused, and it showed. After a few seconds of silence, they both cracked up laughing.

I heard Poland laughing too and turned to him. He had his phone out and was recording. I already knew what this meant.

"That was a dare, wasn't it?" I asked Kiwi and Canada.

Canada nodded and wiped away tears from laughing so hard. "Y-yeah... To think I actually did that. We all know maple syrup is better than Coke and Pepsi."

"L&P is way better than Coke and Pepsi. Sorry bout that, Meri." New Zealand said.

I shrugged. "It's alright. Every country enjoys and dislikes different things."
"That was amazing! We should do something like that again. You're reaction was priceless, America!" Poland exclaimed.

I laughed. "You got me, too. I thought they actually meant what they were saying until I saw you."

The homeroom teacher came inside and took attendence. Everyone was there except Japan. Japan is in most of my classes.

I guess he skipped school today to prepare for the party, or just to buy everything he doesn't have for it. I'm not sure.

Time skip, after school

I was sitting on my couch waiting for Mexico to show up. He had been arriving to learn English for the whole week so far. My dad, Britian, was a little jealous. I know because I overheard him say this to mom-who is France-one day.

"They do know that there are two English languages, right? British English and American English. Why do all o' them only want to learn American?! Can't they learn British?!"

"Honey, please calm down. We should be happy that so many countries want to learn our son's language-"

"His language came from *me!"*

"Britian, please. How about we think of it this way: instead of everyone wanting to learn American English, they learn British English. How would you feel?"

"Flattered."

"And how would America feel?"

"...Jealous... Like me..."

"Exactly. Now, how about we stop being jealous, but honered that everone wants to learn our sons language, that was originally yours."

"Right, right..."

Ever since then, Britian never acted like or looked like he was

jealous of me. But I know he is. Now that I think about it, though, your own dad being jealous of you? Kinda strange.

I sighed. Mexico was ten minutes late. I was about to pull out my phone and ask him where he was when the doorbell rang.

I got up and opened it. Mexico was standing there with Spain. Mexico was twiddling with his fingers and looked at me. "Lo siento, llegué tarde, perdí la noción del tiempo ..." **(Sorry I'm late, I lost track of time...)**

Spain was about to translate it for me, but I gave him a look that said I understood.

Even though I may not act like it, I'm actually fluent in Spanish. I just don't use it a lot. Why am I teaching Mexico English then? Because he's gonna visit my country for six months next year, and not a lot of things are in Spanish.

I looked at Mexico and replied. "Está bien, Australia y Nueva Zelanda se fueron cuando llegaste tarde. Son bastante ruidosos." **(It's alright, Australia and New Zealand left in the time you were late. They're pretty loud.)**

Mexico nodded and I stepped aside to let him and Spain in. I then closed the door and walked Mexico to the dining room table.

"Alright, we're gonna pick up where we left off. The r's." I said.

It had been an hour and Mexico still wasn't pronouncing the English r's right. I was trying to hurry it up because I was supposed to meet up with Pakistan at four, it was three thirty. I guess because I was so anxious with meeting up with Pakistan I was going a little rough on Mexico.

I pronounced train with a rhotic r, but when I told Mexico to repeat it, he rolled the r. I was really on edge now and without thinking I started yelling at Mexico. I knew I shouldn't have been doing it, I knew it was wrong, I knew he just needed to practice, but my mouth kept going.

Mexico had tears pricking his eyes when he screamed, "I'm

trrrying!"

I stomped upstairs to my room and lied down in my bed. I'm such an idiot. Why did I yell at Mexico? It's not easy to learn another language, even if for countries it happens a lot faster than humans.

I was sitting on my bed in silence. France had taken Britian out on a date, Canada was at Ukraine's for a sleepover, and Australia and New Zealand ran off to hang out with some friends, so no one would be home for a while.

"I'm such an idiot..." I said, pressing my hands on my face. "It's not easy to learn another language. I should apologize."

"You should."

I looked up in surprise and saw Spain standing there. His arms were crossed but he didn't look mad. He looked disappointed.

He sighed. "America, this isn't like you. Is something on your mente?" **(Mind)**

I nodded. "A lot of things, actually. I have to meet up with Pakistan today and all this school drama. I guess I just took all my stress out on Mexico. He didn't deserve that." I closed my eyes and sighed. "I'm a horrible friend..."

"You know, he's still downstairs if you want to apologize." Spain said. "He wanted to leave but I convinced him not to."

I immediately stood up. "Thanks Spain."

I quickly walked down the stairs and made my way to Mexico. He was still sitting in the chair I gave him, staring at the table. There were visible tear stains on his cheeks.

I took a deep breath and sighed. I walked up to him and tapped his shoulder. "Hey Mexico?"

Mexico slowly turned to me. "Qué..?" **(What?)**

I decided to apologize in Spanish, because I thought it would sound

more sincere since that's the language Mexico spoke. "Lamento mucho haberte gritado, nunca debería haber hecho eso. Estaba tan estresado hoy y te desquité contigo, pero sé que eso no es una excusa. Entiendo si no me perdonas." **(I'm really sorry about yelling at you, I never should have done that. I was so stressed today and took it out on you, but I know that isn't an excuse. I understand if you don't forgive me.)**

Mexico smiled. "Te perdono. ¿Amigos?" **(I forgive you. Friends?)**

I smiled back. "Amigos."

"You better get to that meeting with Pakistan, I've heard he doesn't like to be kept waiting." Spain said.

I pulled out my phone and texted Pakistan.

Me

Hey Pakistan, we're gonna have to reschedule the meeting to a different time. Sorry about that.

I put my phone away and turned to Spain. "I'm rescheduling the meeting. I've got something more important to do."

Spain grinned and raised an eyebrow. "¿Cual es?" **(Which is?)**

I smiled and put a arm around Mexico. "Teaching a friend some English."

So I'm doing something where countries that pronounce their r's different than English, whenever they say a word with an r I put three r's so it's like they're pronouncing the word with their native r.

Most likely gonna forget this later on.

North is starting to get bullied oh no... :(

Also, if you have any, list some ideas for things that could happen at Japan's party, cause I don't have any.

Also, my friend reads this book and she told me that she doesn't know what the ships are, so I'll list the ones that are active at the moment.

America x Russia

Canada x Ukraine

Japan x Italy

Soviet Union x Third Reich

France x Britian

Sorry if any of my ships offend you. If you don't ship them then.... sorry..? I don't know what to say to that.

Sorry it took so long for the chapter to come out.

7-Why Am I Like This?

[image]

South Korea POV

I gave America a call when I woke up that morning. It was finally Saturday, the day of Japan's party. I wanted to know what America was bringing, and what he'd wear so we could twin-something we've done on multiple occasions.

My phone rang twice before America picked up. "Hello?"

"Hey oil addict." I said.

"Oh, hey South Korea. What are you calling me for?"

"I was wondering what you were bringing for the party, and what you were wearing-you know, so we could twin?"

"Haha, oh yeah, the party. I had forgot all about it."

"Wait, how? Everyone was talking about it all week."

"I was busy teaching Mexico English."

Oh right, that. He must've been so caught up in it. "Well, did you at least prepare some food and clothes?" I asked him.

"Yeah. I just prepared my clothes and Canada's helping me prepare food and drinks."

I sighed in relief. America hadn't forgotten. Thank goodness. America always spices up everything.

"Good, I was thinking you forgot conpletely. The party would've been boring without you."

"What about North?" Surprisingly, I didn't hear any annoyance or anger in his voice when he said my brothers name.

"You know how North is. He's probably just gonna sit in the corner and play with Japan's cats."

America laughed. "Are you gonna play K-Pop when we get there?"

"I'm pretty sure you already know the answer."

America and I both laughed. America then told me what he was wearing to the party and I put on the same thing. We met up at a grocery store to hang out. Japan's party started at seven, so we had a lot of time.

America was riding the cart down the aisles and singing one of his favorite songs, while I laughed and followed him. We had no intention of buying anything, we just came here to mess around.

America started getting the cart ready to ride again when China came around the corner. America abruptly stopped and fell on the ground. "Oof!"

China offered America a hand and laughed, "You okay?"

America nodded and nervously laughed. He stopped when he saw North Korea. North Korea stepped up beside China and glared at America.

America sighed. "Look, I'm not in the mood to get in another argument, North Korea. Japan's party is tonight and I want to be happy, not grouchy."

North rolled his eye. "We all know the party is tonight, Captain Obvious."

America appeared to want to hit North, but then he took a deep breath and let it out, putting his hands up and turning around and walking towards me. "Nope, not dealing with this today."

America started to walk away, but then he turned back to me with a brow raised. "I'm gonna stay for a while." I told him, smiling.

America nodded and walked down the aisle and pretended to look at items. I turned back to North Korea and China.

"Did your plans change or are you still coming to the party?"

China grinned. "We're still coming."

"We?" North Korea looked at China and then back at me. "I'm staying home."

China sighed and turned to North. "You told me you'd come."

"Well I change my mind."

"North Korea."

"What?"

China sighed again. He perked up as if he had an idea, but it was barely noticeable. "Japan has a lot of cats."

North Korea didn't say anything. He just stared at China as if urging him on.

China beamed. "You can just play with them the entire time."

North almost smiled, but as if he remembered as I was there he seemed to resist it. "Doesn't Japan keep his cats upstairs when he has a party?"

"I can ask him to let you hang with them. His cats like you a lot after all."

"True..."

North looked away from China. He stared at the ground and sighed in defeat. "Fine, I'll come. But I'm not gonna like it."

"That's great!" I piped up, letting China and North Korea know I was still there. "By the way brother, I'm gonna pick two songs during the party. Let's see if you can identify a *certain* one..."

North Korea raised a brow and looked at me. He honestly looked confused. I read his eye to confirm it and yup, he was confused. He really didn't know what I was talking about.

It kinda hurt but then an idea popped into my head. Since North doesn't know what I'm talking about, he'll be caught off guard by the song.

I complimented myself for the idea, I then looked at the time on my phone. It was only eight thirty in the morning. Still a couple hours to go.

I looked at America to see how he was doing, and he was staring at me with worry on his face. Even from my distance I could tell he was getting uncomfortable. It was then I figured out that America won't comment negative things about North Korea and be around him with me, but only for a certain amount of time.

I quickly said goodbye to China and North. I tried to hug North Korea-and succeeded. He was caught by surprise and stuggled to push me off. I eventually pulled away and hurried to America.

As me and America left the store, I turned around for no reason in particular. I saw North Korea staring after me as I left.

Time skip-6:00 PM

America and I were wearing our matching outfits-black shirts with white print NATO with a blue, red, and white jacket over it, along with shorts and blue shoes- and carrying our own foods and drinks. I decided to bring a few treats too-choclate pies.

A lot of countries love my chocolate pies, so I brought a whole lot of them so there'd be enough for North Korea to at least get *one* by the time he gets there. Knowing North, he'll probably try to arrive really late so he doesn't have to be there for a lot of time.

When we got to Japan's house (Which is *really* big, but every countries house is big), America shifted his snacks and drinks and rung the doorbell. It took a few seconds, but Japan eventually answered the door. "Oh, hi guys! You're early, come on in." He moved to the side so America and I could enter.

Japan's living room was decorated with multi-colored lights and anime posters everywhere, obviously. With the anime, I mean. He

directed us to a room with huge doors. "This is the party room." He said as he opened the doors.

The room was *gigantic.* There was a DJ stand near the back wall, and tables and chairs were all along the left wall. The middle of the room had a disco floor, Japan said that it lights up and switches colors when you turn it on. Another pair of doors were next to the DJ stand, and Japan said that we'd all go there when we play a game.

The ceiling was covered in more multi-colored lights and a huge table lined the right side wall, but no chairs lined it this time. The table cloth was an anime girl with a sword.

"That's where you put your snacks," Japan said, pointing to the table. "I wasn't sure if you guys would actually bring snacks, but put them on the right side for now. I was just about to get my own food and drinks when you arrived."

"We'll help you." I said, walking over to the table. America did the same. We set our snacks down and spread them out. America set his four boxes of juice boxes next to my Kimchi and turned to Japan. "Is everything set up?"

Japan nodded. "All my cats are upstairs, and my snacks are in my room-which is on this floor. Can you help me get them all?"

"Of course! That's what friends are for." America said.

Japan's room was filled with snacks. His table, desk, chair, and bed were filled up with snacks. No wonder he needed help. "Kinda went overboard with the snacks, Jap." America said as he picked up twelve drinks.

"I can see that now." Japan said as he picked up his share of treats.

"But where did you sleep?" I stumbled a little bit picking up packages of sushi. "You're bed is full."

America laughed as he looked at Japan's bed. Japan laughed, too. "I slept in one of the spare rooms upstairs. I have so many anyway."

It took us ten minutes to move all of Japan's snacks and treats to the party room and sort them out on the table. I was panting like a dog when I collapsed on his couch in the living room. "I never knew... food could be so... heavy..."

America and Japan laughed. "Please, I carry more than that everyday. I call it McDonalds burgers and drinks, but Britian banned me from having any McDonalds so I can only have one every two weeks." America whined. "He wants to kill me..."

Japan giggled. "Hey, you've survived this long."

We continued to chat until it was six fifty, that was when more countries started showing up. To my surprise, China and North Korea were one of the few countries who showed up ten minutes earlier. North Korea was holding some of China's snacks. It appeared he didn't bring any snacks or anything himself.

China and North Korea disappeared to the party room. They came out a litle bit later with empty hands. China sat down on another couch and North sat next to him. China joined in on one of the conversations going on while North pulled out his phone.

Even though so far he doesn't want anything to do with anyone, I was just glad he was at least here. Every time the weekend comes along, North Korea just stays in his house. In fact, the only times North Korea leaves his house is when he's going to get more groceries or to go to school.

I was really happy he came here. So far, no one seemed to mind that North Korea was here. They just ignored him, really. I don't think he minded though. North Korea never liked a lot of countries anyway.

Ten more minutes pass and almost everyone is here. Japan leads the countries who were there into the party room and then exclaims: "Let's get this party started!"

North Korea POV

"Let's get this party started!"

As soon as those words left Japan's mouth music started up and countries immediately began dancing. While most danced in the dance floor, others went to get snacks and drinks and ate and talked at the tables.

I was standing near China when everyone split up to do different activities. He tapped my shoulder and lowered his head so I could hear him over the loud music and shouting. "What do you want to do?" He asked me.

I turned around and left the party room. China closed the doors behind us and we walked to the couches we were previously at. I sat down on one of the couches. "Sit here and talk, that's what I want to do." I said, crossing my arms and leaning back.

China laughed. He sat down next to me and we sat in comfortable silence for a minute or so. Finally, China spoke up. But what he said surprised me. "Why do you hate other countries so much?"

I honestly didn't know how to respond to that. Even I didn't know. I was annoyed that they were even on this planet and stealing my oxygen.

I shrugged. "I don't even know anymore. Whenever I'm around them, this feeling of hatred just rises in me, if that makes sense."

China nodded. "I've felt that before. They didn't even talk to you or anything, but you just hated them as soon as you saw them?"

I nodded.

"Yup, felt it before."

China and I sat in more silence until I got up and walked to Japan's kitchen. "What are you doing?" China asked me.

"Getting something to eat." I answered and opened the fridge.

"There's plenty of food in the party room." China said.

"You seriously think I'm gonna walk in there?" I raised a brow at China.

China sighed. "Just close the fridge and come back here. I'll be back in a minute."

I did as I was told. I closed the fridge and walked back to the couch. I plopped down and China got up and walked into the party room. The music blasted into the living room for a few seconds before becoming faint again when the doors closed.

I waited for a good two minutes when someone knocked on the front door. I got up and opened it. There stood the one and only, piece of crap, Panama.

Panama looked down at me. "Huh, didn't know a mutt that couldn't read English would even attend a party."

Panama sure knew how hurt someone's feelings. Ignoring what he said I pointed to the huge doors. "Everyone's in there. Jerk." I murmered the last part to myself.

"What was that?" Panama glared at me, as if suspecting that I said something insulting.

"N-nothing..."

"Thought so."

Panama pushed me out of the way and made his way to the party room. He opened and disappeared through the doorway.

I sighed and walkes back to the couch. Fighting the urge to cry, I waited for China to come back. Every minute that passed by I felt myself grow more anxious.

China eventually came back through the doors and walked back to the couch. "Sorry about that," he said, sitting down. "got stuck in a crowd."

I nodded. China then pulled out two chocolate pies. South Korea must've brought them.

My mouth watered at the sight of them. China smiled. "I got them for you. They're the last ones by the way."

I nodded and took them both out of China's hands. I gobbled the first one up and sighed. "Man, these are good."

China laughed. "Why don't you tell South Korea that?"

I froze. I mean, the chocolate pies were good, but telling that to South? My brain and body refused to. At least he was nice enough to bring enough where I could have a few.

"Sorry." China said, noticing my sudden stillness.

I relaxed a bit. "It's alright."

I ate the final chocolate pie more slow than the first one, but still pretty fast. After I finished, China and I talked for a good while.

Time seemed to pass quickly, and Sweden peeked his face out of the doors. "Hey North Korea, China, everyone's meeting in the room next to the DJ stand, Japan wants you to come."

I sighed and China nodded. Sweden closed the doors. "Come on North, let's go. They're waiting on us."

I got up off the couch after China and followed into the party room. It was then that I realized I was unbearably thirsty. I looked towards the snack table in hopes of getting a drink. It seemed every drink was gone except for America's Sparkling Punch.

I told China to wait for me and walked over to the table. I took one of the Sparkling Punch's and took a straw. I sipped from it and followed China into the room.

Everyone was sitting in a huge circle and looked at me and China when we walked in. We found two open spots beside South Korea and Canada and sat down.

Everyone was talking amongst themselves for a while. Japan loudly clapped his hands. "May I have everyone's attention?"

Countries quickly stopped talking and looked towards Japan. "We're gonna play a game. Your two choices are Spin The Bottle or Truth or Dare. We will cast a vote. All in favor for Spin The Bottle?"

Sixty-eight countries raised their hands for Spin The Bottle. Japan then told them to put their hands down. "All in favor for Truth or Dare?"

The remaining countries-except me-raised their hands. Japan clapped. "Truth or Dare it is! Who's going first?"

"Me me me!" Russia waved his hand wildly from his spot in between America and Soviet Union. Japan nodded. "Russia goes first."

Russia looked around the room until his eyes settled on Ukraine. "Ukrrraine, trrruth or darrre?"

Ukraine thought for a moment. "Truth."

"Is it trrrue that you have a crrrush on one of Amerrrica's siblings?"

Ukraine blushed red. A couple countries laughed, including Soviet. "W-well..." Ukraine cleared his throat and sighed. "Yes..."

Russia muttered a low 'I knew it' before Ukraine spoke up again. "Third Reich, truth or dare."

Third immediately replied, "Truth."

"When did you, Italy, Japan, and Soviet meet? I know this answer is obvious but I forgot."

Reich laughed. "We met during World War Two, and not that long after meeting we all became close friends."

Norway was about to say something until Reich glared at him. "We shall not talk about Operation Barbarossa..."

Soviet pulled Reich into a side-hug and Reich took a few breaths to calm down. He looked around the room. "Finland, truth or dare?"

This continued for a while. A lot of countries-especially America-chose dare, while others chose truth. There were a few times when someone picked me, but I just chose truth and replied with a flat answer with no detail. I also made it obvious that I didn't want to be there but didn't say anything.

Eventually, it was Japan's turn again. He chose China this time. "China, dare or dare?"

China looked confused. "Huh? That's not how you play."

Japan smirked. "My party, my rules."

China sighed. "Dare, not like I have a choice."

Japan whispered something to Italy and Italy giggled. I started having a bad feeling about this.

"I dare you to play 7 minutes of heaven with North Korea."

Oh. Hell. No.

A few countries gasped while others giggled. Soviet and a few others looked confused.

China sat there for a minute longer. It was as if he was contemplating what Japan had just said.

Taiwan spoke up. "Hurry up little bro, you're keeping the rest of us waiting."

China sighed. "Fine... Come on North."

I hesitantly got up with China. Japan led us to a closet in his bedroom. He motioned to it. "I'll lock you in there for seven minutes and then come back. *Do whatever you want~"* Japan winked as he closed the closet and locked us in.

That stupid neko.

China and I just stood there in silence for a few moments. I looked around and saw a few boxes. I picked them up and set it to where I could sit on them. There was plently of room in this closet so I decided to use it to my advantage.

After I was settled in my box chair I looked China. "So... you wanna talk about anything?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "Nothing really to talk about other than tension drama."

"Do you want to talk about that?"

"Nope. I'd rather be invisible."

I giggled at that. China had a point though. It was so dark in here I couldn't see him, as if he was invisible.

After two minutes or so of being in that stupid closet, my box chair started making me uncomfortable. I got up and stumbled into China. "Sorry about that..." I mumbled.

"It's alright, you okay?" He asked me.

I nodded even though he probably couldn't see me. "I'm fine. Just clumsy that's all."

"That reminds me of me when I was younger."

"Really?"

"Yup, I was the clumsiest boy ever. I knocked down pots, pans, fragile things, unfragile things. I wonder how Taiwan put up with me."

I laughed. "Sounds like a nice childhood. Mine was great too."

"Really? Tell me about it."

China and I spent the last minutes of the stupid game Japan had us play talking about the past and our childhoods. It wasn't until I felt pressure release from my waist was when I realized China had been holding me there.

Before I could ask him about it though, Japan swung open the door.

"Awww! I missed it!"

China and I looked puzzled. "Missed what?" I asked.

"You guys having-"

China slapped Japan before another word came out of him. China was a blushing mess, but I had no idea what Japan was talking about. "We didn't do anything." China stated.

Japan rubbed the already disappearing slap mark. "You guys are no fun."

We followed Japan back to the others and took our spots again. Everyone was staring at us and Japan sighed before announcing, "They didn't do anything."

Everyone turned away and looked towards Japan. I was still confused. What the heck were they talking about? And what did Japan mean by 'They didn't do anything?'

I was still pondering my thoughts when I heard a shout, snapping me out of them. Canada was a blushing mess while America, New Zealand, and Australia oohed. Ukraine was trying to lunge at Russia but Belarus and Kazakhstan held him back.

"Ты офигенный ублюдок! Иди сюда прямо сейчас!" Ukraine was shouting. **(You fricking bastard! Get over here right now!)**

Russia was laughing and Soviet had a hand on his forehead and shook his head. I could tell he was smiling, though.

Ukraine eventually calmed down and flipped Russia off. Russia was still recovering from laughing away all his air that he didn't even respond. Japan got everyone's attention again. "Well that was something. Anyway, Georgia, it's your turn."

Again a few minutes pass of this game, and I was losing interest now. I eventually took out my phone and started playing some games on it. My volume was off so China could hear what was going on.

I was so caught up in the game I was playing that I almost didn't notice China tapping my shoulder. "Huh?" I asked him.

China pointed toward Jamaica. "He said dare or dare."

I frowned at Jamaica. "I don't have any other answer. What's my

stupid dare?"

Jamaica reached into a bag that was next to him and pulled out a book. The book was big and thin, and it had a picture of some white looking baby bird. I think America called it a swan.

Jamaica walked over to me and handed me the book. I looked down to read the title-it as fricking written in English.

And before you ask, I know what English looks like, I just can't *read* it.

I already had a bad feeling of where this was going.

Jamaica smirked and crossed his arms. "I dare you to read that entire book. Here, I'll get the title done for you. The Ugly Duckling."

I nervously opened the book to the first page. I couldn't read anything. The words were in English. I didn't know what was going on as I flipped through the book.

"Well?" Jamaica asked. A few countries giggled. "Did you read it? I know you're a fast reader North Korea."

My hands started shaking and I felt tears prick the corner my eye. I felt everybody's eyes on me. I also felt Soviet Union's blood boiling in rage.

"Hello? Anybody home?" Jamaica asked, pretending to talk through a peephole on a door.

"I can't read it..." I murmured, Jamaica and everybody else some how hearing it.

Countries started laughing and I felt others look at me in sympathy. China reached to comfort me when I stood up and sprinted out of the room, across the dance floor, through the living room, and out the front door-flinging it open and not bothering to close it.

I ran away from the party, from Japan's house, from everybody. Tears flowed down my cheeks and blurred my vision until I could barely see anything.

I somehow made my way to my house and clumsily unlocked the door. I slammed and locked it behind me and dropped the keys on the ground and rushed up the stairs. I entered and slammed the door to my room.

I then collapsed on my bed and cried into my pillow. I cried and cried and cried. I couldn't stop, I felt that my tears were endless.

I can't read English and I'm a crybaby.

God...

Why am I like this?

8

THANK GOODNESS OMG!

If you're wondering why I'm freaking out this is why:

I was at school this morning and I had some time before we went inside so I decided to check my story and see if I could start chapter 8. But then I noticed something.

Chapter 7 wasn't freaking there.

I was now having a mental breakdown because that Chapter took so long to write. I then took a few deep breaths and told myself that it probably wasnt there because my wifi wasnt on.

But I went through the entire school day having anxiety about chapter 7.

THANK GOD IT IS STILL THERE PRAISE THE WATTPAD LORDS -

South Korea POV

When North had run out of the room I was thinking about two things:

Is he okay?

And

I'm gonna rip someone's throat out.

I was furious that Jamaica bullied him right here when we were supposed to be having a good time. I could see the tears run down his face as he ran out.

I was still sitting on the floor next America. I turned to face Jamaica. What I saw made me happy and feel justice.

And no, Jamaica wasn't dead. At least, not yet.

Soviet was beating him against the floor and his kids struggled to get him off. Vietnam was laughing at the whole ordeal, while everybody else yelled at each other. Japan was going around calming people down before everyone got into a fight like Soviet and Jamaica's.

"Вы идиот!" **(You stupid idiot!)** Soviet screamed as his kids pulled him off of Jamaica with the help of Italy and Third Reich.

"Папа, пожалуйста, успокойся! Ты сделаешь ему больно!" **(Dad please calm down! You'll hurt him!)** Russia screamed as he struggled with his siblings to hold Soviet back.

"В том-то и дело, Россия!" (**That's the point, Russia!)** Soviet struggled against his kids and friends to lunge at Jamaica again.

"Папа паслухай Расею! Вы пакрыўдзіце каго-небудзь нявіннага, калі вы будзеце працягваць змагацца з ім!" **(Dad listen to Russia! You'll hurt someone innocent if you keep fighting him!)** Belarus yelled.

Soviet went weak in his kids and friends arms and got up after they let him go. Jamaica made the mistake of speaking up.

"You better run."

Soviet clenched his fists and prepared to lunge at Jamaica again when Japan screamed.

"STOP!"

Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to Japan. Japan was sweaty for some reason and was also clenching his fists. "こんなに愚かなことで誰かをいじめても大丈夫だと思う理由は何ですか？すべての国があなたのバカ英語に堪能ではありません！あなた-I- AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Countries looked to Japan in hopes of a translation. He repeated what he said but in English and without screaming at the end. "What makes you think it's okay to bully someone over something

so stupid!? Not everyone country is fluent in English you idiots!" His ears were flattened and his tail was bristling.

China got up from where he was sitting and walked over to Jamaica. China had been silent the entire time this happened I had forgotten he was here. He crouched down to look Jamaica in the face from his spot on the floor.

China then raised his hand and- *SLAP!*

Jamaica's cheek was already red from the slap and China stood up again. He glared at everyone in the room-except for the countries that didn't laugh-and said, "我不敢相信我考虑过你们中的一些朋友..." **(I can't believe I considered some of you friends...)**

It was now obvious to everyone that North was getting bullied because of his inability to read English. Which, no doubt, was stupid to bully someone for, but it was infuriating, too. Even countries who normally didn't like North felt bad for him and mad at everyone who bullied him.

I sighed and got up. I then turned to China. "You and I are the only ones who know where North lives-besides America."

China nodded, and gave me a look as if he already knew what I was thinking. "그를 확인해 보자." (Let's go check on him.) He said.

Impressive.

I turned to Soviet. "I know you understand Korean, but please, don't come. Just me and China."

Soviet hesitantly nodded. China and I then proceeded to run out out of the room, across the dance floor, and then started walking when we got to the living room. We both saw that the door was wide open in a way that someone would fling it open and not close it behind them.

China and I shared the same worried look and jogged out of the house, closing Japan's door behind us. We jogged the two blocks to North Korea's house and walked up the steps.

China tried to open the door but it was locked. "Great. How are we gonna get in?"

I reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out a spare key to North's house.

"I have a spare key," I told China. I stuck the key in the lock and turned it easily. I then opened the door to the house.

When we entered the house I felt something sharp on the bottom of my left shoe. I looked down at it and noticed North Korea's key. He never would drop his key, let alone leave it there.

He must be really upset.

I picked up the key and put it on the desk next to the door. I felt tapping on my shoulder and turned to China. He motioned to stay quiet and listen. I did. I could hear faint crying coming from upstairs, and it broke my heart.

China and I crept up the stairs and down the hallway to North Korea's room. It was the only room with some decoration on it.

I pressed my nonexistent ear up against the door. Sure enough, the crying was coming from inside. I tried to open the door but it was also locked. I took another spare key out of my other pocket and unlocked the door.

When I opened the door and me and China stepped inside, I saw North Korea crying his eyes out onto his pillow.

Curse you, Jamaica.

China POV

When I entered North's room the sight I saw broke my heart. He was curled up in his bed and crying into his pillow.

I sat down on the edge of his bed and set my hand on his arm. He looked up at me with a tired, red eye.

"Hey North, you oka-" I didn't finish my sentence when North dived

to me. He pulled himself up and cried into my chest. I wasted no time hugging him and rubbing his head while murmering soothing things to him.

The entire time this happened, South Korea looked at North Korea with pity in his eyes. I nodded my head to the spot beside North and South sat down. He joined me in soothing North Korea.

After a few minutes, North Korea stopped crying and was only sniffling now and then. He was still hugging me and kept his face on my chest, which was cute.

There was silence between the three of us for a good while. No one wanted to say anything, which was just fine with all of us.

"Is it my fault...?"

North Korea looked up into my eyes, tears again pricking the corner of his one eye. "Is it my fault I can't read English?"

I shook my head and wiped away the tears. "Of course not. They're just being idiots."

"B-but Poland can't read English either... W-why m-me?" North stuttered, clutching my clothes harder.

I didn't know how to answer that. South Korea didn't either. We sat in silence for a minute before South spoke up. "We don't know why they chose you," he said. "but we'll hurt them if they try anything. Me, China, Soviet, Russia. And I'm sure there are others that care for you."

I wiped away some more of North Korea's tears. I then hugged him. "You know we're here for you."

North looked up and weakly smiled at me. He was probably too tired from crying so much, but it still made me blush a little bit. Luckily for me, my flag color made it really hard to notice.

Even when he's sad, North is adorable.

We sat in more comfortable silence for a while longer. I was still

hugging North and he snuggled up against me. South Korea was the only one 'talking.' Really, he was just quietly singing K-Pop songs, but it felt nice to have some positive energy in the air.

Eventually, North Korea's stomach growled, and South Korea stopped singing. "Let's get you some food." He said.

North shook his head. "I'm not hungry."

I chuckled. "Your stomach says otherwise."

North sighed in defeat and South stood up. I picked North up bridal style and he blushed. "I-I can walk..."

I grinned and followed South Korea into North's kitchen. I set him down on a chair and sat next to him.

"How about some Kimchi?" South asked, turning to North and me.

North nodded but didn't talk. South then proceeded to make Kimchi.

While the Southern Korean did that, I turned to North. "You okay?"

North slightly nodded. "I'm fine..."

"You sure?"

"Yeah..."

I put my arm around him and smiled. "You know you can talk to me anytime, right?"

North smiled. It was more bright now, but I could tell he still was tired. "Y-yeah... Thanks for being there for me..."

"Don't thank me, it's something a close friend should always do."

Describing North and I as friends hurt my heart a little bit. I wanted to be more than that.

South now had finished the Kimchi and set it down in front of North. "Eat up, I know how much you love Kimchi."

North began eating immediately. It was then that I noticed that he hadn't eaten all day. He told me he skipped breakfast, hung out with me all day and he didn't eat lunch, and now it's way past dinnertime and he still didn't eat anything.

I can't believe I didn't notice until now.

North finished the Kimchi in no time at all. He was smiling now, and was a lot happier than before. He got up and thanked South for the help.

"I'd always help my little brother." South said.

North chuckled and turned to me. I was standing now and I went and hugged him. North snuggled closer again and closed his eye. I smiled and blushed again, god, he's so cute.

I felt eyes burning into my soul and I looked up. South was glaring at me and was mouthing words to me.

" You hurt North, and you're dead."

I was honestly surprised by South Korea's sudden protectiveness of North Korea. Let alone make that sort of threat to *me.* North and I have been friends for such a long time now.

I guess he thinks I have feelings for North. Which isn't wrong, because I do, but what the heck?

I decided to ignore South's sudden change in personality and focused on North Korea. I was still hugging him, and it seemed like he was about to fall asleep. I picked him up bridal style and sure enough, he fell asleep in my arms a few seconds after that.

I sighed and chuckled.

"Come on, China. Let's get him to bed." South Korea was standing at the entrance (or exit?) of the kitchen. I followed him up the stairs and into North Korea's room.

I placed North down and pulled his covers over him. I then turned his light off. I waited for South to leave the room so I could kiss

North's forehead. "Goodnight my little Northie."

North smiled and I left the room, closing the door behind me.

North Korea POV

At first when I woke up I didn't know where I was. I had fallen asleep somewhere, and I swear someone was holding me and I fell asleep in their arms.

I then remembered what had happened. I was in my bed. But I never fell asleep in my bed. I fell asleep in China's arms. He must've carried me to my room.

I got up and walked out of the room. I could hear talking from downstairs. There were two voices, and occasionally I could hear a third one.

I walked down the stairs and to my living room. I saw South Korea and China sitting on my couch, and Soviet Union standing up and facing them.

Soviet was the first one to notice me. "Speak of the devil," he said, turning to me.

South and China turned around. "Ah, you're awake." South Korea said.

I rubbed my eye. "Mhm... What's going on?"

China stood up and walked over to me. "Soviet came to visit."

I hugged China (For like, the hundredth time) and turned to Soviet. "I thought you were at Japan's party?"

"Shortly after South and China left, countries started yelling at each other again, you know, for bullying you. Japan started having a mental breakdown and kicked everybody but me, Third Reich, and Italy out.

"Reich and Italy are still with Japan right now, but I had to get home and take care of my kids-mainly Russia. Just thought I'd stop

by." Soviet explained.

I nodded and yawned. I was still pretty tired from just waking up.

"You know, Soviet beat up Jamaica after you ran out." South Korea said.

"Huh? He did?" I more of asked myself than South Korea but whatever.

"Yup! It took all of his kids and Third Reich and Italy to pull him off of him."

I smiled. "Thanks, Sov."

Soviet shrugged. "It was nothing. I was really mad anyway."

Soviet's phone started ringing and he answered it.

"Hello?"

"Тато, Росія знову в такому настрої." **(Dad, Russia's in one of his moods again.)**

Soviet sighed. "Хорошо, я иду в Украину. Просто занимай его, пока я не доберусь туда." **(Alright, I'm coming Ukraine. Just keep him occupied until I get there.)**

"Я постараюся з усіх сил." **(I'll try my best.)**

Soviet hung up the phone. "I've gotta go, Russia's in one of his moods again."

"Oof... Good luck."

"I've dealt with it before. Just need to get him a treat of some sort, bye."

"See ya."

Soviet seemed to rush out of the house. South laughed. "Y'know, I've heard Russia's siblings talk about his moods, but I've never seen it."

"Let's keep it that way, I hear he turns into a tornado when he is." China laughed.

I sat down next to China and turned the TV on. I was switching between channels when South told me to stop on the news.

The reporter was talking about a recent burglary and attempted murder.

"The criminal managed to get away, but police are looking to residents and the victim for the whereabouts. Until then, please lock your doors and don't travel alone or at night."

I shivered at the thought. "Where did this take place?"

"I think in the Southern American neighborhood. Even so, let's take these warnings to heart." China said.

South grabbed the remote from my hands and changed the channel to another one. We watched TV for an hour or so when South had to leave.

"America and I are working on something and I want to get some of my part done." He said.

China and I said goodbye and he left. It was just China and I in my house. I was starting to feel tired again, like I always am on weekends. Why do you think I never leave my house on weekends?

China cleared his throat. Even before he spoke, I could tell I wouldn't like the conversation we were about to have.

"Why did you keep it a secret?"

I already knew what he meant by that. The bullying.

"I-I don't know... I just..." I sighed. I actually didn't know why I didn't tell China. I felt like there was a force keeping me from talking to anyone about it. It didn't want me telling anyone.

China put an arm around my shoulders. "You know you can tell me anything, why keep it secret?"

"I told you, I don't know." I unintentionally raised my voice.

China flinched. "S-sorry..." I stuttered.

What happened at that party really messed me up. I felt like I couldn't talk or anything.

We sat in silence for a bit more, both watching the blaring TV. The characters were in some form of argument over something.

In reality, I don't think neither me or China were really watching the show. We just stared at the TV and thought about things. China eventually spoke up again.

"When did it start?"

"Huh?"

He grabbed my shoulders and forced me to face him. "When did the bullying start?"

I knew I would hate this conversation.

I turned my head away and avoided eye-contact. China loosened his grip on me and asked more gently. "When did it start, North Korea?"

When I still didn't say anything he added, "It's okay, take your time."

I faced him with more tears pricking my eye. "Th-Thursday... They found out Thursday..."

China immediately pulled me into a hug as I cried into his chest.

"Shh... It's okay, it's okay..." He murmered while rubbing my back.

I'm such a crybaby. I break down so much and China has to pull me to my feet again. I wonder why he hasn't abandoned me already.

I stopped crying after a while. China had turned the TV off long ago, the main characters had been laughing at something. China

and I sat in a hug for two minutes.

"I know this might be hard to answer, but did anyone do anything serious to you other than whispering?"

I thought for a moment, and yes, something had happened. Panama and his jerk friends.

I swallowed back a whimper and started. "Yes, Panama, Belgium, and Romania. Panama pinned me against the locker and showed Belgium and Romania a n-note written in English... He then then told me to r-read i-it and..." I felt myself about to cry again. China started rubbing my back again and told me to take my time. I took a few shaky breaths and continued:

"He had me read the note, and I c-couldn't... Belgium repeated what I said in a squeaky voice, and Panama told me to learn English and also called me a m-mutt... They laughed as they walked away..." My voice grew weaker and quieter the more I told China about what had happened. I could actually *feel* China's anger when I finished. I didn't know you could do that.

And if you're wondering, the feeling of anger is hot. *Really hot.* Especially when the person is super duper mad.

"China..?" I asked him after a while.

China had been tense before, and he loosened up when I called him. "Sorry, just... thinking about something..."

He rubbed my back and thanked me for telling him. He then asked if I was sleepy.

"Yeah, very... But, can you please s-stay?" I asked him as he carried me to my room.

China chuckled, but I noticed a little red tint on his cheeks. "Sure, share the bed like last time?"

I nodded. "Y-yeah..."

China layed me down in bed and got in shortly after. I rolled to my

side and cuddled up against him. In response, he wrapped his arms around my waist. "Goodnight North Korea."

"Goodnight China."

9

Idk if this should be a chapter in the story or one of those things where the countries mess around.

If you're expecting a North and South Korea POV switch, sorry, dat ain't happening. This entire chapter (I guess) will be in Soviet's and Russia's POV. This is so you get to know a certain, I don't know, Soviet's favorite child and biggest country in the world?

Oof I'm stupid.

Sorry if I offend any Russians or anybody in particular... Especially the first thing that happens in this chapter.

Soviet Union POV

"Россия! У меня есть мороженое!" (Russia! I have ice cream!) I screamed as I cautiously entered the house.

Ukraine had called me earlier and told me that Russia was in one of his...uhm...moods. I had stopped by a nearby ice cream truck and got a vanilla ice cream sandwich, one of his favorites.

Russia was literally tearing up the house, and was working on wrecking the couch when I entered. He turned to me with a scowl on his face and I immediately showed him the sandwich.

"Calm down, Russia." I slowly made my way to Russia as he appeared to calm down. He was eyeing the ice cream sandwich and had gotten off the couch and just stood there.

I glanced to my left and saw Belarus, Ukraine, Kazakhstan, Lithuania, and Estonia huddled in a corner staring at Russia with wide eyes. They looked at me and I motioned for them to go upstairs.

They silently crept to and up the stairs like I told them. I then

turned back to Russia. He was bouncing up and down and groping for the ice cream sandwich, which I held over his head.

He started whining after a while. I shook the sandwich. "You can have it if you calm down and stop being a торнадо." **(tornado)**

Russia looked down at the ground. "Прости папа..." **(I'm sorry, Dad)**

I offered the sandwich to him and he gladly took it. I then sent him up to his room. I called the rest of my kids down, at least, the ones who are visiting right now.

"Estonia! Kazakhstan! Ukraine! Belarus! Lithuania! Come down and help me fix the house."

The five of them stumbled down the stairs, Belarus almost falling on her face when she reached the bottom.

"What do you need, әкем?" Kazakhstan asked. "What will we be doing?"

I motioned around the living room. "Take your pick."

The living room was a mess. The walls for splattered with liquids and foods from the kitchen and the couch's cushions foam was everywhere. The dining table was flipped upside down and the chairs littered the room in all sorts of angles, one was even split in two. The pictures that were hanging on the walls littered the floor.

Surprisingly, Russia left the TV and the desk it was on alone. But maybe he was going to do that when he finished with the couch.

"Like I said, take your pick. I'm dealing with the couch and the foam."

Time skip

It took us an hour and a half to completely fix the house. Russia had done a number to it. I even had to order a completely new computer since Russia wrecked the old one.

"Now that we're done with that," Belarus said and turned to the rest of us from her seat on the couch's new cushions. "what's for dinner?"

"Ka ji pasake?" (What did she say?) Lithuania asked.

Lithuania never learned English. I mean, sure, she's learning it right now, but she only knows a few words here and there. She also goes to a different school than the other countries.

I repeated what Belarus said in Lithuanian.

"Ar šiandien jautiesi virėjas, tėve?" (Do you feel like cooking today, Dad?) Lithuania asked me.

I shook my head. "Per daug pavargęs." (Too tired)

"How about we go out to eat?" Estonia suggested. "Me võiksime peatuda Ameerika poole." (We could stop by America's.)

Lithuania asked what Estonia said in English and we translated for her. She shook her head. "Taip, mes išeisime valgyti, bet neisime į Amerikos namus." (Yes, we will go out to eat, but we will not go to America's house.)

"Да. Давай не будем идти в дом Америки. Мы найдем что-нибудь на Родине." (Yeah. Let's not go to America's house. We'll find something in Motherland.) I said.

"Somebody call Russia down."

Ukraine rushed to the stairs and called up, "Russia! We're going out to eat! Put on a jacket and let's go!"

Russia came down the stairs quickly. He then ran over to me and was so excited he couldn't stop jumping around. "Where are we going? Will it be good? Have I been there before? Who am I kidding, I've been to every place in Motherland. How far is it? Will we go anywhere else afterwards?" Russia didn't stop asking questions.

I put a finger to his mouth and laughed. "I can't tell you where we're

going if you keep blabbering."

Russia blushed and apologized. He then asked one more time where we were going.

"The one and only Grand Cafe Dr. Jhivago of course."

Russia was so happy and excited he literally pushed all of us out of the house and ushered us onward.

"Calm down, Russia. We have plenty of time to get there." Kazakhstan, who was the oldest, said to Russia when he ran ahead.

Russia turned back around and puffed his cheeks. "We need to hurrry, though! It could close any second, it can't close if we're inside!"

Estonia laughed. "Russia, the restaurant doesn't close. We can arrive there at midnight and they'd still serve us."

Russia stopped. "Oh, right..." He turned back to us. "Sorry, I'm just really excited."

"When are you not?" I chuckled.

Since everyone wasn't really hungry, we decided to go to a few places before eating. We first went to the mall.

We were walking around for a good bit before we came to the arcade section. Russia immediately grabbed Ukraine and Belarus's hands and dragged them to the games.

"Come on, come on! Let's play!"

"Woah, woah!" Belarus laughed. "We need to ask Dad first."

"Go ahead, I'm right here." I called to them.

While Ukraine, Belarus, and Russia looked for arcade games to play, Kazakhstan, Estonia, and Lithuania still stood by me.

"Are you gonna go do something? We have all day." I told them,

translating it for Lithuania right after.

Kazakhstan shrugged. "Маған аркада ойындары ұнайды, бірақ мен оны дәл қазір сезінбеймін." (I like arcade games, but I'm not really feeling it right now.)

Estonia pulled out his phone and started texting somebody. "Hey, Dad?" He looked up at me.

"Hm?"

"Is it okay if I hang out with Finland? He's somewhere here."

I sighed. I didn't really like Finland, but Estonia loved him and I have to accept that. "Fine. I'll text you when we're leaving."

Estonia hugged me. "Thanks, Dad!"

He ran off through the mall to look for Finland. "Be careful!" I shouted after him.

"Kur eina Estija?" (Where's Estonia going?) Lithuania tugged my sleeve and pointed after Estonia. I told her what had happened. She shook her head. "Tėti, Estija auga. Jūs turite leisti jam būti su tuo, kurį pasirenka." (Dad, Estonia is growing up. You need to let him be with who he chooses.)

I sighed. "Я знаю, Литва. Это просто ... сложно ..." (I know, Lithuania. It's just... difficult...)

Lithuania looked at me with confusion in her eyes. "Вы поймете, если у вас есть дети." (You'll understand if you have kids.)

Kazakhstan tapped Lithuania's shoulder. "Мен әкеме қатысты болса, біз жасай алатын нәрсені таптым." (I found something we can do, if that's alright with Dad.) Kazakhstan looked at me hopefully. I knew he was excited about whatever it was he wanted to do with Lithuania. I nodded to show him I allowed it, and he dragged his younger sister away.

I sighed. I was alone now. Russia, Ukraine, and Belarus were in the distance playing arcade games, Estonia ran off to hang out with his

boyfriend, and Kazakhstan and Lithuania ran off to...somewhere.

I was leaning against a wall and watching Belarus and her brothers to make sure they didn't do anything reckless when I heard a familiar shout.

"Hey Soviet! I didn't know you were here."

All too familiar. So familiar that I got annoyed. And no, it wasn't Third Reich, Japan, or Italy. Last I heard, Japan is still having a mental breakdown so Italy is with him, and Reich is spending time with his father. His dad doesn't really like me so...

I turned to the voice and I wasn't surprised to see who it was. Britian was walking to me and he had a big smile on his face.

I rolled my eyes. "Please, let my kids get bored." I murmered.

Do you have a friend who is just overly annoying to the point that when you see them you just go, "Oh god..."?

That's me and Britian.

Britian stepped beside me and as usual, immediately started a conversation. "What are you doing here?"

Even though I didn't want to talk, I didn't want to be rude to the nice, but annoying country. "Kids and I want to go out to eat. We aren't hungry right now, so we're just going to random places."

"And where are your kids? You have a lot, who are with you?"

I sighed. "Russia lives with me. Ukraine, Belarus, Kazakhstan, Lithuania, and Estonia are visiting. Russia, Ukraine, and Belarus are playing arcade games over there, Kazakhstan and Lithuania are hanging out over there to the left, and Estonia's boyfriend is somewhere in this mall so he ran off to find him."

Britian shook his head. "America and his brothers are already a handful. Do tell me how you do it?"

I shrugged. "Even I don't know. Just raise them the way you think

right I guess."

Britian went silent for a moment and then started blabbing again. This time I tuned him out and watched my kids, at least, the ones who didn't run off into the mall to find someone I didn't like. So far so good.

"Who's the mother?"

I froze and turned to Britian. He had my full attention now. "Excuse me, *what?"*

Britian flinched and looked overwhelmed, but he still repeated the question. "You're kids, who is the mother?"

I looked down at the ground. I didn't like remembering my ex-wife. I mean, sure, it was her who produced the kids that I love oh so dearly and with all my heart, but that doesn't mean I like remembering her.

All my kids but Russia know who their mother is. This is because Russia was too young to remember her, our marriage started falling apart shortly after he was born.

"Soviet Union?"

I jumped. Right, Britian was still here. He looked really apologetic and waved his hands repeatedly while he apologized. "Sorry, sorry. If it bothers you to tell me then don't. It is none of my business anyway."

That's one of the few things I liked about Britian. He understands when someone's uncomfortable talking about something and won't pressure them further.

"Thanks. I might tell you one day, though. It's just..."

"Russia?"

I nodded. "He doesn't know who his mother is. I don't know if he's pondered it or not."

"How is that?"

"He was too young to remember her when we broke up. I haven't seen her since. The rest of my kids know who she is, but I told them not to tell him."

Britian sighed. "I know these aren't my kids, and that I probably have no right to say this, but Russia looks old enough to tell. Maybe he'll even understand." He thought for a moment. "Is there a reason you haven't told him?"

I nodded. "Yes, but I'm not comfortable telling anyone."

"It's not in my place to judge you for that, lad."

"Britian! It's America! He wants to get something but we won't let him. He's holding onto the door and won't let go." France called to Britian from the side of the hall.

"Coming, honey! Bye, Soviet." Britain hurried away to take care of America.

Now that I think about it, Russia and America are perfect for each other. When they're in the mood, they're both brats. Fun.

I turned back to watch Russia, Ukraine, and Belarus. I wasn't watching for long when Kazakhstan and Lithuania came back. "We're bored, Dad." Kazakhstan said.

"Alright, I'll get the others." I turned to the trio by the arcade games. "Russia! Ukraine! Belarus! It's time to go."

Russia groaned. "But it's fun here!"

"Russia! Let's. Go."

Russia slowly followed his older brother and sister as they made their way back to me. "I was just about to beat Ukraine, too." He pouted.

I rolled my eyes and texted Estonia that we were leaving, telling him that we were in the same place as when he left. He

immediately texted back, begging to stay and that he'd catch up later.

Belarus saw the whole conversation and me hesitating to reply. "I think you should let him, Dad. He said he'll be fine. Besides, Finland will keep him safe."

I sighed. "Fine."

Me
Fine, whatever. But if you're not at the restaurant by the time I text you a third time, counting this one, you're not getting a seat.

I know, I know, petty. I was upset but that wasn't an excuse.

I angrily shoved my phone back into my pocket. "Let's go."

As we walked out of the mall, Russia tugged my sleeve. "You okay, папа?"

"I'm fine." I replied in a flat voice. Russia didn't ask anything else because everyone knew that if I responded in a flat voice with "I'm fine," then I didn't want to talk and I'd yell at them for a *long* time if they asked another question.

We walked in silence until we came upon a museum.

"Ooh, ooh! Can we go there? Please please please please?" Russia begged.

"Fine. Но мы уходим, как только кто-то говорит, что ему скучно или голодно." (But we leave as soon as someone says they're bored or hungry.)

Time skip

We were at the museum for a while, and it was really fun. Russia kept pointing and commenting on pictures, artifacts, and more stuff he found cool. Lithuania was more chill about and wasn't really interested in anything there, while everyone else was more interested in the paintings.

I had no problem with everything there. I loved everything I saw, like Russia. He almost touched a painting with his head; if I hadn't pulled him back he would've ruined it.

After about two hours of walking around and looking at things, Russia came bounding back to me with a frown on his face. "Я голоден." (I'm hungry.) He said.

I was starting to get hungry as well. I turned to the rest of my kids and asked, "Кто-нибудь голоден?" (Anybody hungry?)

Everyone nodded. "Well then, let's go."

Lithuania seemed to understand what we were doing despite not understanding English. She led the way to the restaurant. I had texted Estonia earlier and he was waiting for us at the restaurant entrance.

"Hey guys," he called out when he saw us. "and perfect timing, Dad. Finland had to go home so I asked him to drop me off here."

I nodded and smiled. "So everything worked out?"

Estonia nodded. "Sööme!" (Let's eat!)

Time skip, Soviet's heading home with his kids, Lithuania went to her house to deal with matters with another country

We were all stuffed from the food at the restaurant. We walked slowly and Russia almost fell on his face so often I had to walk by his side the whole time. He was talking in hushed voices with Estonia and Ukraine, occasionally laughing from time to time.

"What are you talking about?" I asked them.

Russia looked up at me, giggling. "Ukraine's telling us really funny stories that happen to him during school."

"Why can't you talk louder then? I wanna hear."

"About that..." Ukraine said. "I thought you wouldn't like them because I hang out with.. countries you don't like..."

I shrugged. "You guys are growing up, and Russia is the only one who lives with me. Hang with who you like, but that doesn't mean I'll like them."

"Thanks, Dad."

I nodded and Ukraine talked louder. We were all laughing and having a good time until Mongolia bumped into me.

"Өө! Уучлаарай, миний алдаа." **(Oh! Sorry about that, my mistake.)** He said, rubbing his head.

"English, please." I grumbled.

Mongolia opened his eyes and scowled. "Oh...*you*... I am *not* sorry then."

"Not like I was sorry either."

"Wow, rude."

"Excuse me? How am I being rude?"

"I actually apologized."

"You *just* told me that you weren't sorry."

My kids stood awkwardly and watched as Mongolia and I argued. We never liked each other, and he's tried to invade my country several times. Failing miserably each time, and only stopping when Russia and China threatened to invade his country. Both. At the same time.

He stopped trying to invade, but our countries and us still don't get along. We argue constantly, even over the stupidest things. Sometimes I wonder how UN and everybody else puts up with us.

My argument with Mongolia started getting more heated, and then I guess Kazakhstan felt someone would take a swing because he grabbed my waist and pulled me back pretty hard.

I didn't expect it and Kazakhstan probably used more force than he

intended. Kazakhstan is really strong, but he only really uses his strength to prevent fights and stuff like that. I fell and crashed my head into the ground pretty hard. My head hurt a little bit, but I was wearing my ushanka so I was fine, Kazakhstan still stood over me and asked if I was okay, though.

Mongolia started laughing. "Bravo! Nice trick! Why don't you do it more often, but without the ushanka?"

I got up and it took all of my might to not beat him up. Even so, Kazakhstan and Estonia grabbed my hands and all of my kids and I ran off back to the house. I grumbled the whole way.

When we finally reached the house, we were all tired out. We were all panting and I noticed something. The little pain in my head had grown now.

Know how I said that I was fine because my ushanka was on and that the pain wasn't much? Turns out I was wrong. My head hurt. A *lot.*

I wanted to grab my head and cry but I didn't want to freak my kids out. I quickly pulled out my key and unlocked the door and hurried inside.

I was speed walking to the stairs by the time Belarus was closing the door. Russia noticed me and called, "Папа, are you okay?"

"Y-yeah... I'm f-fine..!" My voice shook when I replied and I practically ran up the stairs.

I ran to my room and locked the door. I clutched my head and curled up into my bed. Tears pricked the corner of my eyes as the headache got worse.

My head was pounding and it was the worst headache I had ever experienced. I whimpered but made sure I didn't make any loud sounds, for fear of worrying my kids.

Why am I even keeping it from them? They'd help, I'm sure of it. But then Kazakhstan would blame himself for my headache. I don't want him to.

What the heck...make it stop...

Russia POV

When Soviet ran upstairs I knew something was wrong. Not only from his voice shaking, but his quickness to get away from us. I walked back to my siblings to see how they were.

Kazakhstan was sitting on the couch talking with Ukraine, and Belarus and Estonia chatted by a window near the kitchen.

"Do you guys think something is wrong with папа?" I asked them.

"Something wrong with Dad? We didn't notice anything." Ukraine said, turning around.

"But he ran up the stairs really fast."

"Russia, you're being paranoid again." Belarus walked to me and put a hand on my shoulder. "Take a few deep breaths, Dad probably just went to do some paperwork."

I pushed her hand off my shoulder. "But when I asked if he was okay his voice shook. A lot."

My siblings went silent at that.

"Was he crying?" Estonia asked.

"No," I replied. "He wasn't."

Ukraine put a hand on his chin. "Why would Dad run upstairs as quickly as possible and not tell us anything?"

"It could possibly be related to something that happened recently." Belarus said.

"But what?" Estonia asked, moving from his spot by the window and standing beside Belarus.

"Mongolia..." Kazakhstan murmered.

"Huh? What do you mean?" I asked.

Kazakhstan continued. "When he was arguing with Mongolia, I pulled him back to make sure another fight doesn't happen. I pulled too hard and he crashed onto the ground headfirst."

Everyone was silent once again.

"So...his head hurts?" Estonia asked.

"Actually, I think he has a headache." I said.

Everyone turned to me. "Why do you think that?" Belarus asked.

"Remember when I hit the ground that hard before? I had a really bad headache that hurt a lot. He could have that."

"I remember that." Kazakhstan said. "Makes sense."

Everyone agreed. Kazakhstan sighed and put his head in his hands.

"What's wrong, big brother?" I asked him, tilting my head to the side a little bit.

Kazakhstan sighed again. "It's my fault he has that headache. If I hadn't pulled him too hard then he wouldn't have hit the ground and...you already know."

"It's not your fault, Kaza. You just didn't want anybody getting hurt. Enough fights have happened already, after all." I smiled.

Kazakhstan smiled. "Heh, your smile always brightens a rainy day, Russia."

He got up and rubbed my ushanka, causing it to fall over my eyes. I pushed it up and giggled. I immediately stopped giggling though and looked towards the stairs.

"We should check on папа."

"Right. Lead the way, Venemaa." (Russia)

We crept up the stairs to keep Soviet from hearing us. We thought that if something *was* wrong, if he heard us he'd make sure it'd look

like nothing was wrong-a bad habit that he told me he's trying to overcome.

Eventually, we came to his door and I pressed the side of my head against it. I could hear faint whimpering on the other side of the door. I tried to open the door but it was locked.

"So what is it?" Kazakhstan asked.

"Папа is whimpering behind the door. It's locked." I responded. "How do we open this?"

"Move." Kazakhstan had us all back away and he backed up a little. He then sprinted and rammed his shoulder into the door, causing it to fling open.

Kazakhstan stumbled inside and the rest of us rushed in. We looked to the bed and saw father curled up in it clutching his head. Tears rolled down his cheeks and his eyes were closed.

"Папа!! Are you alright?" I rushed to his side.

I kept calling out to him but he didn't respond. He continued to clutch his head and whimper, murmering things now and then as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Is-Is he okay?" Belarus asked, reaching for Soviet.

As soon as Belarus's hand touched his back, Soviet opened his eyes.

He looked around at us and turned to me. "Russia...get your...siblings...ou-" he yelped in pain and clutched his head harder, tears rolled down his cheeks faster.

"What did he say?" Ukraine asked.

Soviet was in so much pain that he was panting heavily and could only say probably two words before panting again. I understood what he said though. "He wanted me to make you guys leave."

Estonia walked over to Dad and made his face level with his. "Me ei jäta teid siia nii palju valu. Me aitame, kas teile meeldib või mitte."

(We are not leaving you here in this much pain. We're helping whether you like it or not.)

"P-please..."

"Ei. Me aitame." (No. We're helping.) Estonia straightened up and turned to Ukraine and Kazakhstan. "Ukraine, get an ice pack." Ukraine rushed to get the ice pack and Estonia turned to Belarus. "Check his temperature."

Belarus placed her hand on Soviet's forehead. Her face turned to horror and she pulled her hand away. "He's...really hot...hotter than I've seen before..."

Everyone in the room knew this was serious. I got up. "We don't know how to handle this. I'll call France. She'll know."

Ukraine came into the room again with an ice pack. Kazakhstan took it gently and I pulled Soviet's ushanka off his head. Estonia and Belarus grabbed his arms and put them at his sides.

We could know all see the pain he was in. Much more pain than we thought. He screamed. A loud one.

Ukraine covered his mouth and Kazakhstan placed the ice pack on Soviet's head. Soviet was full on crying now, murmering things like: "It hurts..." "Make it...stop..."

I ran out of the room and downstairs to look for my phone. I had set it down somewhere when we entered the house. I scrambled around in a panic until I found it.

I punched France's number into my phone and waited, chewing my nails. The phone rang twice and France picked up.

"Bonjour Russia! You never call me, what's the occasion?" France said in a cheerful tone.

I tried to keep my voice from shaking and failed miserably. "H-hey France... U-uh..."

"Is something wrong, Russie? You're voice is shaking."

I couldn't contain it anymore and shouted into the phone, my voice full of panic. "Папа has a really bad headache! He's in a lot of pain and we don't know what to do! Belarus said his temperature was hotter than she'd ever seen before! Please, France, you have to help us!"

Soviet let out another scream from upstairs. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I waited for France's response.

"I'm on my way."

I heaved a sigh of relief when I heard her shuffling through the phone. I heard her yell to Britian, "Britian! I might be gone for a while, a friend is in pain!"

I heard Britian yell back, "And what friend is this, dear?"

"Soviet!"

As France got her stuff (I assume) Britian walked into the room she was in. "Oh, let me come! Me and him are friends."

"No, dear, you need to take care of the kids-by that I mean America. And you need to make sure Australia doesn't bring any big rodents and bugs into the house."

I heard Britian sigh and agree. I heard more shuffling and then running as-I assume-France left the house.

"Alright, I'm on my way. Does he have an ice pack on?"

Another scream from Soviet, this one louder. I shuddered and responded. "Y-yes..."

"Okay, that's the best you can do for now. Keep the ice pack on and change it frequently until I get there."

A click and then France hung up. I hurried back up the stairs with my phone still in my hand. I ran into the room and everyone was the way they were when I left, with the exception of Ukraine and Kazakhstan. They were now holding onto Soviet's legs.

"Kaza? Ukraine?"

"He started kicking." Kazakhstan said.

I sighed. "Alright... I called France, she's on her way and she said to change the ice pack frequently."

Everyone nodded and Soviet was still crying. This is how we spent our time until France showed up: me sitting around and frequently changing the ice pack while my siblings held onto my fathers body parts. Why? They didn't tell me.

Oh, and everything was silent besides father's crying and screaming.

Eventually, the doorbell rang. I sprinted down and opened it up. France stood there as expected.

"Thank goodness your here!" I said. "Папа is upstairs in his room."

France held a little med-kit and something else I don't know how to describe. I lead her upstairs and into Soviet's room. Everyone was the same.

"Thank you so much for being here! He's crying and screaming and we don't know what to do." Kazakhstan said in the calmest voice he could muster. His voice shook a little bit, though.

Currently, Kazakhstan is the only one who can really talk right now. The rest of us went silent. We were so worried for our father that we couldn't even *talk*.

France walked up to the bed and took the ice pack off. She felt his forehead and asked Belarus to do the same. "Is it the same as before?"

Belarus nodded slowly, her face solemn.

"L-light...h-hurts..." Soviet managed to murmer.

France's face turned into curiousness. I turned the light off and closed the blinds and curtains. I turned around in time to see France grab and examine Soviet's hand. It was shaking uncontrollably.

"You can let go of him now," France told my siblings, setting Soviet's hand down. "he's in too much pain to even move."

My siblings let go of father and stared at him. Soviet continued to cry and I wanted to cry so badly. Seeing him in pain made me sad and upset.

I took a deep breath and sighed. "Do you know what's wrong?" I asked France.

"Symtoms so far say it's a migraine. But we can't be sure." France said.

"Are you sure it's a migraine?" I asked her.

France looked at me with a look of confusion. "Excuse me?"

Estonia found his voice again. "Soviet has told us about the headaches in the Soviet Union. The island has different kinds of bacteria and germs than the rest of the countries. I hear the headaches there get really bad, sometimes even fatal."

I resisted a gasp. I had heard the same thing before, but the situation we were in right now makes me nervous.

"Didn't папа say that a common way to get the headache is from smacking your head on the ground very hard?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

Ukraine responded this time. "Yes."

Kazakhstan seemed to shrink when I mentioned the whole, slamming your head on the ground thing. France noticed. "Kazakhstan, what is wrong? Your wings are droopy."

Which was true. Kazakhstan's wings are only droopy when he's upset.

Kazakhstan sighed. "I feel like it's my fault he's like this."

"And how is that?" France asked, examining Soviet.

"I pulled his waist too hard and he slammed his head on the concrete."

France froze. She then looked at Kazakhstan with a face of: "You what?"

"You weren't commiting Sweet Home Alabama-"

"No no no no no!" We all shouted, shaking our hands.

"That is disgusting! Папа was arguing with Mongolia and Kazakhstan thought they were about to fight-"

Another scream from Soviet. I shuddered. France's face turned from disgust to relief. "Oh, thank goodness."

We all had a little laugh but it didn't last long. Soviet started sputtering again but this time I couldn't make out any words.

France turned to him. "This must be one of the headaches you talked about, Estonie."

I was getting more worried by the second. This type of headache can be fatal. But I remember Soviet Union saying that there's a 2% chance of it ever being fatal, but still, you never know.

Soviet screamed again. But this time, is was longer and more blood-chilling. So far, when he screamed it usually lasts five seconds, and sure, it's loud, but it wasn't a *blood-curdling* scream. This time it was a blood-curdling scream and it lasted ten seconds.

France sprinted out of the room. I just sat there with my siblings and waited for this horrifying scream to end. It was like I was in a horror movie but it was real life.

Tears started to fall from my eyes but I didn't make a sound. Everyone but Kazakhstan in the room had visible tears falling. Belarus was the only one who actually made sounds.

I guess since Kazakhstan is the oldest, he needs to be strong for all of us. Which I don't blame.

I sat next to my father and held his hand. He turned and-what looked like using the last of his energy-grabbed my hand back.

He attempted to sit up but immediately collapsed back onto the bed and cried louder. "M-make...m-make i-it...
s-s-stop..."

I rubbed his forehead despite it being so hot. "Тише, папа, тебе нужна твоя энергия." (Hush Dad, you need your energy.)

I wasn't sure if he complied or not because he let out another scream.

"I need to go outside." Belarus got up and left the room.

I wish I could do the same, but I didn't want to leave Soviet and he was clutching my left hand.

France entered the room again. "I called a Soviet doctor and asked him how to treat it. He said he's on his way, I'll be back."

"Where are you going?" I asked France.

"To pick up the doctor from the Soviet Union. Continue with the ice pack I told you about."

France then sprinted out the house. Who knows how long it'll take to get that doctor. However, I did as she told me to and I took the ice pack on the desk and walked downstairs with it.

For some reason, my family has a lot of ice packs, so I just placed it in the freezer and grabbed another cold one.

While heading up the stairs I murmered, "Худшие выходные ... Пожалуйста, не умирай, папа ..." (Worst weekend ever... Please don't die, papa...)

I entered the room and placed the ice pack on Soviet's forehead. He grabbed and clutched my hand again.

"Ukraine? Can you take over in getting the ice packs?" I asked Ukraine.

"Sure, I need to leave this room more often anyway." Ukraine sighed.

"Kunagi oma elus pole ma kellegi pärast nii muretsenud..." Estonia muttered. (Never in my life have I been so worried for someone...)

"Усе нас хвалюе, Эстонія." Belarus said. (All of us are worried, Estonia.)

"Мұның бәрі менің кінәм..." Kazakhstan's wings covered his face. (And it's all my fault...)

"Kazakhstan, stop. It wasn't your fault and you know it. You were just looking out for father." Belarus said.

"My 'looking out for him' made him get this headache!" Kazakhstan's wings flew back and visible tears pricked the corner of his eyes. "What if you accidently hurt someone you care about and you don't even know if they'll survive!?"

Soviet squeezed my hands and whimpered. "Guys, stop. Your shouting is making the headache worse."

Belarus and Kazakhstan went silent, but Kazakhstan sat back down on the windowsill and covered most of his body with his wings. "Just leave me alone..."

Belarus sighed. "I'm sorry, Kaza. If you want, talk to me later."

No response.

Estonia and Ukraine exchanged glances. I was getting more worried by the second.

Time skip

On Ukraine's 20th trip to change out the ice pack France finally got back. With the doctor, thank god.

They both rushed up the stairs and into Soviet's room.

"Пожалуйста, переместите." The doctor said. (Please move)

I moved and Soviet reached for me, but couldn't do anything more.

T ime skip

Soviet was asleep now. His breathing was a little fast, but the doctor said that's normal for someone who has the headache.

"Итак ... вылечился ли он?" I asked. (So... is he cured)

The doctor shook his head. "Нет, по крайней мере, пока. Требуется около трех недель, чтобы головная боль прошла или была вылечена." (No, at least, not yet. It takes around three weeks for the headache to go away, or be cured)

We all nodded. "What do we do over the three weeks?" Estonia asked.

The doctor looked at Estonia in confusion. "Why doesn't he understand?" Estonia asked me.

"He's from the Soviet Union, the national language is Russian." I explained. "But there are other languages. Try and speak Estonian, I know some Soviets speak that."

Estonia repeated what he said in Estonian. The doctor made a 'oh' expression with his face. "Убедитесь, что его температура ниже 160 ° C. Если это так, наденьте пакет со льдом и дайте ему это лекарство." (Make sure his temperature is below 160° celsius. If it is then put the ice pack on and give him this medicine.) He pulled out a purple bottle. "Используйте это только когда его температура выше 160 ° по Цельсию." (Only use this when his temperature is above 160° celsius.)

(I'm an American Idk how Celsius works-)

The doctor then pointed to the orange bottle he had given Ukraine. "Дайте ему это лекарство каждый день каждые пять часов, пять унций каждый." (Give him that medicine every day every five hours, five ounces each.)

"Miks ainult viis untsi?" Estonia asked. (Why only five ounces?)

"Этот материал очень сильный." (That stuff is very strong.) The doctor said. "Если вы чувствуете, что он лучше и может двигаться, позвоните мне. Подобные головные боли могут вводить в заблуждение при использовании лекарств." (If you feel like he's better and able to move around, call me. Headaches like that can be misleading when medicine is used.)

We all nodded and thanked the doctor before he left.

"Wish I could've helped." France said.

"Nonsense!" I said, quickly lowering my voice after Soviet flinched. "You *were* helpful. We didn't know a thing about any medical stuff, if you weren't here then the doctor would've never been called and папа wouldn't be getting any help."

France laughed. "Well, I better go now. It's only so long until Britian cannot stand the kids alone."

We said our goodbyes to France and she left the house. Belarus sighed. "Alright, we can help Dad now."

"Should someone wake him up?" Ukraine asked. "The medicine should be taken every day every five hours, and five ounces each."

Estonia stood up and gently shook Soviet awake. Soviet groaned when he opened his eyes. He looked at Estonia with a look of confusion, but there was also still pain in his eyes.

Ukraine took the bottle cap and filled the medicine to the five ounces line. He then gave it to Estonia. "Time for your medicine, isa." Estonia said. (Father)

Soviet swallowed the medicine and gagged for a few seconds after that. He then closed his eyes and turned to his side, falling asleep again.

Kazakhstan and I pulled the covers up to his chin. We all left the room (with the medicine) and wished our father goodnight in our own native languages.

"Қайырлы түн."

"Head ööd."

"Надобраніч."

"Дабранач."

"Доброй ночи."

Yup, Soviet gets really sick.

I'll leave you to guess which language is which at the end there. And by the way, they all mean the same thing. *Goodnight.*

Next chapter will take place on a Sunday and we'll be back to normal with the N. and S. Korea switches.
Is this the longest chapter so far? I think so.

I think the reason why is because I didn't want to leave it on a cliffhanger because I wanted next chapter to be just South and North Korea switches (and maybe others), and not continue on from this.

It is 11 at night I need to sleep.

10

[image]

North Korea POV

The sunlight that streamed through my window woke me up. I squinted because it was so bright, but also because I was still tired.

I started to stretch when I found I couldn't. Right, I had asked China to stay with me last night and he held me close to him by the waist.

I blushed and gently moved his hands and got out of bed. He was still sleeping as I stood up.

I felt uncomfortable in what I was wearing. I looked down and noticed that I was still wearing my clothes from yesterday. I had never taken them off.

I opened my closet and went to the pajama section of it. I picked out a loose light green shirt and loose aqua blue pants. I went into the bathroom and changed my clothes. I brushed my teeth and washed my face and then left the bathroom, yawning.

China was sitting on the edge of my bed when I came back. "Good morning." He smiled.

I yawned again. "Good morning..."

"Still tired?" China asked, getting up.

I nodded. "I'm never up this early on weekends."

China chuckled. "I actually get up way earlier than this."

China's phone went off. He checked it and groaned. "It's Taiwan."

He answered it. "Hello?"

Taiwan was yelling through the phone and I could hear him. Either that, or China put it on speaker. "Where the heck are you?!"

China flinched. "Uh, North Korea's house."

"Why didn't you come home last night?!"

"Why are you asking these questions? *You've kicked me out of the dang house* before."

"I knew where you were going at least! I was worried all night!"

China fell silent. He then scowled. "Worried? You, worried about me? Last I checked you didn't care for me."

I heard Taiwan sigh. His voice shook a little bit when he replied, "I'm pretty sure it's the other way around. Just...just call next time, okay? If you didn't pick up then I would've called the police."

"Alright, fine. 再见." **(Bye)**

"再见."

China tapped his phone and put it away. He sighed. "First he wants me out of the house and doesn't care where I go, now he's all 'where the heck were you I was so worried!' Make up your dang mind!"

"China..?"

China looked up at me. I was looking at him with a worried expression. "You alright?"

China nodded. "Yeah, just sibling stuff."

I managed a sad chuckle. "I remember when South and I were like that..."

"What?"

"Nothing."

China got up and followed me downstairs and into my kitchen. I opened the fridge. "You hungry?"

China nodded. "Actually, can we get some food from a new Chinese restaurant that opened up in my country? I've been wanting to try the food but I've never had the time."

I smiled and nodded. "Sure, I actually didn't want to cook anything anyways. Is it deliver because...."

China looked at my outfit and chuckled. I noticed a red tint on his face, but it was greater than last night.

"Yes, they do deliver. I like your clothes by the way."

Now it was my turn to blush. I rocked side to side and twiddled with my fingers. "Th-thanks..."

China laughed and got up. "Also, your shoulder is showing."

I felt my face growing hotter as I glanced at my shoulders. Sure enough, my sleeve was down and wasn't covering my shoulder. I tried unsuccessfully to fix it, pulling it up to cover my shoulder but that just made the *other* sleeve go down and reveal my other shoulder.

I eventually gave up. China had watched the entire time and laughed. "Is it *that* difficult?"

"닥쳐..." I murmered. **(Shut up)**

China laughed harder. Two minutes later he was wiping tears from his eyes and giggling now and then.

"끝났 니?" I asked him. **(Are you done?)**

China nodded and got up. "I'll order the food now. What do you want?"

I shrugged. "Dunno. Pick whatever for me I guess."

"No buckwheat, correct?"

"Correct."

"All right, I'll be right back."

China disappeared through the door to my computer room. I was bored and my house was already clean, so I decided to walk up the stairs and into my office.

News papers covered my desk and I walked over to it. I read the papers and sighed in a mix of annoyance and sadness.

Like always, countries were judging my nuclear program and the fact that I even *had* nukes, which is unfair because other countries have nukes, why can't I?

Countries judging my culture, my leader, yada yada. I was just looking at accusations other countries have made against mine when I saw an article that I became intrested in.
I'm pretty sure I've read this one before, but I always manage to smile when I read it.

The article talked about the accusations from other countries, but also how Russia, China, Soviet Union and Third Reich defended me. It also talked about how my country isn't as bad as others say it is. It's unique in it's own way.

I looked at another article where Panama's leader threatened to invade my country, and in response my country's leader threatened to nuke Panama. Yes, this isn't the first time he's harrassed me.

Anyway, more threats from Panama's leader and government made my people nervous. Soviet Union's leader asked Panama to stop, but they declined.

Here's a sample of what the news paper said about the matter:

소비에트 연방, 중국 및 러시아 국가의 군인들이 북한 국가로 진군했습니다. 북한군은 그들을 환영하고 그들이 원하는만큼 나라를 점령할 수있게한다. 소비에트 연방과 러시아는 파나마 국가에 전쟁을 선포하겠다고 위협하고있다. 국가의 동맹국은 반대편에 전쟁을 선포하기로 동의합니다. 제 *3* 차 세계 대전이 이와 같이 일어날 수 있습니까*?*

(Soldiers from the countries of Soviet Union, China, and Russia

march into the country of North Korea. The North Korean army welcomes them and allows them to occupy the country for as long as they like.
The Soviet Union and Russia threaten to declare war on the country of Panama, who threatens to declare war on them and also North Korea if they did so.
The allies of the countries agree to declare war on the opposite side.
Could World War 3 happen just like this?)

Another sample from a newspaper years afterwards:

마지막으로*, 10* 년의 경력 끝에 러시아*,* 중국*,* 소련의 군대가 북한을 떠났다. "파나마의 위협이 그들에게 침략의 느낌을 주었기 때문에이 나라는 동맹국들에 의해 점령당했습니다." 소비에트 기자는 말한다. 제 *3* 차 세계 대전이 거의 일어난 것은 파나마의 잘못입니까*?* 아니면 북한의 잘못인가*,* 주변 국가들에 대한 조작으로 여러 번 고발 된 적이 있는가*?*
(Finally, after ten years of occupation, troops from Russia, China, and the Soviet Union leave North Korea.
"The country was being occupied by it's allies because the threats of Panama gave them the feeling of an invasion." A Soviet reporter says.
Is it really Panama's fault that World War 3 almost happened? Or is it the fault of North Korea, which multiple times has been accused of being manipulative to the countries around it?)

I scowled. Manipulative to my friends? I would never do such things!
Panama has always caused trouble. No matter what, and now he's bullying me in school, just great.

I ripped the page out of the news paper and crumbled it up, throwing it away in the trash can. I shakingly sighed and continued to look at the newspapers.

I just keep finding more and more articles about how my country is a threat to the world, and that it should be destroyed. I eventually saw a article that I hadn't seen before. Perhaps it was new.

I picked it up and read it. What I saw made me gasp and drop the

paper and back up. I was shaking uncontrollably.
I bumped into something behind me but it wasn't the wall.

"North Korea? Are you okay?"

It was China, thank goodness. I turned around and looked up at him. He had a worried expression.

"I'm okay..." I said.

"You sure? You gasped and backed up, you're shaking a lot, too."

"Yes. I mean, no. I mean..." I sighed. "I don't know anymore!"

China pulled me into a hug and I hugged back. My shaking gradually stopped and we pulled apart. China put his hand under my chin and made me look up at him.

I felt my cheeks grow hot but I didn't look away. Not like I could, anyway. China smiled at me. I felt my heart flutter.

"How about we get out of this office?"

I nodded. China grabbed my hand and took me out of my office. He took me back to my couch and sat me down.

"I ordered the food. It'll be here in a few minutes."

I nodded. My stomach was growling and begging for food, but I resisted the urge to walk into the kitchen and make food because the Chinese food would come soon.

China was calling and talking with different countries on his phone. It didn't sound like friendly everyday conversations though, it sounded like he was settling things with tensions, trades, potential invasions, stuff like that.

Finally, after five minutes, China sat back down on the couch next to me. "Finally, I have all of that settled."

I didn't question who he was talking to. After a few minutes of awkward silence besides the occasional stomach growling coming

from my stomach, China asked me what I didn't want.

"So, what did you read that made you gasp, back up, and shake uncontrollably?"

"It's complicated." I responded.

China's face was solemn. "Did someone declare war on you?"

I turned to China. "No, no one did. That's not what it was."

China heaved a sigh of relief and he relaxed a bit. "Alright, well, if you want to you can tell me what it was anytime."

I nodded. "Hey, China?"

"Yes, North Korea?"

I hesitated. "I'm nervous about returning to school. Everyone saw me run out of there..."

China wrapped an arm around my shoulders. "It'll be alright. I'll be by your side anytime I get."

I smiled. "Thanks, China."

"No problem." China lowered his arm so it was wrapped around my waist. I blushed. A lot.

"U-uh... Ch-China..?"

China smirked. "Yes?"

My blush grew greater. "Y-your a-arm..."

"What's wrong with it?"

I didn't know what to do. China had his arm around my waist and knew I was getting freaked over it.

You wanna know something else?

I have a crush on China. I've had a crush on him for a while now.

I actually kinda liked it but I was getting really embarrassed for some reason.

I stopped talking and tried to remove his arm from my waist. Unfortunately, China has a strong grip so that wasn't happening.

China chuckled. "Stop trying to remove my arm, North Korea. I know you have feelings for me and like it."

I froze. How did he know? I could feel my cheeks grow even hotter than before. I sighed.

"H-how did you know?"

"I've been friends with you for the longest time, North. I know when you're hiding feelings. Not all time, but just enough."

I hid my face in his chest as my cheeks grew hotter. China chuckled again. He then rubbed my back until I calmed down from the shock.

China took a deep breath and let it out. "Hey North, can I tell you something?"

"Sure..."

"I love you too."

I froze, again. Was he serious? Was I daydreaming? I looked up at him. "You... You're telling the truth...?"

China nodded. He lifted my chin and brought me closer to his face. My cheeks grew hotter and China was blushing as well.

He pulled me in and we kissed. We both closed our eyes and stayed like that for a while. We pulled apart when we were running out of breath.

The doorbell rang and China went to get it. That was fine with me, because I needed to process what just happened.

We. Just. Kissed. And I think I enjoyed it.

China came back in the room holding the Chinese food. "Do you wanna eat now?" He asked me.

I shyly nodded. I followed China into my dining room and watched as he set the food down and opened it up for the both of us.

I sat in my seat and looked at the food. Noodles. Of course. I should've known. I giggled a little and China looked at me. "What's so funny?"

"I should've known we'd have noodles."

China and I laughed. He pulled out two chop-sticks and handed them to me. I took them and just stared at them while China had already started eating his share.

"You gonna eat?" China asked me.
I nodded and continued to examine the chop-sticks. I attempted to copy the way China held them put dropped them on the table instead.

China laughed. "You don't know how to use chop-sticks?"

I smiled and shook my head. "No."

China stood up and walked over to where I was. He picked up the chop-sticks and showed me how to hold them correctly. He then set them in my hands and I copied what he showed me.

"Cool! Now...how do I eat?" I asked him.

China burst out laughing.

You know the concept. He shows me how to do it and then I copy what he does.

Anyway, we were just finishing eating. I wasn't the best at using chop-sticks but I wasn't the worse.

When we finished we threw our things away. China got a notification from his phone and sighed. "Hey North, I'm gonna stay in your room for a bit. I need to take care of some stuff."

"Alright."

China kissed my cheek and walked up the stairs. I sighed. Nothing to do and I didn't want to watch TV. I didn't want to go outside either.

For some reason I felt like I had to tell someone that China and I...what? Are dating now? I'll have to ask China when he's finished.

I pulled out my phone and texted Soviet.

Hey, Soviet. Are you busy?

Hey, Russia here. My dad isn't feeling well so just text me okay? Any loud noise disturbs him.

Oh, okay. I switched from Soviet to Russia and started texting him.

Conversation

Russia

North Korea

Hey Russia. Is your dad okay?

I think so. He has this really bad headache. You know, the ones only the people of the Soviet Union get?

Ouch... Hope he's okay

Me too. Anyway, what's up?

I took a deep breath. Here we go.

So China is hanging out with me at my house, right?

Right.

Well... He kissed me...

...Did you like it?

Yeah...

Yes! I knew it! I'm telling everyone!

No no no please! Don't. This is why I texted you one-on-one Russia...

Oh. I understand. I won't tell anybody.

But can I tell my dad when he's a little better?

Sure, if you remember.

Yay!

So are you guys like, a thing now?

I'm not sure.

Where's China?

He's upstairs in my bedroom taking care of stuff and tensions and whatnot.

Okay. How about you ask him when he's finished and then tell me afterwards.

I swear, if you're just Japan in disguise...

What? Haha. Funny. Japan can't act perfectly like me

Why? Cause you're a brat?

Yup!

I'm a brat and I'm proud!

Omg...

You wanna text South Korea too? He's your brother and can probably help more in this situation than I can.

No.

Don't worry I'll do it for you.

Wait-no! Russia stop!

Almost done.

RUSSIA STOP DON'T TELL HIM

It's sent!

I hate you

Just helping out a friend!

Great. Now South is gonna text me about it. I told Russia to not tell him but did he listen?!

China came down from the stairs. "Done."

"Hey, China? Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what is it, Northie?"

I blushed at the nickname. China sat down beside me and wrapped an arm around my waist.

"So, are we like...together?" I asked him.

China grinned. "Of course this means we're together."

I smiled. It made me happy hearing that. China hugged me and I snuggled up against him.

South Korea POV

I was relaxing on my couch in my clothes. I had just got back from America's house and wanted to watch a little bit of TV before I got into my PJ's. My phone got a notification from Russia. Strange, he never texts me.

Hey South! So you know
how North Korea and
China are best friends?

China kissed North and
North liked it!

Please tell me you're
joking

Nope! Hold on-North
texted me

I sat there with my blood boiling. If you're wondering, no, I don't like China.

I'm just a little protective of North Korea when it comes to love. I don't know why, I just am.

Russia texted me back.

He just told me that
they're a thing!

Where are they

At North Korea's house.

Why?

No reason...

W ait-South?

South Korea don't do it!

No, leave them be!

No wonder North told
me not to tell you...

South PLLEEEEAAASSSEEE

I ignored Russia's texts and sprinted out of my house. I ran to North Korea's door and kicked it open-despite it being locked.

North Korea and China jumped and looked at me. North nervously waved and China looked at me with confusion.

I examined them and saw China's hand on North's waist.

You dun messed up, boy.

11

[image]

I am aware that my drawing of a ushanka is straight crap.

South Korea POV

I glared at China and he seemed to shrink back at my glare. He even removed his hand from North Korea's waist and started twiddling his fingers and stared at the ground.

"China." My gaze hardened and my tone was cold.

"Hey South Korea... Uhm... How are you..?" China was obviously nervous.

I crossed my arms. "Oh, I was having a good day until I found out you *kissed my brother."*

China seemed to get annoyed now. "He liked it at least."

North Korea was now blushing and hid his face in China's chest. China went to hug him when I punched the wall. *"Don't you touch him..."*

China smirked and brought his hands closer to North. "Stop." I took a step forward.

China finally hugged North and his smirk grew wider.

I was gonna run and attack him when I felt powerful arms grab my arms.

Russia POV

I had realized my mistake and had ran from my house and all the

way to North Korea's house. It would've taken a while for most, but I'm a fast runner so it only took about two minutes.

When I arrived I prepared to knock the door down but it was already open. South must be in here. I walked inside and South stood in front of me, telling China not to touch North Korea, who was hiding his face in his chest.

China saw me and smirked, and then proceeded to hug North Korea despite his brother's protests. South was about to run and attack China when I grabbed his arms.

"South, please calm down."

South Korea POV

I recognized that Russian accent from anywhere. I turned around and to no one's surprise, Russia stood there. "Let go of me, Russia. This doesn't concern you." I glared at him.

Russia looked surprised at what he thought a change in me. "You need to calm down. Your brother can be with anyone he wants, you can't-"

I pulled free from Russia's grasp and my eyes blazed in rage. "What do you know about this type of thing? He's *my* little brother, not yours! You're the youngest in your family of course you think this way! Just stay out of this and go back to your communist father so you can blab all your opinions to him!"

Everyone in the house was silent. China and North Korea stared at me in shock. I was still facing Russia and I was filled with rage. I was filled with so much rage that I didn't care what I said had hurt Russia's feelings.

Russia was shaking a little bit and his eyes glistened.

"My father is really sick and in a lot of pain," Russia clenched his fists. "I couldn't talk to him if I tried!"

It was then that I realized what I said, but my rage kept talking for me. "Then tell your siblings! You have like, a hundred, I'm sure *one*

of them wants to listen to all of your crappy opinions! Now leave me *BE!"*

Another moment of silence. It was during this that I realized everything I said was wrong and my rage was replaced with guilt. "Oh god... I am so sorry Russia-I... I didn't-"

Russia shoved me and ran out of the house. I stumbled but finally fell on the floor. Before Russia ran to...where ever he was going, he turned back and with tears streaming down his cheeks he yelled, "Consider our friendship *over!"*

With tears of my own, I got up and ran to the door. I looked around and saw Russia sprinting away in the distance. There's no way I'm catching up to him...

My rage returned again but this time it targeted North Korea and China. I turned to them said codly, "This is all your fault."

I walked out of the house and to Japan's house. He'd help me in this time of need. I felt tears stream down my cheeks and I didn't bother to wipe them away. I sniffled and muttered, "I'm truly sorry..."

After a couple minutes of walking, I finally reached Japan's house and knocked on the door. I could barely see anything because of my tears, and I'm positive there are obvious tear stains on my face.

Instead of Japan opening my door, it was America. His face turned to concern when he saw me and pulled me inside. "South Korea! What's wrong?"

America guided me to Japan's couch and I collapsed onto it and started crying. Japan and Italy were in the kitchen and they came out. Everyone sat on the couch around me as I broke down.

Japan rubbed my back. "South-kun, what is wrong? Did something happen between you and North-kun?"

America wiped my tears away and it took a while for me to calm down a bit and reply. "N-no... Not r-really at l-least..."

"What happened?"

I took a few deep shaky breaths and told them what happened. I hesitated when I started to tell them about Russia and I's argument.

"What about Russia?" Italy asked.

"I-I... I told him to tell his c-crappy opinions to his f-father and then..." I took another deep breath. "he told me his father w-was in pain and th-that he couldn't t-talk to him if h-he tried and I told him to t-tell his siblings and-" I broke down crying again.

America and Japan rubbed my back. "Take your time..." America said.

I calmed down a bit after a while. "He said our friendship was o-over..."

I looked at America and to my surprise, he wasn't really mad. He just had one of those 'I'm not mad, just disappointed' faces. He sighed. "I'll talk to Russia. Hopefully we can sort this out before school starts tomorrow."

I nodded and America left the house. Japan went and got me some sushi and Italy got me a blanket and pillow. Japan gave me the sushi and I thanked him and ate it. Italy then placed the pillow down on the couch and wrapped me up in the blanket.

I fell fast asleep on that couch not long afterwards.

America POV

I stood outside Japan's closed door and shook my head. Russia and South Korea are good friends, what could cause them to yell at each other and hurt each other's feelings?

I would be mad at South for yelling at my boyfriend like that, but I could tell he felt guilty and the vibe he gave off when he told us was that of 'I didn't have control.'

I sighed and pulled out my phone. I decided to try and text Russia and see if he'd tell me where he is, even though I already had an idea in my head.

Hey Ruskie. Where are you right now? I want to talk.

Ruskie?

Russia?

Hello?

Alright, if he didn't want to talk then I'll just have to find him. But being his boyfriend I already had an idea of where he might be. He's gone to it before when he was upset.

Underneath the flower tree by Spain's house.

Time skip

I finally arrived to the European neighborhood and started towards the direction of Spain's house. It took a while, but I eventually came to it and saw the flower tree not far from it up on a hill. I walked over to it and heard sniffling from the other side.

I walked around and saw Russia on the ground. His knees were pulled up to his chest and his arms wrapped around them. His head was on his knees and he was sobbing loudly.

"Russia?"

Russia looked up at me. He didn't stop sobbing though. I sat down next to him and comforted him. He seemed to cry louder and eventually sobbed into my shoulder.

I hugged him and said things like: "It's okay." "Everything's alright." And so on.

Russia eventually stopped crying and only whimpered here and there. He sat up and wiped the remaining tears from his eyes.

"Th-thanks, Meri..." Russia murmered.

I nodded. I decided not to tell him that I already talked with South, and instead see his side of the story. It's probably gonna be relatively the same, because South felt guilty and he would never

lie about something like this.

"What happened?" I put my hand on his back.

He turned away and murmered something I couldn't hear. "What?"

"Я вступил в спор с Южной Кореей, и он сказал что-то оскорбительное ..." He said a little louder. (I got into an argument with South Korea and he said something offensive...)

"Could you tell me what it was?"

Russia nodded and explained basically the exact same thing South said.

"My dad has an awful headache and he can't even hear us half the time because of it..." Russia said.

I wiped new tears away and asked, "And your siblings?"

Russia went quiet. He stared at the ground and shook his head.

"Russ?"

He looked at me with new tears falling. "I wish I could... I know I can tell them and they'd probably l-listen... but I *can't..."*

I hugged Russia. "And why is that?"

"Я не знаю..." (I don't know...)

I stopped asking questions and focused on calming Russia down. Whenever Russia gets really upset he forgets how to speak English.

I sat there calming Russia down for five minutes before I heard footsteps behind the tree and two voices.

One of them I was fond of, and the other I didn't like.

North Korea POV

China and I were walking up the hill to the flower tree and murmering things to each other. He wanted to see if Russia was

alright and I agreed to come, the three of us were friends after all.

Anyway, you're probably wondering what happened after South left the house.

China and I remained on the couch and continued to stare at my closed door in shock. We were having trouble comprehending what just happened.

Russia running out of the house with tears in his eyes and South saying it was our fault? Confusing.

I was pretty upset about what South said but I knew it also wasn't his fault. Both of his eyes were red, which means that his anger is in control of his actions (His eyes are blue and red in both).

China noticed I was upset. "Something wrong?"

"Just trying to understand what happened." I replied.

China and I sat in silence for a while longer. Eventually, China took a deep breath and got up, he took my hand and brought me to the door. "Get your shoes on, we're gonna check on Russia."

I grabbed some blue sneakers and put them on. I then grabbed my keys and allowed China to take my hand and bring me outside. He pulled me along and in the direction of the European neighborhood.

When we arrived I looked around. China kept pulling me along and my curiosity got the better of me. "Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Spain's house."

"Why would Russia be at Spain's house?"

China chuckled. "He won't really be *at* Spain's house, he'll be behind a tree on the top of a small hill by Spain's house."

I nodded and continued to follow China.

We eventually came to the tree China talked about. It was pretty big and had pink and purple flowers blooming all over it-the slavic

countries would love this.

Wait, isn't Russia slavic?

Anyway, back to where we are now. China and I walked around to the other side of the tree and saw Russia sitting up against the tree with his knees up to his chest and America sat beside him.

America looked up at me and didn't even scowl. I didn't show any emotion towards him, either. There are more important things going on than arguing.

Russia sat in between us. He wasn't crying but there were a lot of tear stains and he was sniffling. He didn't look up at me and China but I'm sure he knew we were there.

China sat down beside Russia and I sat down beside China. We all sat in silence and just listened to the wind as it blew. A few countries came out of their houses but they didn't seem to notice us.

Russia broke the silence by sighing. "Hey North... are you good at climbing trees?"

I nodded. "Yeah, why?"

"Can... you get some flowers from the tree?"

I nodded and stood up. Russia always makes flower crowns to calm himself down when he's upset. America looked up at me with curiosity in his eyes. "You can climb trees?"

"Yup."

"Tell me about it later."

I proceeded to jump up to the nearest branch (which was relatively high) and then climb to the top of the tree. I picked out a couple flowers and carefully went back down, making sure the flowers didn't get damaged in the process. I gave them to Russia and he began to make a flower crown.

"Can you get a lot more..? I want to make one for all of you.."

Russia murmered.

I repeated what I did multiple times but grabbed bigger stacks. Russia had made flower crowns for America, China, and me when he finally started to make another one.

"Are you making yours now?" America asked.

China placed my flower crown on my head and my cheeks heated up. Russia sadly smiled and turned to America. "It's actually for my father..."

"Oh..."

We were all silent again and watched as Russia finished the crown. He gazed at it and stood up. "I have to go and give this to Papa... Thanks for being here for me, guys..."

"No problem, it's what friends are for." China said.

Russia nodded and walked away. America turned back to me. "Now, tell me how you started climbing trees."

I shook my head and frowned. "How I started is none of your buisness. Don't you have burgers to eat?"

America frowned as well. "And here I thought I could have a decent conversation with you."

China spoke up before we got into an argument. "How about we go home? America, do you know where South Korea is?"

America's face turned to sympathy. He sighed. "He's at Japan's house, he was bawling when he got there. Probably asleep right now..."

China nodded. "Are you going back over there?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Tell him that I hope he's alright and that Russia is okay now."

America nodded and stood up. "Were you there when South and Rus argued?"

China nodded. "Me and North."

"Ah, so you didn't just bring him here for no reason..."

"What?"

"What were they arguing about?"

China went silent and we shared a glance. America raised a brow. "Something wrong? You seem nervous."

"We gotta go." I grabbed China's hand and pulled him away and back down the sidewalk. We walked away and I felt America staring after us.

"That was close." I murmered.

"I feel like telling America won't be a good idea." China said. "I don't know why."

I nodded and we continued walking.

Time skip because I don't know what to do ._.

The sun was setting now and most countries were returning home. China looked up at the sky and sighed.

I turned to him but didn't question it. China is popular for liking how the sky looks when the sun sets, he's also popular for liking the stars at night.

He looked at me and smiled. "I know a place where we can see the stars perfectly. Wanna see?"

"Sure." I smiled back. I had never seen the stars really well before.

After a couple minutes of walking, the sun had set and the stars were out completely. China held my hand and guided me to a meadow by a forest. I know this meadow, Russia and the slavic

countries come here all the time.

Anyway, we sat down in a bare patch where no flowers were and looked up. I was blown away by how bright and beautiful the stars looked. I finally understood why China liked it so much.

China laughed. "Like it?"

I nodded. China then started pointing out constellations like the Big Dipper. He knew quite a lot and I was astonished by how he knew which was which so quickly.

Eventually, it was just silence and we enjoyed our view. It didn't last long because China looked at his phone and gasped.

I turned to him. "Something wrong?"

"I need to get home."

I nodded and we stood up. China grabbed my hand and led me out of the meadow. He brought me to my house and waved me goodbye before leaving. I took out my keys and opened my door.

I was tired, but also was excited to see China the next day.

China POV

Crap crap crap...

It was *way* past the time that I was supposed to be home. Taiwan is gonna kill me. I speed walked all the way to my house, which isn't far from North's but it felt like hours before I got there.

When I arrived and stepped up to the front door, I pulled out my keys and unlocked it. As soon as I closed the door and locked it, I heard an angry voice behind me.

"Where have you been?"

I turned around and sure enough, an angry Taiwan stood there and cornered me against the door. I rolled my eyes. "With someone, now move."

I tried to step around him but he blocked me. "What 'someone' is this and what were you doing that made you forget to come home on time?"

I scowled at him. "North Korea and we were star-gazing."

Taiwan snorted. "Of course you were hanging out with North Korea and *star-gazing.* Maybe next time you should *check the time* before you hang out with him and look at the dumb stars."

"First off, the stars aren't dumb, and second off, I can do what I want! Move and let me into my room!"

Taiwan once again blocked my attempts of stepping around him. "You have those rules for a reason-"

"Rules for what?! Keeping me here like a caged animal? Stripping away all my freedom?! Kicking me out of the house and then the next day act like you're concerned?! Make up your dang mind!"

Taiwan looked as if fire came out of his nonexistent ears. He scowled at me and growled, "Don't make me slap you."

I've been slapped by Taiwan before, and his slaps *hurt.* Rarely does he ever lay a hand on me, but sometimes I just push him over the edge.

I snorted. "I can stay out as long as I want. You can't tell me what to d-"

SLAP!

I stumbled back (which wasn't very far) and pressed my back against the door. I held my cheek that had been slapped and it was burning. I looked up at Taiwan and felt tears prick the corners of my eyes.

He was glaring at me and didn't seem to regret a thing he did. He pointed upstairs and hissed, "Room. NOW."

'With pleasure' I thought as I sprinted up the stairs. I slammed the door and locked it. I then collapsed onto my bed.

I let the tears fall but I didn't make a sound. And no, I wasn't crying about my home life, I was crying about the pain in my cheek.

I reached to touch it and immediately pulled my hand a way. It stung. I got up and walked to my closet. I reached inside and got out my pajamas. I went into the bathroom and changed my clothes.

I left the bathroom and fell onto my bed again. I turned on the TV and changed to a random show. I pulled up the covers and just stared at the ceiling.

I was thinking about a lot of things, but the stinging in my cheek kept bringing me out of it. I hope it'll be gone in the morning and no mark will be there.

There was one thought that the stinging couldn't bring me out of, though.

And that thought was North Korea.

I just kept thinking about how adorable he is, his personality (at least when you get to know him), and the way he acts when he's nervous.

How lucky I am to be his boyfriend.
And with those thoughts, I was finally able to drift off to sleep.

Agh! Finally have this chapter done. The countries go back to school the next day and I already have an idea about what's gonna happen there. I might take a while to get chapters out though, because I haven't really been motivated and I was just *lazy*.

No, I am not losing interest in the fic, I am really interested in it, more interested than any other story I've worked on. I've just felt lazy and having trouble getting ideas.

But even with all these things going on, I'll try and update as frequently as I can.

I'm thinking about getting America more involved, because for me right now, he's more of a side-character that I just switch to for

comforting and his opinion on things but he doesn't do anything.

I ALSO NEED TO UPDATE DURING THE DAY AND NOT AT 10 OR 11 AT NIGHT

12

[image]

The picture has nothing to do with the chapter, I just made it for fun.

South Korea POV

It was the next day and I had just woken up in an unfamiliar bed. I looked around and I didn't recognize the room, either. I got out of the bed and realized I was still wearing my clothes from the day before. My phone was on the nightstand by the bed along with two notes. I picked up my phone and checked the time.

10:30...

Yesterday was Sunday so today is Monday. Welp, no use going to school now. Some notes were sitting on the nightstand, I picked one up and read it. It was from Japan.

Hello South Korea-kun. It's me, Japan. Italy-senpai and I couldn't wake you up this morning and we're really sorry about that. We woke up late and were in such a rush that by the time we were already at school I realized we left you. On the bright side, America-kun always said you were stressed after school because of homework so this could be a break! If you're wondering how I got this note to you, I called one of my cats and had him deliver it. His name is Kuro. He has black fur and a purple collar with his name on it, can you thank him for me when you see him? Bye!

~Japan

Well that's nice of him. I made a mental note to thank a black cat with a purple collar with the name Kuro. But how did Japan call the cat if he was all the way at school and the cat was here? Oh well.

I picked up the other note. This one was from America.

Hey South. You might be seeing this note on Monday, but I gave this to you on Sunday. Anyway, China told me to tell you that he hopes you're alright and that Russia is okay now. If you want to talk, just text me. I'll be more than happy to skip classes and chat. I'm not interested in more than half of them anyway.

United States Of America

Well it's nice to know that China still cares about me even after all that. I'm also happy that Russia's okay as well. Hopefully next time I see Russia he won't be that mad anymore and I can apologize. I want to be friends again.

I'm not even gonna comment on why America signed his full name.

I smiled at both the notes and put them in the drawer to the nightstand. I did a quick stretch because I was feeling stiff and then made my way downstairs.

I was hungry so I went into Japan's kitchen. I looked around and eventually found some steamed rice. Japan always said that the rice (or Gohan, as he calls it) must be made with other food in order to have a proper breakfast, but he won't mind if I just eat it alone, right?

I looked around the box for how to cook it and obviously it was written in Japanese. I sighed and put it back. I looked at the refrigerator and saw another note taped to it. It was from Italy.

Hey South Korea. I expected you to be hungry so I made you something last night and put it in the fridge. And if you're wondering, yes, I did know that me and Japan didn't wake you up before we even left the house. I'm currently quickly writing this down before I leave; Japan is upstairs looking for his backpack. I didn't wake you up because I didn't want you to be stressed today after your argument with Russia and China, you wouldn't have any energy and might just be depressed the whole day if we did. I hope you're okay and well.

Italy

After I finished reading the note I opened up the fridge and looked around for what Italy made. In no time at all I saw it. Italian Brunch Torte. Yes! Italy knows how much I love this stuff.

I reached in and took it out of the fridge. Even though a few were gone, there was still ten servings left. Japan and Italy must've taken one each when they left. I walked over to the dining room and sat down at the table. I ate four servings of the Italian Brunch Torte before I was full. I smiled and placed it back in the fridge. Italy was right, it's just as good cold as it is hot.

I walked back up the stairs and to the room I was in. I placed Italy's note along with the other two in a drawer and grabbed my phone. I put it in my coat pocket and walked back down the stairs. I went to the front door and paused before opening it. I don't have the keys to the house, so I couldn't get back inside if I tried.

I dug through my jeans pocket and felt some keys. I pulled them out and they were the keys to my house. Well, now I know where I'll go when I'm done with being outside. I grabbed a sheet of paper and wrote down what I was doing so Japan and Italy won't worry when they return.

Hey Japan and Italy (At least if Italy's with you, Japan). I'm heading out and will probably be somewhere around town or at my house. Just wrote this down so you don't worry when you return. Thanks for all the help, I really appreciate it.

South Korea

I placed the note on the dining room table and went to go outside. I stopped when I felt something brush against my leg. I looked down and saw a black cat with a purple collar. This must be Kuro.

I bent down and petted him for a bit. "Hey Kuro. Thanks for delivering the note for Japan." I said.

Kuro looked up at me and meowed before padding away. I straightened myself up and left the house. I took a deep breath and let it out. Time to stretch my legs.

I walked around for a good ten minutes. I eventually came to a park and sat down on a bench there. I closed my eyes and just basically relaxed and enjoyed being stress free.

That didn't prevent me from becoming a little bored, though. I remembered what America said in his note and pulled out my phone. It should be a break between history and math class so America should be walking around, probably.

America? Can you talk right now?

Of course I can talk right now! What's up South?

Before we start talking, are you in class? It's probably break time but I'm just making sure.

Yeah, it's break time. Don't worry, for as long as you want I can skip class and camp out in the bathroom.

You know that isn't good for your grades, right?

Yeah yeah whatever. I don't really care about them.

Jeez America. Sure, I know you better than anyone (except your family) but jeez

Haha. Why do we even go to school anyway? We're countries, and when we graduate it's not like we'll be using any of the skills

You make a SORTA good point. Hey, have you seen Russia today?

Yeah, he's reading over my shoulder right now.

...Is he okay?

Russia here, and yeah, I'm fine.

Are you still mad?

A little... but I understand it's not all you're fault.

Even if it isn't my fault I shouldn't have said any of that to you. You're concerned about your father and you're probably so stressed right now.

I'm sorry.

I forgive you and hey, don't beat yourself up about it.

I still am...

Um... So who's caring for the Soviet Union?

Me...

It's really stressful to run two countries at once. I mean sure, it used to be my colony but that was different.

Let me guess, you have to take care of both your allies and enemies and his?

Yeah, and some of the countries he's enemies with are my allies. Some of them have tried to get me to give them some of his country, or convince me to let them "take back what's theirs."

In reality they want to invade and take everything he cares about?

Yeah...

Can we talk more about this after school? America wants his phone back and I gotta get to class.

Yes, we can.

I know this isn't the right time but...

Are we... friends... again...?

Yes, we are friends again. See you later South and enjoy the day off!

See ya, Russia!

Yo, the gayest country himself is back.

America, you can just say your name.

But that's way more fun!

If you say so.

I chatted with America for a good while. It was fun and I giggled at some of the stuff he said. Eventually though, America had to go because Britian was forcing him to go to class. I layed back and sighed. I was about to drift off on the bench when I heard someone call my name.

"South Korea!"

I recognized that voice. I turned to it and Georgia was walking towards me, one of Russia's siblings. I waved. "Hey Georgia! What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in school?"

Georgia laughed and sat beside me. "I could ask you the same thing."

I rolled my eyes. "Fair point. Tell you what, I'll say why I'm not in school as long as you tell me why you're not in school."

Georgia nodded. "Seems fair."

"I'm not in school because I was really upset yesterday and slept in Japan's house. I woke up super late and just decided to not go, I missed a lot of classes and I'm always stressed anyway."

Georgia nodded. "You're reason is way better than mine. I just didn't want to go today."

He and I laughed. "So how's life so far?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "It's decent. I haven't talked to my family in a while though..."

"And why's that?"

It was weird hearing that. I always thought Russia's family got along well and always talked when they could. I know they sometimes have fights but they still chat.

Georgia avoided eye contact. He shook his head. "It's just..." He sighed. "I do actually talk to my siblings. It's just Russia I can't. He's

living with that...communist... I don't understand why he likes him so much. He's always with him.."

Silence filled the air. I took a deep breath. "Wasn't Soviet a good father to you...?"

Georgia didn't move. "He was decent in my book. Yes, he was loving but we got into more agruments than any of my other siblings. I used to care about him... But not anymore..."

"When was the last straw?"

Georgia sighed. "The last straw was when we were the only ones at the house. I don't exactly remember when, just that we were the only ones inside.

"Anyway, I really wanted to be my own country and I finally got the courage to ask Soviet. When I did he obviously didn't approve. I mean, his face said he didn't like it but he didn't dislike it. He said no and I got really mad.

"I screamed at him for a straight hour, I guess. I then ran out of the house and had a revolution, gaining my independence that way. I guess I said really offending things because the next time I saw my siblings they said they found him crying on the floor where I left him."

Authors note: Before you comment about it, yes there might be historical inaccurate things there. But it's my AU so....

I stared at Georgia for a while. I was so shocked by what I just heard. I shook my head and said, "Oh... wow... Uhm... I'm guessing you haven't repaired your relationship with him?"

Georgia shook his head. "When he came back I wasn't happy at all to see him, and I made him know it. I eventually stopped when my siblings told me to... That was also the last time me and Russia talked... When he told me to stop making Soviet feel bad..."

Flashback

Third Person POV

Georgia sat on a bench nearby a park. Countries hung around and chatted, and basically enjoyed their summer break before school started up again, for none of them enjoyed it (except for some reason Britian). Georgia sighed. To others it looked like he was relaxing, but he was actually waiting for someone.

Speaking of that someone, they finally showed up. "Hi Georgia!" Belarus said, taking a seat beside him.

Georgia turned to his younger sister. He smiled and gave her a pat on the back. "Hey Bel, how are you today?"

Belarus gave him a big grin. "I'm doing great! I am really excited about something!"

Georgia snickered. He wondered what his sister was so excited about, for all he knew it was killing her to keep it secret for any longer. "And what is that?" He asked her.

Belarus refrained herself from jumping up and screaming out the words. She took a deep breath and let it out in an attempt to calm herself down. "I have a new type of light fields!" She said, a little loud but luckily wasn't a scream.

Georgia smiled and was proud of the little Belarusian. Belarus had been working on the things for years, and was finally happy to accomplish it.

"Am I the first country you told?" Georgia couldn't hold it in any longer. He wanted to know, he *needed* to know. Was he the first country she told or the second? Or the third? Or the fourth?

Belarus nodded and she grinned wider. "You're the only one who knows right now. Something I think special for a special brother."

Georgia beamed. He was the only country who knew right now. He knew he shouldn't be so happy about this, but he couldn't help it. He felt he was better than everyone else at the moment.

All of that was unknown to Belarus, who was just happy because her brother was so happy. Actually, she originally planned on telling Ukraine or Russia first, or one of her other friends. But

Georgia was the first country she saw and she just wanted to tell *someone* already. She couldn't hold it in any longer.

Belarus and Georgia continued to chat for a good while. They asked about each others day, asked about relations and other stuff. Eventually, Belarus said something that made Georgia upset. Actually, it made him angry.

"Russia is bringing Dad here, he wants him to meet everyone again, and hopefully repair some lost friendships."

Georgia went silent. He hated the mention of his father, and it enraged him that he was that communists son. He was the only one of his siblings that glared at Soviet when he returned from disintegrating, or dying, as some countries called it. Every country noticed this but his siblings. The only thing his siblings know about is how he treats Soviet and what he says to him.

Belarus didn't seem to notice Georgia's silence, for she saw Russia pulling a nervous Soviet Union to the park where every country was. She waved to her younger brother who waved back. A couple countries also waved but at Soviet, who covered his face with his free hand. That earned him a lot of sympathy from a lot of countries.

When Russia and Soviet got to Belarus and Georgia, Georgia scowled at Soviet, which just increased the poor country's nervousness. Russia and Belarus didn't seem to notice the hostility Georgia had, because they just chatted. While the nicer siblings talked, Georgia continued to glare at Soviet. Soviet eventually gave a little wave.

"Are you serious?!" Georgia yelled out.

Countries and Belarus and Russia turned their attention to the father and son. Soviet got more nervous with all the eyes on him, so he was close to having an anxiety attack. Georgia didn't care that everyone stared at them. He continued. "After everything you've done you wave at me and expect me to forgive you?!"

Soviet was honestly confused by this. The only thing he did was

deny his child's independence, right? "I-I don't understan-"

"Oh, so you don't understand, huh? You're confused, *right?"*

Soviet's hands were shaking and he nodded. A few countries whispered their concerns and a few prepared themselves to run forward and push Georgia back from hurting the obviously bewildered and anxious country.

Georgia clenched his fists and then punched Soviet in the chest, knocking him down. Soviet layed on his side and clutched his chest in pain. Georgia went on a long rant about all the things Soviet did wrong while Russia and Belarus rushed to Soviet's side. Countries stared in shock, unsure of what to do. The other children of Soviet screamed at Georgia to stop.

He didn't. He continued his yelling, even accusing Soviet of bad things that happened in his country that weren't even Soviet's fault. Soviet was sitting up now and sat there feeling bad for everything he had done, even if he didn't even do it. You could say the red country was on the verge of tears when Russia finally screamed, "Stop it, Georgia! Just stop it! He raised you and cared for you the best he could and this is how you treat him!? You hate him? Well, I hate *YOU!"*

End of flashback

South Korea POV

Georgia was staring at the ground and tears fell down his cheeks. He didn't even tell me anything. He just said that that was the last time Russia talked to him and went silent. I guess he did think he told me or he didn't care, he just said this, "I wanna talk to my little brother again... He's always there for all my siblings... everyone but me... I can understand why, though..."

I still had a million questions but I could tell it hurt Georgia to talk about it. I never really asked about countries family life, because I was raised to think it was rude, and unknown to me they could be having a rough time and might not want to talk about it. I did just break that rule though, didn't I?

I placed my hand on his arm and gave him a reassuring smile. "How about we change the subject?"

He nodded and wiped his tears away. We continued to talk on the park bench about our countries favorite foods, popular fashion, and major interests in other things. Eventually, Georgia needed to go. "I promised Lithuania to meet up with her after school for something. I'm a little late, bye South Korea!" Georgia called back as he ran away.

"Bye Georgia!" I called back.

I figured I had been outside long enough and got up. 'Time to go home.' I thought.

I strolled up the sidewalks and up streets until I arrived at my house. I took a quick glance at North Korea's house though. It looked really gloomy. How can he stand living in that? Doesn't he feel lonely? I shrugged it off and figured North is North, and if he enjoys living alone in a gloomy and depressing looking house, I'll leave him be.

I went to my front door and unlocked and opened it. Every country should be out of school now. I went into my kitchen to make some food. I had only eaten breakfast (which was *delicious!)* so I was starving. I skipped lunch because I had sat in the park with Georgia for so long. I quickly took out Japchae and prepared it. I ate it swiftly and decided to call America.

After I put my dishes away in the dishwasher, I pulled out my phone and sat on the couch. I dialed America's number and waited. Three rings later and he picked up. "Hello...?"

"Wow, you sound tired."

"No crap, Sherlock. I barely got any sleep last night and I had to stay awake this entire day because of classes. The only time I really had energy was when I was texting you."

"I guess you coming over would be a bad idea then."

America tiredly sighed. "Maybe..."

"How about I come over. Do you have homework?"

"Wouldn't be a school day if I didn't."

I laughed. "Alright, I'll help you with the homework so you don't have to pull an all-nighter, which you won't be able to in your state. I'll be there in 10."

I heard America crash on his bed. "Okay... Bye..."

"Bye," Before I hung up I said, "and don't fall asleep before I get there!"

North Korea POV

I woke to the sound of my alarm clock going off, as I do every school morning. I quickly turned it off because I didn't want another headache. I forced my tired body to get up and walk over to the closet and pick out my clothes: a white T-shirt with a dark blue sweater and black jeans. I went into my bathroom that was connected to my room and brushed my teeth and washed my face. I washed my face with cold water to wake myself up, and like always, it worked.

Now that I was wide awake I was able to walk down the stairs and not fall on my face. I ate breakfast and grabbed my backpack and went outside.

I was walking to school and was just in my thoughts. But I also felt something that I repeatedly pushed away, but it kept returning.

Boredom.

Was I actually bored? Did I actually want to talk to someone? Yes to both of those. This was strange because I liked being alone and enjoyed not talking to anyone. I pondered more about it and found out I didn't just want to talk to anyone, just a certain someone.

I sighed. Why does life have to be so complicated? I continued to walk in silence and was almost at the school when I felt strong arms hug me from behind. "Hey North Korea."

I recognized that voice anywhere. I smiled. "Hi China."

China let go of me and grabbed my hand. "Still leaving for school early?"

"You know me."

China and I chatted the rest of the way to school. When we came to the entrance though, there were a couple countries already there for some reason. Some of them glared at me but quickly looked away. They were all whispering, which is something unusual in the mornings. I started to feel nervous so I grabbed China's sleeve. He got the message and took me inside.

"That was weird." China said when we were inside the building.

I nodded. "It's strange, no one ever comes to the school this early but me, you, UN, EU, and NATO."

"Speaking of which." China pointed down the hallway. UN was speed-walking towards us. Even from being so far away, I could tell he was a little worried, and maybe slightly annoyed.

Eventually he just used his wings and flew towards us. "Have you guys seen EU? He was supposed to be with NATO when he got here." UN said when he reached us. His wings didn't fall behind him and were twitching, something that they do when he's nervous.

China and I shook our heads. "Nope, haven't seen him. Have you asked NATO?" China asked.

UN nodded. "He said that he thought EU was with me, when I told him he wasn't we split up to look for him. He won't even answer my texts!"

China and I exchanged a worried glance. "Have you tried asking around?" I asked.

"What do you think I'm doing!?" UN snapped.

I flinched and moved closer to China. UN sighed and looked down. "Sorry, I'm just worried."

I gave him a reassuring smile. "It's alright, don't worry about it."

UN stared at me for a few seconds. "That's actually the first time I saw you smile."

I chuckled. "Haha, yeah... I don't do it often, do I?"

"What do you think?"

The three of us laughed. When we calmed down China said, "Don't worry, we'll help you look for your boyfriend."

UN's blue and white face (but mostly blue) turned red. "H-h-he's not my b-boyfriend!"

"Are you sure? Everyone especially Japan knows you have feelings for him."

UN let out an annoyed sigh. His face was still flushed. "L-look... j-just help me look for him, o-okay?"

China and I giggled. "Alright. We'll tell you if we see or find out anything."

UN nodded. He then extended his wings and flew out the doors. I looked up at China. "Hope he finds him." I said.

China nodded. "Hopefully EU isn't hurt."

We walked down the hallway and into our homeroom. We sat down at our desks and continued to chat there.

Time skip

I was in my history classroom. As always, it was boring and I didn't find any interest in it. Every time we go to history, we talk about a country. Then the next week we have a test (which whatever country was being talked about will ace it). Once the teacher collected the tests we start talking about another country and-

You get the process.

This week we were talking about Netherlands. Netherlands wasn't even paying attention, he was just messing around quietly. As long as you're the country we're talking about, the teacher allows you to not pay attention, because you already know everything about your country.

I was paying attention, but at the same time was wishing that the bell would ring to free me of this prison. I could tell other countries were thinking the same thing. My eyelid felt heavy and I fought myself to stay awake. Before my sleepiness could overcome me however, the bell rung and it went away.

Every country in the classroom (Yes, including me) rushed out before the teacher could say anything. I heaved a small and unnoticeable sigh of relief. I walked to my locker and prepared to open it when I felt someone pull me back.

I kicked at them but they only laughed. There must have been more than one, because they crowded around me and had a seemingly casual conversation, while still holding onto me. They waited until no one was in the halls, and some of them even double checked.

Whoever was holding me had covered my eye. When they finally allowed me to see I saw Panama holding onto me with a smirk. I looked around and saw Jamaica, Romania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Sweden.

I immediately stiffened and was scared. They all laughed. "Look at the fear in his eye!" Romania exclaimed.

Jamaica walked up to me and examined me. "Looks like a statue, where can I get one? Uselessmistake.org?"

They all burst out laughing and Panama gripped my arms tighter. I tried to break free of his grasp. He and the others noticed this and Sweden slapped me. "Don't try to escape, it's pointless."

I felt a tear escape my eye and drop down my cheek. "Crying already? We haven't even started!" Greece said.

I looked at the ground and started to shake from fear. I was

helpless. They could do anything to me and I couldn't fight back. I let tears fall. Not like I could wipe them away, Panama still held my arms.

The six of them laughed again. Bulgaria then punched my stomach, causing me to gasp. More tears fell and Greece punched my stomach. They took turns punching my stomach and certain areas of my torso until they had me gasping for air. I could barely see because of the tears.

"P-ple-ase s-s-stop..." I managed to choke out.

They all laughed in response. "No, we won't stop! We're doing this for our own pleasure." Panama said.

I started to sob. My body hurt all over and I couldn't hold it in any longer. Panama rolled his eyes. "So weak. Jamaica, give him a bloody nose and then we can beat him up on the ground."

Jamaica swiftly punched my face. I cried out in pain and felt a warm substance already coming down. "Nice! Sweden, kick his shin."

Sweden did as he was told. He kicked my shin and as soon as he did, Panama let go of me. I collapsed onto the ground and continued to sob. Panama and his friends gathered around me and started to kick me. My back, my legs, my arms, my stomach, anywhere they could kick they did.

I was close to screaming from the pain and I could only breath through my mouth because of the bloody nose. Black specks started to appear in my blurry vision. I tried to crawl away multiple times but Greece always pulled me back and they kicked me harder.

I eventually gave up on trying to escape. It was no use and I was in too much pain to fight back anyway. I tried to stop crying so I could breath, but it was no use.

I couldn't move now. All my energy was drained and my body hurt too much to even try. I was sobbing, had a bloody nose, was unable to breath well, and was on the ground being beat up by my bullies.

All of a sudden the kicking stopped. I opened my eye but still couldn't see anything. I heard faint yelling and Panama and his friends ran off. I saw a red blur in the distance sprinting towards me. When they reached me I could tell it was China. He crouched on the ground beside me and gently pulled me into his lap. I weakly looked up at him. His mouth was moving but I couldn't hear anything.

The black specks in my eyes grew and eventually took over my vision. I couldn't see or hear anything, but I felt China's arms wrapped around me still. And inside that black void, I fell unconscious.

China POV

North Korea's eye closed and he fell unconscious. I was panicking. He had so many injuries and a bloody nose. Blood was all over the floor, his face, and his clothes. I was just sitting on the ground unable to move with his unconscious form in my arms. I was able to snap out of it after a minute.

I picked him up and ran down the halls. I ran by a lot of classrooms, and every teacher in each poked their heads out and called for me to stop but I ignored them all. Tears streamed down my face and I was panicking.

I finally reached the nurse's office (which is connected to the principle's office) and ran inside. The nurse was sitting behind her desk and she immediately noticed me. Her face turned to worry and she didn't even question me, I was in such a panic and was crying so much I probably wouldn't have been able to answer her.

She took North Korea from my arms (which I *may have* resisted a little bit) and quickly brought him into a little secluded room with five beds on each side of the walls with tables beside them. She set him down in one and got to work.

Time skip

I was sitting on a chair next to North Korea. He was all bandaged up and his bloody nose had stopped. The nurse had left a couple

minutes ago.

After a few more minutes, the algebra teacher (Also the teacher whose class I was in this period) came inside. Not like I was going to care, but surprisingly he wasn't angry. He looked from my pitiful self to North Korea and seemed to understand what's going on. "I'll excuse you for the rest of class, and I'll tell you're other teachers what's going on and to not expect you in class."

I slightly nodded but kept staring at North. He left the room and came back a few minutes later, holding some papers stapled together. He set them down on the table beside me. "This is the homework, for the others it's due tomorrow, but for you it's due next week."

I nodded again and he left. I felt tears come and escape my eyes again. My cheeks were probably stained with dark tear marks. I reached for and grabbed North's hand.

I guess I'll tell you about how I found North getting beat up.

I was in algebra class, and even though it's one of my favorite classes, I found that I couldn't pay attention much to the lesson. The reason for this was because North has the same class at this period, but he was no where to be seen. North never skips classes too, so something was obviously up since I was with him this morning.

The teacher noticed I couldn't pay attention even though I was trying. He didn't say anything but motioned with his eyes that I was excused to go outside. I nodded in thanks and got up and left class.

I didn't have a pass of any sort so I just stood by the door of the classroom. I still couldn't get my mind off of where North was though. I decided to go and look for him, the teacher wouldn't mind.

So here I was, walking through the hallways of the school looking for my boyfriend. I made sure not to go into any areas I knew teachers and students go to, and was careful to not let a student see me when I saw them leaving to go to the bathroom. 95% they'd ask where I was going and if they didn't see a pass they'd tell the

nearest teacher. Snitches.

I was about to head back to class since I was gone for a while when I heard sobbing, laughing, and the sound of someone getting beat up. I speed-walked down the hall and turned a corner. I saw Panama, Jamaica, Romania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Sweden beating up a sobbing North Korea with a bloody nose on the ground. The second I saw this I yelled out, "Hey!"

They all froze and turned to me. I was glaring at all of them. I started to run down the hall when they scattered in the opposite direction, shouting at each other. I ran to North Korea and gently picked him up and put him in my lap. My anger turned to dread and sadness. I was pleading with him to say something to me, but he just stared at me with his pain and tear filled eye.

He fell unconscious and well, you know what happened next.

Time skip

I had missed all the rest of my classes until lunch. The teachers came in and gave me the homework for the day, and like my algebra teacher, extended the day it was due for me. I ignored the stack of papers next to me and continued to stare at North's sleeping form. The nurse came in and stepped beside me. "It's time you go to your other friends and eat. I'll look after him." She said in a calm and soothing voice.

I shook my head and she sighed. She then went into the other room and I heard her type in the number of someone. I overheard what she said, and was surprised by who she called.

"Hello, this is the nurse, is this Taiwan, China's older brother?"

"..."

"No, no, dear, China is fine. A close friend of his has been hurt and he's been in the same spot for while. He's really upset, could you come and talk to him?"

"..."

"He ignores the staff and just stays by his friend. And don't worry, his teachers have already gave him his homework."

"..."

"You'll see when you get here. Bye."

She hung up the phone and came back inside. I turned to face her now. She gave me a soothing smile. "I called your brother, he's on his way right now. Also, your friend should be awake before school ends."

She left the room again and I turned back to North Korea. I didn't care who came and tried to talk to me, I just want my Northie back.

And I'll beat up the goons who hurt him.

Christmas Special

[image]

Meanwhile in another AU...

Third Person POV

The countries of the world were all invited to one big house, bigger than all of theirs combined. This was the property of UN, or United Nations.

They all showed up in small groups, each bringing their own kind of christmas food and drinks. UN had decorated his house, and all the countries agreed it was lovely. Unfortunately, not every country there celebrated Christmas. These include China, Russia, Soviet Union (or USSR), Thailand, Morocco, Tunisia, Turkey, Mongolia, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Taiwan, Egypt, Maldives, Tajikistan, Israel, and North Korea.

UN knew this, so he made an entire area where these countries can do whatever they want and not get annoyed or feel left out because they don't celebrate Christmas like the others. Soviet was teaching Russia a game that included vodka, Qatar and Egypt had a conversation about their people, Maldives, Israel, and Tajikistan gazed at the snow that was falling outside, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Thailand, Morocco, Tunisia, Mongolia, Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, and Taiwan were playing a board game they found in UN's cupboard, and China and North Korea were talking.

Eventually, America and Australia tumbled into the room and got the attention of everybody inside. UN quickly pulled them back out.

Not even five minutes later Third Reich, America, and Greece entered the room. Greece sat beside Turkey as he played the board game, and America and Third Reich stopped the Russians from playing that game with vodka and instead had conversations with cuddling.

North Korea stared at Russia and Soviet for a bit before turning back to China. But China wasn't there. North looked around the room before eventually spotting China behind Taiwan with a trumpet. China signaled for North to be quiet. North Korea smiled and got comfortable, ready to watch whatever happened.

China lifted the trumpet to his mouth and blew. Taiwan jumped five feet into the air and collapsed onto the board game, messing up the pieces and moving everyone from their spots. The countries playing didn't seem to mind, for they were laughing their heads off along with everyone else in the room. Taiwan's face went red and turned around. China was laughing as well, still holding the trumpet.

"You piece of crap!" Taiwan shouted and got up. China dropped the trumpet and sprinted around the room, followed closely by Taiwan. China was still laughing as Taiwan shouted curse words. "Get back here!"

All the countries in the room continued to laugh. "Это самое веселое, что у меня было за последние годы! (This is the most fun I've had in years!)" Soviet said between laughs.

"Erzähl mir davon! Ich wünschte, ich hätte es aufgenommen! (Tell me about it! I wish I recorded it!)" Third Reich said.

Russia, along with everyone else, was laughing too hard to be able to say something. A few countries from the other room poked their heads in to see what was going on, and this is what they'd see:

Taiwan chasing a laughing China around the room with 18 other countries laughing their heads off as well. The board game in the middle of the room was damaged a whole bunch, and North Korea had fallen off the couch so he was clutching his sides laughing.

Taiwan eventually caught China because China's laughing slowed him down. This was also the same moment UN and EU entered the room. Taiwan was shaking China back and forth yelling at him, but China wasn't listening. He could only think about Taiwan's face and how he jumped into the air, so he was still laughing during all of this.

UN broke the brothers apart and asked what was going on. Since everyone but Taiwan was laughing, Taiwan had to explain. "My 烦人的小弟弟 (annoying little brother) blew into a trumpet behind me while me and a few other countries played that board game right there. I jumped, obviously, and chased him around the room."

UN was trying to not laugh now. EU had already burst out laughing and had joined North Korea on the floor, clutching his sides and all. Taiwan looked frustrated and annoyed.

Unfortunately, UN couldn't hold in his laughter so he too joined EU and the Northern Korean on the floor. Taiwan glared at all of them. "蠢货如果他们知道感觉如何，他们就不会笑了。(Idiots. If they knew what it felt like they wouldn't be laughing.)"

The only reason China wasn't on the floor laughing was because he was clutching the wall and table beside him to help him stand up. He took the hand clutching the wall and wiped a few tears away from laughing so hard. Taiwan crossed his arms and huffed. He left the room and came back later with headphones. He grabbed his phone from the floor (which he had dropped when he got up to chase China) and plugged them in. He sat on the couch and started listening to music.

A few minutes later everyone in the room calmed down from the hilarious moment. UN and EU left and the others focused on getting back to what they were doing. North Korea approached China and hugged him. China, a little surprised, hugged him back a second later. When they pulled apart North said, "고맙습니다. 다시 웃게 도와 주셨어요 (Thank you. You helped me laugh again.)"

China chuckled and kissed North Korea's cheek. Saudi Arabia groaned. "Can we have one minute without you two being lovey-dovey to each other?" He said.

The couples that were in the room stood up and scowled at him. These include Russia and America, Soviet and Third Reich, and China and North Korea. Greece and Turkey also glared at Saudi Arabia, but they didn't stand up.

Saudi Arabia covered his mouth with his scarf and lied down on the

floor, unable to handle the countless scowls aimed at him. Everyone in the room settled down again and began doing their own thing. China and North Korea joined Maldives, Israel, and Tajikistan by the window.

America, Third Reich, and Greece eventually left, saying that they didn't want to miss the rest of Christmas but that they'd visit later. And all the countries in the room swear that Turkey hid his hat and asked Greece to help him find it just so Greece would have to stay a little longer.

When Greece finally left Turkey looked so disappointed. Greece felt bad so he told Turkey he'll be back in ten minutes.

I kid you not, Turkey actually pulled out his phone and set a timer for ten minutes. The taller country sighed and hugged Turkey. He also told him that it might take a bit longer than ten minutes. Turkey sighed and turned off the timer.

When Greece left and Turkey turned back around all the countries in the room stared at him with the lenny face. Turkey blushed a light red, he then picked up a book from UN's shelf and began reading it in the corner.

In the other rooms countries were having the time of their lives. Kisses under the mistletoe, eating the food and drinking the drinks, playing the games, watching sports on TV, dancing to the music, or just talking and joking. America and his brothers were playing Twister, and with the position America was in he wouldn't last long. Britian and France were talking to Spain and Italy. Japan and South Korea were among others dancing to a christmas song that just came on.

"ΟΗΕ, μπορώ να φέρω κάποιο φαγητό στους άλλους στο άλλο δωμάτιο; Είμαι βέβαιος ότι πεινούν. (UN, can I bring some food to the others in the other room? I'm sure they're hungry.)" Greece was standing in front of UN, who was leaning against EU on the couch.

"Sure, take as much as you want." UN responded as EU slid his hand onto his waist. UN didn't need a translate, he understood every language in the world.

Greece nodded and went to where the food was. Despite so many countries eating and a few (well mainly America) took big fills, there was still plenty of food left. Greece took an empty tray nearby and placed a bunch of random food on it. Since he didn't know what the others wanted he just grabbed a few of everything.

He carried the tray and carefully maneuvered his way past a bunch of bodies and into the "anti-Christmas" room. The countries inside turned towards him. Turkey immediately got up and went to hug him. He noticed the tray first though and stopped himself. "Bu da ne?" He asked, pointing at the tray.

Greece raised a brow, indicating he didn't speak Turkish.

"What's that?" Turkey repeated in English, pointing to the tray again.

"Oh this? I thought you guys might be hungry." Greece replied.

"Well you were correct! At least with me, I'm famished." Soviet said, turning in his chair.

"Then why didn't you get up and get food when you were hungry?" Greece asked, obviously teasing Soviet about being anti-social.

"I uh..." Soviet turned back around. "I didn't want someone coming up to me and talking, maybe even dragging me to the dance floor..."

"So you went through your hunger and kept telling yourself 'This is fine.'?"

"Yeah..."

Russia started laughing at his father. "Папа, you could've just asked me what you wanted. I gladly would have gotten up for you."

Soviet rolled his eyes. Greece placed the tray on a table that no one was sitting at. Turkey picked up a piece and examined it. "Is it poisoned?"

Greece looked at Turkey in confusion and shock. "Why would it be poisoned? We're at a Christmas party."

"Yeah," Turkey said. "perfect place to poison someone."

Greece sighed. "It's not. Here, I'll show you."

He took the piece of food from Turkey's hand and plopped it in his mouth.

"Wait--Greece!" Turkey cried out.

Greece swallowed. "See? Not poisoned. It's actually really good. Try it."

Turkey picked up another piece of food. He nervously raised it to his mouth. He slowly placed it in and began to chew. Not long after he swallowed, his expression turned from nervousness to happiness. "H-hey! That was really good, can I have more?"

Greece nodded and the other countries in the room approached the food. They all got their own plates and ate. All of a sudden, they heard a loud crash come from the next room. Countries called out in alarmed voices.

They could all hear UN shout over all of them. "Latvia!"

Soviet rushed out of the room angry. "Латвия, какого хрена ты натворил?! Эй, вернись сюда!! (Latvia what the frick did you do?! Hey--GET BACK HERE!!)"

The countries inside the room peeked their heads out and saw Soviet chasing Latvia around the party room, eventually leaving but still being able to hear the angry communist. Russia walked out and saw what Latvia broke. A broken speaker lay on the ground.

"I can buy a new one, UN." Russia said.

UN shook his head. "No no, it's alright Russia. I have like a hundred more it's fine."

Russia stared at UN. "Какого черта у вас столько ораторов? (Why the frick do you have so many speakers?)" He muttered.

UN laughed in response. "EU, NATO, help me clean this up."

EU and NATO walked into the room. NATO carried a trash bag and EU had three pairs of gloves. Russia walked away as they cleaned up.

The party continued after the three left with the speaker in the trash bag. America finally fell down, knocking Australia down as well. New Zealand jumped up and exclaimed, "I win!"

Canada laughed and set what he was holding down. "I'm gonna go hang with Ukraine, see ya!"

In another room Denmark, Finland, and Switzerland were hanging out. Finland accidently knocked over Denmark's drink, but before he could apologize Denmark started yelling at him. Soon they were yelling at each other while Switzerland just sipped his water and watched.

Nevertheless, the party continued. Countries had a great time, and the one's in the "anti-Christmas" room even came out once in a while to party with everyone else. Of course, Turkey clung to Greece when he came out. Soviet eventually came back and Latvia was begging him for something. Latvia eventually gave up and slumped onto the couch. His friends came up to him and gasped at the bruise on his cheek.

"Did Soviet hurt you?!" Norway asked.

"I swear I will pound that-"

Latvia interrupted Belgium. No no, he didn't hurt me. I just fell while I was running away."

Even though he was telling the truth, his friends were still sceptical. Belgium raised a brow. "Are you telling the truth?"

Latvia nodded. "Don't you believe me?"

His friends shared a glance. They then shook their heads. Latvia sighed.

After a few minutes, Latvia finally convinced his friends his father didn't hurt him, and that he had just fallen. He breathed a sigh of

relief when they left.

Once it was 11:40 pm, the party started calming down and countries gathered in one huge room similar to Japan's party room; only bigger. UN went around gathering any confused countries and having them go into the room. He eventually came into the "anti-Christmas" room and told the countries inside what was going on.

"Hey, we're gathering in a huge room to count down for new years."

"Now?" North Korea asked, raising a brow. "It's the 25th."

UN nervously smiled. "I know, but a lot of countries are busy through the rest of this month and the night of new years and won't be able to participate. I thought we could all celebrate today instead."

"I like that idea. We may not celebrate Christmas but we still appreciate the new year." Afghanistan said.

She stood up and the rest of the countries in the room followed suit. As they followed UN into the room they all were close together, though Soviet made sure he and Russia weren't close to Afghanistan.

Russia didn't question it because his dad is known to be paranoid at parties, especially for him. Afghanistan and him also have argued a lot of times before and are on bad terms, so it makes sense to want to stay away from each other.

Once all the countries were in the room, they all just talked until 11:58. That's when they got quiet. Ameria pulled out a loud speaker and turned it on.

Minor Time Skip

It was now ten seconds before the new year. Countries eagerly counted down. China lifted North Korea up and had him sit on his shoulders because the smol bean was being squished because of his height. Japan and Russia did something similar with South Korea and America.

Once they all finished the countdown America and Australia yelled into their mega-phones: "HAPPY NEW YEAR!!"

Everyone else was startled, but joined in shouting 'Happy New Year'. The Korean brothers even screamed it, earning stares from other countries. South Korea embarrassingly smiled and rubbed the back of his head, while North Korea tensed up. China closed his eyes and chuckled, "You didn't need to scream."

"Shut it."

Everyone started settling down and a few countries even left, Soviet was among them.

"Россия (Russia), you coming? I'm going home."

Russia shook his head. "I'll catch up with you later, I'm gonna stay with Америка (America) for a while."

Soviet opened his mouth to say something but closed it. "He's not a toddler anymore..." He whispered to himself. He then said louder, "Alright. Just be home by the time I leave for work."

Soviet then left with a few of his kids and Third Reich. Countries still lingered but by 3 in the morning everyone had left.

UN was too tired to clean up his house so he, EU, and NATO agreed to clean up the house once they were all awake. UN collapsed into his bed and fell asleep right away. EU adjusted his position and climbed into the bed with him, wrapping his arms around him.

Russia listened to his dad and arrived home while Soviet was still asleep. Britian and France walked home while their kids got rides; they wanted time to themselves but Britian almost fell on his face from being so tired, so France had to carry him while he slept in her arms. Italy helped Japan get ready for bed, and China helped North Korea with the same thing.

You get it, countries that still had energy helped the countries that were about about to fall asleep get to the bed and fall asleep.

The countries all enjoyed their Christmas, and the Korean brothers

both screamed the same thing in unison. They had a great time.

Did you?

There you have it, the Christmas special. This took longer than it should have.

I'm still confused for when I want to celebrate a holiday with a chapter dedicated to it, but feel like it might interfere with the story unless I'm purposely leading up to it, so for now we'll just look at alternate AU's where they celebrate the holidays.

Yes, in the AU where the actual story is taking place Soviet is still in the hospital and we just found out about Taiwan and China's....uhm...parents....

I also just wanted to put a little of a positive vibe and have everyone happy for once. It is probably weird that after Taiwan said...that....I'm just like: hErE iS a ChRiStMaS sPeCiAl HaVe A hApPy DaY

Bad timing, right?

Sorry about the rambling.

Merry Christmas!

Happy Hanukkah!

Happy whatever you celebrate!

And if you don't celebrate Christmas or anything in December, then just have a good day!

13

[image]

I'm really sorry it took so long to get this chapter out.

Also, I'm doing something to where if someone speaks another language you see the pronunciation and not how it looks in the language. But that's only if the narrator doesn't speak the language. The only times it won't be like that is if Google Translate doesn't have the pronunciation.

oOf

Warning:
Blood

North Korea POV

I was running through the school, terrified. I could hear the footsteps of the creature behind me. Its sinister laugh rung through the building and taunted me as I ran. I desperately looked for a way to escape it. An exit to the school or something to defend myself with would be perfect. It was pitch black outside and there was barely any light in the halls, the school was empty and old, no one but me and this creature were inside.

My feet were beginning to hurt and my legs were sore. The creature laughed again and then let out a bone chilling scream. I risked a glance behind me and saw it speeding up. It's mouth was wide open, and spread from it's chin to it's stomach with long gaping fangs that could break bones with one bite. It's eyes were gray, and it looked at me with the desire to murder, and it's two arms with unnaturally long, sharp, and blood stained claws reached for me.

I screamed in horror and sped up despite the pain in my legs and feet. I ran for what felt like hours before I risked another glance again. It was gone. Even so, I continued running until I found a

door I recognized.

It was the cafeteria door, and inside the cafeteria there was an exit to the parking lot. I ran through the door and sprinted to the exit. My body was begging me to stop and rest but I ignored it. There was a creature that would kill me once it was close enough, I don't have time to stop and rest. I reached to open the door. I pushed with all my might when I got to it and-

It... It.. didn't open...

I pushed at the door again. I tugged it, pulled it, shoved it.

It. Still. Didn't. Open.

"No... no no no no no..." My voice shook. Tears escaped my eye as I continued to try and open the door. I stopped myself after two minutes, figuring it wouldn't open. In my distress I shoved it and screamed,

"DANG IT!"

Not long after, I heard the sound of running and the creature's disgusting moan of satisfaction. It had found its prey again.

"Frick..."

I slowly turned around and helplessly watched as the creature broke the cafeteria doors down. It screeched and tore up the floor as it ran towards me.

I'm finished. I knew it. I'm going to die here by this things hands...

Tears streamed down my cheek and I screamed. The creature lept up and landed on me, crashing me down to the ground. I continued to scream as I saw it's mouth open wide. But it wasn't its mouth and fangs that would kill me today.

The creature raised its hands and I saw its claws glisten. The dried blood looked more haunting now. I knew what came next.

It rammed it's claws into my stomach. I screamed the loudest and

last scream I would ever do. I couldn't stop. It tore up my insides and blood splattered everywhere. I shook uncontrollably and blood came up my throat and filled my mouth. It escaped my mouth and covered my chin and the floor around my head.

I stopped screaming after a while and I had no energy. I fell limp underneath the creature and let the blackness swallow me whole.
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I bolted upright in the bed I was in. I started to sob uncontrollably. It was a nightmare? But it felt so real... I felt myself die...

Strong hands pulled me into a hug. I looked up and saw China with tear stains on his face. Another person stood behind him but I couldn't tell who it was. I sobbed into China's chest and clutched his clothes as he whispered soothing things to me and rubbed my back. He kissed my forehead a few times.

I stopped crying after a while and snuggled closer to China. I was tired but I didn't want to go to sleep. That nightmare felt so real... I don't want to experience that again. I looked up at China and he

gave me a soothing smile. I weakly smiled back.

I glanced around the room and found it unfamiliar. "Wh-where are we..?"

"The nurse's office."

"Did you carry me here?"

China nodded and tightened his grip on me. We were both remembering the same thing. The beating Panama and his friends gave me...

I shivered at the memory and nuzzled his chest. We sat like that for a while before the other person in the room (Which I had forgotten about until now) spoke. "So you guys are dating?"

China and I looked at the country. It was Taiwan. China nodded and we turned away again, both enjoying the others embrace. Taiwan kept looking from me to China and back. It seemed he was having a hard time comprehending what he was seeing and what he was told.

"What were you doing that night again? When you were late..?" Taiwan looked as if the question was eating him up inside.

China didn't look at him. He started rubbing my back. "Star gazing."

"With North Korea?"

China nodded and Taiwan raised a brow. "You sure you didn't do *anything else* that contributed to you being late?"

"Yes. We were star gazing and I lost track of time. What else do you want?" China's voice was flat.

I started to feel sleepy but I resisted. Everytime I closed my eyes and almost drifted off, the image of that creature tearing up my insides came back. It didn't make me wide awake but it was enough to make me terrifed of sleeping for the time being. China noticed this. "North, why are you not allowing yourself to sleep?"

I snuggled closer to China. "I had a nightmare... It felt so real..."

China nodded. He probably understand why I started sobbing when I woke up now. "I'm sure it won't happen again. Now sleep." He said.

I sighed in defeat and got comfortable. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

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I was running through the dimly lit school hallways and it was pitch black outside.

This seems familiar...

The school was old and empty.

Definitely familiar...

I felt terrified.

Isn't something missing...?

I heard the quick footsteps and sinister laugh of the creature; the laugh echoing through the halls and taunting me as I ran.

Yup. It's the same nightmare. But why did I feel like something was different? Everything was the same.

I glanced back at the creature. It looked the same as it did the first time I had this nightmare. The gigantic and unnatural mouth that went to its belly with sharp fangs, its gray, longing for murder eyes, and its arms with the bone chilling long and sharp claws with stained blood covering them and reaching out to me.

Nothing was changed.

'Something will change.' I thought as I ran. 'I won't go into the cafeteria.'

Last time the exit door in the cafeteria was locked. I'll go somewhere else this time.

After a while of running I glanced behind me again and the creature was gone. I kept running but this time passed the cafeteria doors. I knew what I was gonna do. I'm gonna run into a classroom and go through the window.

That is if I didn't keep running pass the cafeteria.

What was happening? It was like I couldn't go anywhere but inside there. I stopped running and closed my eyes and caught my breath. The creature will only find me if I'm loud....hopefully.

I opened my eyes and couldn't see anything but the cafeteria doors. I was surrounded in darkness. Unluckily for me, I was a great deal afraid of the dark.

I whimpered and quietly opened the cafeteria doors, remembering that the creature seemed to be sensitive to sound. When I was inside I closed them again, and this time locked them. I turned around and expected to see the exit doors closed, but I didn't.

I saw China.

He was holding the exit doors open for me and motioning to come over to him but be quiet. I slowly walked to him, my entire body shook, mostly because I was still terrified. I kept glancing around

the room worridly because I was getting more anxious with each step.

When I finally reached China he gently pulled me out of the school and closed the exit doors. I hugged him and resisted crying into his chest like all those times before. He picked me up bridal style and ran off. Once he was in the Asian neighborhood was when he stopped. He set me down and I looked up at him.

"Th-Thank you... Thank you so much!" Tears of joy streamed down my face. I was so happy I was free of that thing.

China chuckled. He grabbed my waist and pulled me closer to him. He used his other hand to caress my cheek. "I'm glad I got you out of there."

My cheeks heated up and I smiled. China pulled me closer and we kissed.

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I woke up in a bed-China's bed. I sat up and stretched. The dream I had had came back to me and I smiled. I got out of the bed and left the room. Now that I think about it, I've never been to China's house. I looked up and down the hallway in confusion. I didn't even know what floor I was on!

I was walking around the gigantic area until I came upon some stairs leading down. I went down them and heard voices in another room. I did my best to find them in the twisting hallways and turns and rooms.

I peeked around a corner and saw who the voices were coming from. Taiwan and China were in what looked like a living room, and they were talking.

"Are you sure it's a good idea for him to stay here? South will get worried if he never comes home." Taiwan was standing in front of China.

China was sat on the couch and looked up at his brother. "North and South Korea don't live together. Even so, South will get worried if North doesn't react to his K-Pop."

I decided to show myself and walk over to them. They turned to me. "Nǐ hǎo North Korea." Taiwan said. **(Hello)**

I nodded and sat next China. He pulled me into a hug and I snuggled against him. Taiwan stared at us for a bit before pulling out his phone. China looked up at him again. "Táiwān nǐ zài zuò shénme?" **(Taiwan what are you doing?)**

"Is it alright if I tell an ally? About your relationship?" Taiwan asked, raising a brow.

China shrugged. "That's up to North. Whatever he decides I'll go with."

They both looked at me. Truth is, I didn't really care who knew. The only person I didn't want knowing is South, but Russia told him. If people knew then hopefully less of them would bullying me.

I looked up at Taiwan with a blank look. "어서 누구에게나 말하십시오."

"What?" Taiwan's face showed confusion.

"He said go ahead. Tell whoever." China translated.

Taiwan looked at China for a few moments before leaving the room. I sighed. "What time is it?"

China shrugged. "Dunno, but school is still in session."

I sat up and stared at him. "You and Taiwan skipped the rest of school?"

China nodded. "Yeah. I didn't want you in the same building as those monsters."

I didn't say anything. I stretched again and China watched as I did. I turned to him and frowned. "Quit staring at me."

He chuckled. "Why? You look hot."

I quickly turned away so he couldn't see my blushing face. He probably still knew though because he laughed. Taiwan walked back in. "If you're gonna say stuff like that get a room."

"Nín zhǐshì jídù, yīnwèi wǒ yǒu yīgè qíngrén, ér nín què méiyǒu!" China shouted. **(You're just jealous because I have a lover and you don't!)**

Taiwan frowned at whatever China said. He sighed. "Anyway, I'm going to meet up with El Salvador. See ya."

And with that, Taiwan was gone. China and I were the only ones in the house. I had a question that was eating me up inside. I wanted to ask it but I couldn't. China noticed I was uncomfortable, "You okay?" he asked.

I nodded. I refrained from asking him. I wanted to, but I didn't. I don't know why I wasn't allowing myself to ask it.

I stood up. Faster than what I wanted, and China was surprised by my sudden movements. Usually I'm slow and calm. I sighed. "Let's go out. Take a walk around. Something like that.."

China nodded and got up. He took my hand and led me outside. My body was aching but I ignored it. China closed the door and we walked around for a while.

China abruptly stopped and I stumbled into him. He caught me before I fell and I thanked him. He pointed to a sign and I frowned at him. "It's in English..."

He turned apologetic. "Sorry sorry, it says North American Neighborhood."

I nodded and was about to turn away when I heard a voice call me. Actually, it called both me and China.

"North Korea! China! Wait up!"

I turned to the voice and saw Canada running to us. He was waving and smiling. I sometimes wonder why Canada is so nice to me. But he's nice to everybody now that I think about it. China waved back and I only slightly waved. Waving to other countries is still weird for me.

When Canada finally reached us he was out of breath. He put his hands on his knees and panted. "What... What are you guys doing here? I didn't think you would ever even come *near* this neighborhood." Canada said.

China and I shrugged. "We were just wandering around and weren't paying attention." China said.

I looked behind Canada and noticed the one and only America walking behind him. America was pretty far back though, so I had some time to get out of there.

I tugged at China's sleeve and motioned for us to leave. He was in the middle of a conversation with Canada and looked down at me with confusion. Canada was confused as well until he turned around. "Oh... You want to get away before Ame gets here, huh?"

I slightly nodded. Canada sighed. "America is really nice and funny when you get to know him, it's just..." He trailed off. I raised a brow. What was it he was gonna say?

Canada sighed. "Nevermind. I guess it's time for you guys to go then. I better get back before Meri gets salty and claims I ditched him. Nice seeing you two, though!" Canada said goodbye and ran

back to America.

China picked me up bridal style and carried me off. I blushed and looked away despite liking it. "Put me down..."

China chuckled. "No."

He carried me until we came to a bench surrounded by flowers. He set me down on the bench and sat next to me. I closed my eye and smiled, enjoying the smell. I felt China wrap his arm around my waist and scoot closer to me. He used his other hand to make me look up at him. My eye was open now.

He brought me closer and kissed me. We closed our eyes and sat like that for five seconds I think. When we pulled apart I leaned against him and closed my eye and smiled. China put his arm around my shoulder.

Then we heard someone oohing.

I immediately opened my eye and sat up, China sitting straight up as well. Japan and Italy stood in the distance, Japan holding his phone and (I think) recording us. Italy had a bag of popcorn in his hands. They both ran off when we looked at them. Before they disappeared from my sight though, Italy turned back and yelled, "I'm sure Taiwan and South Korea want some more relatives!"

China and I blushed madly. I covered my face with my hands and China got up to chase them but changed his mind. Instead he yelled, "Bì zuǐ!" **(Shut up!)**

He sat down beside me and I sighed. "Now that they know everyone will know by the time today is over..."

China looked at me with confusion in his eyes. "I thought you didn't care who knew."

I shrugged. "I don't, but for some reason I feel nervous about everyone knowing."

China hugged me and I hugged him back. He picked me up bridal style again and carried me to my house. We were chatting until

China spotted something when we came to my neighborhood. He set me down and I looked towards the direction of my house.

South Korea was banging on my door and I could tell he was scared and anxious by his shaking. His hand that was banging my door sounded like he was breaking my door down. South never hits anything that hard, only when he's really scared and anxious about something.

I got an idea about what he was nervous about. Despite complaining to myself, I called out to him.

"South Korea!"

Before South was at North's house

South Korea POV

I was at America's house and helping him with homework. He was really sleepy and almost dozed off about ten times but I slapped him awake. We finished in fifty minutes and my stomach growled. America sighed. "Come on, I'll get you something from the kitchen..."

When he stood up he almost stumbled into a wall. I grabbed him and led him to his bed. "I can get food myself. Take a nap, Ame, you need it."

America pulled his covers halfway up his body before he looked up at me. "You sure? My parents don't know you're here."

UK and France weren't at the house when I arrived, neither were America's siblings. I laughed. "America, I'm your best friend. I'm sure your family won't question me being here since I'm here so often."

America nodded in agreement and pulled his covers under his chin. He fell asleep not that long afterwards. I turned off his light and closed his door.

I walked down the hallway and down the stairs. Before I was halfway down I heard Britian call, "Bloody finally America! Your

mother made dinner thirty minutes ago, come and eat!"

I snickered. Britian actually thought I was America! I ran the rest of the way down the stairs and peeked my head into the kitchen where Britian sat talking with France. "It's actually South Korea, United Kingdom."

Britian looked at me and apologized. "I thought you were Ame... Speaking of which, where is he?"

I walked into the kitchen. "Upstairs sleeping. He's really tired."

Britian sighed while France laughed. "Classic Amérique. I'll save his dinner for when he wakes up."

I was about to walk to the fridge but Britian stopped me. "Apart from America's part in the food, we do have extra."

I looked up at him hopefully. "So can I...?"

He nodded. France took a plate of something. I don't know what it's called.

She turned back to me and gave me the plate. "This is called Boeuf Bourguignon, Corée du Sud. I hope you like it." **(Corée du Sud = South Korea)**

"It looks good." I said as I walked to the table. I sat down and began eating.

It was *delicious.*

The second I took a bite I couldn't stop. It was gone in under two minutes. I turned back to France. "That was delicious!"

France smiled. "Thank you, it's my favorite recipe."

I got up and took the empty plate. I walked over to the dishwasher. "Is this clean?" I asked Britian.

He shook his head no so I put the plate inside. I closed the dishwasher and sighed. "Thanks for the meal. I better get going

now."

France and Britian said goodbye and I walked out the kitchen. Australia and New Zealand were playing a video game on the couch and Canada was reading on a table nearby. I walked up to Canada to see what he was reading. He noticed me there and waved hello.

I waved back and asked, "What are you reading?"

Canada held up the book cover for me to see and his smiled beamed. "The Handmaid's Tale is what I'm reading. It's my favorite book right now and I'm on page 266."

I smiled. "Is it good?"

"It's fantastic!" Canada almost screamed.

"Oi! Shut up, mate! We can't concentrate on our game with your racket!" Australia shouted.

"Sorry Aussie!" Canada called back.

I turned back to Canada and raised a brow. "That was sorta rude... Why did you apologize?"

Canada sighed. "It was my fault he even had to tell me that. I was close to screaming after all."

I nodded. "See ya Canada."

"Bye."

I walked over to Australia and New Zealand to see what game they were playing. I couldn't tell what was going on but for some reason I knew it was about Australia fighting Imperial Japan in WW2. I watched for a few minutes before New Zealand turned around. "'Ello South Korea. I thought you were leaving."

"Hey New Zealand, and I am. Just wondering what you're playing."

"Oh, I'm not playing, I'm just watching. Australia is the one playing." New Zealand explained.

Oh. I thought they both were playing, it looked like it. I nodded and told him and Australia goodbye. I left through the front door and closed it.

I was walking home and in my thoughts. Everybody must be out of school now. I pulled out my phone and started texting Japan.

Hey Japan!!

こんにちは *South Korea-kun! Is something wrong?*

Japan has texted me that first word so many times I memorized what it means and how it's pronounced. Kon'nichiwa, which is also hello in Japanese.

No, nothing is wrong at all. I just want to talk.

Really? Okay. What do you want to talk about?

I was wondering what you were doing.

I'm just laying down on the floor surrounded by my cats. Argentina-kun is here as well.

Argentina?! I haven't heard from him or Brazil ever since they went to detention.

I know, I just asked him about it.

What did he say??

He said that when their suspension was over Brazil-kun got really sick, and since Brazil-kun doesn't live with anyone and he couldn't get out of bed Argentina-kun decided to take care of him. They apologized to each other about the fight and are actually getting along quite well now.

Well that's good.

I know.

Sorry for our short talk but I need to go.

It's alright, I just got to my house anyway.

Goodbye South Korea-kun!

Bye Japan.

I put my phone away and opened the door to my house. I walked up the stairs and to my room. I took off my jacket and put it in my closet. I then took my radio from next to the window and chose a random K-Pop song. North should be at his house now, maybe doing homework.

I turned on the song and turned it to max volume. I then sat on my bed and waited for North Korea to open his window and yell at me to turn off the music, which believe it or not, is actually my favorite part.

I waited five minutes before checking the window. North would have been yelling at me as soon as I turned my music on. Why isn't he now? Everybody is out of school and he should be home.

I sighed and went back to my bed. Thirty minutes later and he still hasn't opened his window and yelled at me. I'm starting to get worried.

No no no. I'm sure he's fine. He's probably just ignoring me like he sometimes does. There's a limit for that though too, fifty minutes.

I'll just wait until then.

Time skip, an hour later

Okay, time to panic. It is *WAY* past his limit to ignore me and school is out and since America had a lot of homework I know North does too and he should be at home working on it!! I grabbed my phone and raced down the steps. I tripped and fell on my face for the last one, but I could hardly feel it as I immediately got up again and ran to my door. I swung it open and ran to North's door.

I banged on the door as hard as I could. Thoughts were racing through my mind. Is he okay? Is he hurt?

The one thought that rose my panic to max was when the news report on Saturday came back into my mind. Someone had robbed

and almost murdered someone and police didn't know where they were...

I started banging on his door harder. I was shaking a lot and I was scared and anxious. What if my brother was hurt and he's inside begging me to barge right in and help him so he doesn't die-

"South Korea!"

My hand froze in mid air. My eyes were wide open and I could feel tears prick the corners of them. I turned my head to the side without moving. North Korea and China stood on the sidewalk staring at me.

I turned around and sprinted to my brother. Before he could react I threw my arms around him and hugged him. He stumbled back a bit but China caught him. Tears ran down my cheeks but I didn't make a sound.

North Korea tried to push me off a couple of times, but I just tightened my grip in response. He sighed and let me hug him. His arms were at his side and he didn't move them.

The tears didn't stop coming. In fact, I started to whimper now. North Korea flinched when I first made noise. I closed my eyes and hugged him tighter. He hesitantly raised his arms and hugged me. It caught me by surprise but I didn't question it.

I stopped crying after a while and pulled away. I wiped my eyes and weakly laughed. "S-sorry..."

I hugged myself and looked down. I expected China to speak but surprisingly it was North. "괜찮아?" He asked. (Are you okay?)

I nodded. "I-I am now..."

"What got you so worked up?" China asked.

My sigh shook a little. "I decided to play K-Pop and expected North to tell me to stop it but he didn't for an hour and thirty-five minutes so I just-"

"Stop, South. We get it."

I realized I had grabbed my head and was clutching it pretty hard. I let go and stared at the ground. I took a deep breath to calm myself down. "I'll see you guys later... bye."

North grabbed me before I turned around. "You don't look like youre okay...."

I raised a brow. "What do you mean?"
"얼굴 가운데 멍이 들었어." (The bruise in the middle of your face.)

"응? 멍이 없어" I reached up to touch my face. It started hurting in the center; where I hit my face when I fell down the stairs. (Huh? There's no bruise-)

The pain came as soon as I touched it. A lot of it. I grabbed the area with both of my hands and yelped in pain.

North acted fast. He grabbed one of my arms and handed China his keys. China unlocked the door to the house while he pulled me inside. I sat down on the couch and he went into the kitchen.

What am I doing with my life time skip to later I guess sorry

I sighed and got up. "I'm glad you're fine, North Korea."

North nodded. "Be more careful next time."

I chuckled. "I will."

I grabbed my phone and left the house. I walked to mine and up to my bedroom. I saw that the K-Pop was still playing so I turned it off. I got into my pajamas and fell asleep in my bed, despite it still being pretty early out.

Russia POV

School had gotten out and hour ago and I was hanging out with Belarus and Estonia in the park. I was singing random Russian songs and Belarus and Estonia had to share three guesses on what it was. If they don't get it within the three guesses I tell them what the

song was.

They had just used their third guess and guessed incorrectly.

"Pagan võtaks! Ma oleks pidanud teadma!" Estonia shouted when I said the name. (Dang it! I should have known!)

I giggled. "But you didn't know."

"Shut it, Russ."

The three of us had a good laugh. We were all having great fun out of the house. Latvia had been told the news about Dad and was at the house with him and Kazakhstan. Kazakhstan had called the doctor from before because it appeared Dad was getting better, so we were also in a happy mood about that.

We were now joking around until Estonia got a call. He answered and Belarus and I went quiet. "Tere?" (Hello?)

"..."

"Kaza? Is something wrong? You sound panicked."

Belarus and I exchanged a glance. This couldn't mean anything good. We sat and waited. Estonia's face turned to horror. Tears came out of his eyes and he couldn't keep his voice low. "WHAT?!"

"..."

"Nonononononono this can't be! He was getting better! I knew it I-"

"..."

"W-we'll be there..."

"..."

"Th-thank you Kaza... B-bye..."

He hung up the phone and turned to us. I could already tell by his expression that we wouldn't like the news.

"I-is something wrong большой брат?" I asked. (big brother)

"Father is in the hospital."

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What a good day...

Down the drain just like *THAT*.

Estonia, Belarus, and I were running to the hospital Kazakhstan said Soviet was at. The headache had gotten worse, and just like the doctor said, tricked us into thinking he'd be okay...

Tears streamed down all of our faces. By the time we showed up our eyes were red and puffy. Estonia went to the receptionist and she told us Soviet's room. I could tell she felt sorry for us because of how we looked. We ran to the room he was at; which was on the second floor and we didn't bother to use the elevator for some reason.

Our other siblings were already there. Most of them looked sad but no tears fell, others were so worried that they couldn't manage to shed a tear. Estonia and Belarus had used their tears and asked Kazakhstan what had happened. I sat next to Ukraine.

Kazakhstan sighed. "When the doctor got there he just...started screaming bloody murder...I would describe what he looked like but...it's too haunting..."

Belarus and Estonia nodded. Estonia stood next to Kazakhstan while Belarus sat beside me. I couldn't hold it in any longer. The silent atmosphere was broken by my sobbing. Belarus pulled me into a hug but I didn't stop.

Third Person POV

Russia sobbed into his sister's chest as his other siblings looked at him in pity. They all cared about and were sad for their father, but Russia was closest to him.

Lets go back a few.

Once Kazakhstan saw the ambulance pull away from the house with his father inside, he tearfully made a group chat with his siblings. But what he didn't know is that he forgot to put Estonia, Belarus, and Russia into tbe chat, and accidentally put America. He also thought Georgia might get some sense once he sees the news.

Kazakhstan typed into the chat, but didn't bother checking if anyone replied afterwards because he extended his wings and flew to the hospital. Here's what he wrote:

Kazakhstan: Soviet Union is in the hospital... His headache got worse and they've just taken him away.

America had been sleeping in his bed. The notification woke him up. He groggily checked the message. By the time he was finished reading it he was wide awake.

What did he do next?

He called Russia, who didn't pick up. Russia didn't pick up because he had put his phone on silent so he could enjoy quality time with Estonia and Belarus at the park.

What did he do after that?

Got up, ran from his room, and told everybody in the house.

"What hospital?!" Britian asked.

"I-I don't know! This is all Kazakhstan said:" America proceeded to read the message as his family listened.

Canada sighed. "I feel bad for Russia and his siblings. But I think you're in the chat by *accident,* America. We should stay out of it and

not say a word. We can ask Russia's siblings later on."

What the Canadian didn't know is that America hadn't heard a word he said, because he left the house and ran to all of his friend's houses and told them what was going on, only skipping the ones he knew wouldn't care.

Those countries told other countries, and pretty soon every country in the world (apart from North Korea of course because China went home by now) knew about it.

Dang American can't keep his mouth shut.

Now Georgia. He was enjoying the view on his balcony when he got the text. His blood ran cold when he read it. Tears fell down his cheeks as he got dressed and drove to the hospital. He was regretting all the years of pushing away his loving father and insulting him. Now he would never get the chance to say sorry before death took him away.

14

[image]

OMG OMG OMG THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!

I would make this it's own thing but I feel like I should stop doing that and just post a bunch of chapters. If I feel I need to say anything I'll do stuff like this or an Authors note.

Now, let's get on with the story. Btw, I forgot what day it's supposed to be so just bear with me here -w-
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United Nations (UN) POV

Two days.

EU has been missing for two days straight.

On top of that, one of the strongest countries in the world is in the hospital and we don't know if he'll survive. Russia is stressed because he has to run two different countries at the same time, and another country said that they'd declare war if the Soviet people didn't give them what they wanted. I managed to talk them out of it but that doesn't mean they're not still pondering it.

Every country in the world is now helping to look for EU. Russia and his siblings are getting a lot of sympathy, but Russia however isolated himself from most of them; Belarus, Kazakhstan, Lithuania, and Estonia are the only siblings of his who can talk to him.

What about Ukraine? Turns out when they got to school a country told them, "Sorry about your dad." America admitted to telling everyone and Ukraine got angry. He accused Russia of telling America and they got into a huge fight that ended with Russia stomping off.

Meanwhile I'm sitting here on my bed staring at my feet and silently

having a panic attack. I heard NATO come inside and sit next to me. "UN, we'll find him I promise. Come on, it's not like you to be late to school."

I looked at him. My eyes were red and puffy from crying myself to sleep and from crying this morning. "Where is he...?" I asked in a voice just above a whisper.

NATO hugged me. "I'm sure he's okay... We'll find him I promise."

I nodded and sighed. NATO managed to get me off my bed and had me get dressed. He left the room for that. I stared at my clothes and finally picked out an outfit.

Time skip

By the time I got to school countries were already heading inside. I sighed and extended my wings. NATO followed me as I flew up to the roof, which is the closest area to my class. I walked inside and into my classroom. The teacher was already there and greeted me when I came in.

"Hello UN, you're here later than usual." She said.

NATO peeked his head inside the classroom. "He's really upset, didn't even want to come to school today."

"If it's about EU we're doing the best we can. I'll try contacting some hospitals at the end of the day, is that okay UN?"

I nodded and sat in my seat. "Bye NATO."

"See ya UN."

I pressed my head onto the desk. I had a feeling something bad will happen among the countries.

Today will be a long day.

North Korea POV

I was sitting on the front steps of the school waiting for China.

Countries were already there and a few stared or glanced at me. I was tense and miserable, but I sat still and waited for China. Neither him or Taiwan were at the school so I was starting to get curious.

And a little scared.

I sighed and placed my chin in my hands, my elbows touching my legs. I was bored, uncomfortable, nervous, and scared.

China, just get here already.

Please.

As if he heard me, China and his brother walked into the entrance. I perked up and waved. China waved back. He continued to walk towards me as Taiwan split off to hang with his friends.

Before China got to me I heard voices behind me.

"Look at the loner."

"He's such a mistake."

They laughed and I turned around. Afghanistan and Turkey stood behind me snickering. Afghanistan smirked at me. She bent down and sneered, "How about you go and kill yourself? It would be a blessing to all of us."

She and Turkey then went inside the school as if nothing happened. I turned back around with tears falling from my eye. China had reached me now and quickly wiped the tears away. "What happened?" He asked as he sat down beside me.

"I-I..." I couldn't say anything.

China stood up and pulled me to my feet. He took me inside and to my locker before he hugged me. I clutched his clothes and whimpered as tears fell. I didn't want to make a lot of noise. I feared teachers would come out and ask what's wrong, and then I'd be talking to the principle about the bullying and then UN would get called because it's about us countries and then I'd probably get

bullied more and-

You get it.

The tears eventually stopped and I stopped whimpering. China continued to hug me.

"What happened North?" He rubbed my back.

I shook my head. For some reason I didn't want to tell him. If I could, my mouth wouldn't open.

"Is it about Afghanistan and Turkey?"

I stiffened. I nodded slowly and China tightened his grip on me. "Húndàn..." He whispered. **(Bastards)**

The bell rung. Countries started coming inside not even a second later. China and I pulled apart and we opened our lockers. I was grabbing my first period book when I felt a tap on my shoulder.

I turned around and China did also. Mongolia stood behind us with crossed arms. China moved closer to me.

"Easy now," Mongolia said. "I'm not going to hurt you."

China didn't move.

Mongolia raised a brow. "Is it true you guys are dating? There's a rumor going around that you are."

China and I shared a glance. We turned back to Mongolia and China nodded. "Yes, we are."

Mongolia's eyes widened. "Really? Well, thanks. Just needed to confirm it."

He walked off to his group of friends and whispered something to them. They turned to me and China and then rushed off to tell everyone else I assume.

I sighed. China chuckled and kissed my cheek. "There's no going

back now." He said.

I nodded. "Should we start heading to homeroom now?"

"Do you have all of your things?"

I looked at the books in my hand. I had everything.

China and I walked to homeroom and sat in our seats. Australia followed us inside. When we took our seats Australia walked up to me and put a note on my desk. He then walked away and sat in his seat.

Strange.

China saw Australia give me the note. I opened it up and looked at it. I couldn't read it.

"Can you read this?" I asked China.

Australia snickered from his spot in the room. China glared at him and nodded. He read the note aloud: "Come to the bathroom during second to third period switch. I want to talk to you."

China and I shared a confused glance. "Um... can you come with me, China? I have a bad feeling..." I asked him.

"Sure."

Time skip

I was sitting in my second period classroom. The teacher was explaining something, but all I could think about was that note China read. Who wanted to meet up with me, and why? I hope it isn't Panama and his friends, they would probably beat me up again. But China would be there, so maybe they won-

"North Korea."

I flinched and realized I was staring at my desk. I looked up and saw the whole class staring at me. The teacher tapped her foot. "Are you out of wonderland now?" She crossed her arms.

The whole class laughed and I felt my cheeks heat up. I looked down at my desk and slightly nodded.

"Good, now what is the answer?"

"The answer to what?"

The class laughed again. I felt my cheeks growing hotter and I wanted to cry.

The teacher rolled her eyes. "To my question, which I assume you didn't hear?"

I shook my head as the class laughed again. The teacher shook her head and grumbled something. She then called on another student. I sighed and focused on listening to the teacher for the rest of class.

Turns out I didn't need to though because the bell rung a minute later. All the students got up and the teacher walked to her desk. I slowly got up and grabbed my things. I was the last one out of class and walked to my locker.

As I finished pulling out my Social Studies book I felt my phone vibrate. I took it out and checked the message.
It was from China.

Hey Northy, I'll be a little late with getting to the bathroom. Teacher wants to talk.

Great. I'll be alone. Again.
I sighed. I couldn't blame China though, it was the teacher that wanted to talk to him.

It's alright I guess...

Just hurry when they let you go.

Will do.

I put my phone in my pocket and walked to the bathroom. I decided to just wait for China than go in alone. Just as I lean against the wall by the door someone comes out.

Just my luck that it's the person that wanted to talk to me. To my surprise it was Vietnam.

Vietnam turned to me and pulled me inside. He shut the door and walked passed me to the sinks. He leaned against a sink and stared at me.

I fiddled with my fingers. The tension was pretty high. "So...you wanted to talk to me?" I asked.

"Yes." Vietnam scowled. "I wanted to talk to you about your relationship with China."

I raised a brow. I wasn't nervous at all now, more confused. "What about it?"

Vietnam punched the mirror, breaking it. He still faced me as he did it. "Why are you dating him?!" He shouted.

I started wishing China was here now. "Because I love him..." I murmered.

Vietnam took a step towards me. "He's *my* boyfriend, you can't date him!"

It was my turn to shout. "He's not yours! You broke up years ago!"

"Yes, he is!"

"Why would he want to date *YOU?!* You cheated on him with Cuba!"

Vietnam froze. He sat still for a couple seconds staring at me. I started getting nervous and it showed.

I'm not so sure I should have said that...

I slowly backed up to the door until he rushed at me. I didn't even have time to turn around before he grabbed and twisted my arm. I let out a wail and fell to my knees. He leaned until he was close to my face. He then whispered, "Brave of you to say that, North Korea. Still, more people prefer *me,* over *you* you cặn bã." **(Scum)**

He let me drop to the floor and clutch my arm in pain. He then grabbed my other arm and raised it over his head, forcing me to get up.

I heard the bathroom door open and Vietnam froze, still holding my arm. A single tear fell down my cheek.

"What the heck?!"

Thankfully it was China. He rushed forward and shoved Vietnam back, who let go of my arm. China pulled me into a hug and glared at Vietnam. "What the heck are you doing?!"

Vietnam was shaking a little bit. "H-hello sweetheart-"

"I am *NOT* your sweetheart! We broke up years ago! *GET OVER IT!"*

Vietnam stepped forward. "No! I refuse to believe we broke up! You're mine!"

"You cheated on me! Why would I want to be with you?!"

"I WAS FORCED!"

"NO YOU WEREN'T!!" China took a breath. "I saw your text conversation with Cuba. He asked you out and you agreed."

China's voice shook a little bit and I could tell he was getting emotional. He can never talk about this subject for long, and he hasn't talked to Vietnam since they broke up. This is the first time in years that they've said a word to each other.

Tears started forming in China's eyes. "Cuba asked if you were still dating me, and you confirmed it. You then said I didn't have to know! You willingly cheated on me!"

Vietnam stayed silent for a few moments. He took a step forward. "Please, I'm sorry. I... I-I was going through something and-"

"Really? Tell that to everyone who saw you cheat and aren't your friends anymore. In fact, go and tell *Philippines,* the one who *told* and *showed* me along with North Korea that you were cheating!"

Before Vietnam could say something else China led me out of the bathroom. We didn't get far because there was a crowd outside the bathroom doors. America and Philippines were among others at the front.

When China looked at him Philippines shook his head. "Unfortunately I can remember that day like it was yesterday. You were heartbroken and didn't talk for a week."

China looked away and America spoke up. "Isn't today the date when it happened?"

Canada stepped forward and smacked the back of America's head. "Sorry about that, but shut your mouth America. You know how China gets."

"You alright, mate?" Australia asked China.

China looked up and shrugged. "I'm alright. Bastard twisted North's arm..."

"He WHAT?!" Yelled a voice from the back of the crowd.

Pretty soon everyone was being pushed out of someone's way. South Korea emerged next to America after a while and Philippines had to move to the side a bit to not get pushed. South rushed forward and grabbed and examined my arm that had been twisted. "What the heck is wrong with that country?! I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind..."

South moved to the bathroom doors but I blocked him. I shook my head. South was gonna say something but Monaco said something first.

"Perhaps Vietnam had that freak out on North Korea because he's jealous." She stared at the bathroom doors.

Denmark pushed his way forward. "You mean, he's jealous that North is dating China?"

Monaco nodded. "What else?"

I was starting to get nervous because everyone was surrounding us. South and China noticed. Everyone was talking amongst themselves now, America being the loudest voice.

There was absolutely no way for us to get through the crowd of countries. They were too tight together. Canada eventually pushed through and gently grabbed both of my arms. "I don't know which one he twisted.... Better safe and sorry."

He lead me, China, and South Korea through the crowd. We eventually escaped and they all were still talking in hushed voices. Canada let go of my arms. He turned to China. "You should take him to the nurse. We don't know how bad Vietnam twisted his arm."

"Bad enough for me to wail..." I murmered. China wrapped his arms around me and hugged me. My sour expression softened.

"Aww..." Canada wrapped his fingers together and tilted his head to the side a little while South Korea twitched. He sighed. "Alright, you can be with China without me interfering. But if he tries anything..." He did a knife-slitting throat motion. I heard China gulp and Canada nervously laughed.

China put his hands on my shoulder and we started backing up. "Welp, see ya."

China hoisted my over his shoulder and ran down the hallway. The countries that were in the hall watched us as we ran off. I was bouncing up down as China ran and it made me nauseas.

I covered my mouth and managed to mutter, "Ch-China... slow do-own..."

China slowed down until he stopped running and set me down. I leaned against him to try and not fall over. He held onto me and chuckled.

I regained my balance and we walked down the hallway together. Soon I started to feel pain in my elbow. It gradually grew until I grabbed it and hissed in pain. China and I stopped walking and

China looked at my elbow. It was starting to swell.

He wrapped an arm around me so I would have to continue walking with him, which worked because my legs didn't want to move. By the time we got to the nurse's office tears were falling from my eye and I was whimpering.

As soon as the nurse saw us she sighed. "At least it's not as bad as last time."

Insert elbow sprain treatment

Btw I'm having him wear a cast

I was sitting in the nurse's office with a cast around my arm. China sat beside me. The nurse didn't want me to leave until she finished talking with the principle. She had asked China about the sprain and if I had fallen on it. When China said I didn't fall on it she went to the principle.

I was shaking from nervousness and leaned on China. "What are they going to do..?"

"Probably check the cameras from the past week." China answered, his voice was monotone.

"Don't you understand what that means when they find out about the others bullying me?" I asked him, my voice and eye frantic.

"The bullying will stop?" China looked at me with confusion in his eyes but still hugged me and started rubbing my back.

I shook my head. "No! It well get worse! You know how they are!"

I resisted crying into his chest but tears still fell.

China tightened his grip a little and kissed my forehead. "Whatever they do I'll be here for you."

"But we only have two classes together..."

China went silent. He continued to rub my back. The nurse

eventually came back with an angry look and an angry principle.

Their looks frightened me and I thought they'd yell at me. I hid my face in China's chest and didn't look at them. I felt them stop in front of me.

"North Korea, why didn't you tell me or the nurse about the bullying?" The principle said.

I remained silent. Even I didn't know. The principle sighed. "At least you have a great boyfriend here."

How he knew we were dating was beyond my knowledge. It got my attention though. I turned my head to face him. He seemed to get it.

He pulled out his phone and showed me a photo from Japan's Instagram. It was when China and I were sitting on that bench and kissed. I frowned. Of course Japan would post it.

The principle chuckled. His smile faded into a frown. "I'll take care of the kids who beat you up in the hallway. Now who assaulted you in the bathroom?"

Neither China or I said anything. The principle sighed. "Fine, I'll just ask that group of kids."

He left the office and it was just the nurse with us. She gave me a soft smile. "Don't worry, this will end soon."

But will it?

South Korea POV

The crowd of countries were still there. Vietnam had come out of the bathroom now and everyone but Canada and me are asking him questions. I heard footsteps coming down the hall and turned to them.

It was the principle.

And oh boy did he look mad.

His footsteps got louder the closer he got, and eventually everyone heard him. They all turned and stared. Vietnam attempted to get away but the crowd prevented him.

The principle stood in front of us and crossed his arms. "Alright, I'll get straight to the point. Who was in the bathroom with North Korea and China?"

In no time at all Indonesia grabbed Vietnam's arm and forcefully pulled him forward. He threw Vietnam to the ground and frowned. "I know everyone hates snitches but...he was."

The principle glared at Vietnam, who struggled to get to his feet. By the time he was he was shaking a lot. "Come to my office, Vietnam. We have *a lot* to talk about."

When Vietnam gulped he added, "Don't worry, you'll have some friends."

We all watched as the principle and Vietnam walked away, Vietnam with his head down the whole time. Everyone turned to Indonesia. He sighed. "Say what you want about me telling the principle, but I think it was for a good reason."

Monaco stepped towards Indonesia. "I agree. North Korea and I may not get along, but I can't stand to see anyone hurt."

There were a few murmers of agreement. Others remained silent. I looked at America and he was staring at the ground. I poked him. "You alright?" I whispered.

He nodded. "Just worried about Russia."

I nodded. Russia hasn't been in the best state since his dad went to the hospital. He's like...broken...in a way. He seems to break down every few hours and have anxiety attacks. Not to mention all the stress with running two different countries with many different enemies and allies.

And whenever a natural disaster happens...oh boy...

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. I sighed. I turned to

everyone who were talking amongst themselves again. "Alright, I think it's time we all get to class. Our teachers will be upset if they find us out here and assume we're skipping."

They all nodded in agreement and we split up to go to our classes. The late bell hadn't rung yet so that was good.

Time skip

Ah, lunch time.

The one of time of the day during school hours where you're able to talk to your friends for more than five minutes and then rush to class.

I carried my lunch box to the table America sat at. He was talking to Russia. Russia had his head down on the table and you could see tear stains when he lifted his head to look at America from time to time. I sat down beside America and looked worryingly at Russia.

"I'm worried about him, too."

I looked in front of me to see Poland. He sighed. "I wish we could help but we can't do anything right now. We'll just have to hope the hospital can save him."

"You know you're just making it worse? Just as I got him relaxed he tensed up again because he heard you." America said.

Although he looked annoyed you could see he was worried as well. Poland nodded and took a bite of his food, whatever it was.

"Hey South."

I turned around and saw Belarus standing behind me. Kazakhstan, Estonia, and Armenia sat down at our table; Estonia and Kazakhstan beside Russia and Armenia in front of him. I waved at Belarus.

"How are you?" Belarus asked me.

"I should be asking you that." I replied.

Belarus chuckled. She smiled at me but I knew it was fake. "I'm alright."

"You sure? You have bags under your eyes."

Belarus had dark bags under her eyes. Her eyes were red and she looked stressed. She sighed. "I was with Russia last night. He was crying a lot and freaking out about Тата and his country. I eventually got him to sleep but it was past midnight when I did. I also had homework so..." **(Тата = Dad)**

She laughed but it was obviously forced. She wiped away a tear that was forming. "I'm gonna sit next to Armenia, if you want to talk I'm right here."

Belarus sat next to Armenia and they started talking almost immediately. I couldn't understand the language so I turned back to Poland only to see him talking to Italy. Japan and Third Reich stood behind him, and Reich looked really nervous.

Poland hesitantly agreed but said he didn't want Reich next to him. Italy sat next to Poland, then Japan, then Reich. Reich turned to me. "Hi South Korea."

"Hello Reich."

"A lot of drama going around, huh?"

I nodded. There sure was. "EU is missing, word got out that North and China are dating, Soviet is in the hospital, and Vietnam and few other countries are in trouble for beating up North."

"Wait, North Korea got beat up?" Third Reich raised a brow.

I nodded. "All I know is Vietnam twisted his arm and it's in a cast now, I don't know who or what the other countries did."

"Er scheint ein hartes Jahr zu haben ..." Third muttered. "Where is he?" **(He seems to be having a rough year...)**

I pointed to the table China and North Korea sat at. North's left arm was in a cast and China had his arm around him. To my surprise,

Indonesia, India, and a few other countries were sitting with them.

Third looked over at them and his eyes widened a bit. "Well that's something I never thought I'd see."

I nodded. "I didn't think I'd see something like that either. I guess after the whole bathroom thing a few countries North trades with and China's friends felt bad and wanted to keep them company. I'm not sure though."

Third nodded and went quiet. He stared at the food in his lunch box and pushed it away. Japan turned to him. "Reich-kun, what's wrong?"

"I'm just not hungry." Third muttered. "I'm fine, Japan."

Japan shook his head and pushed Third's food back to him. "You need to eat. You haven't eaten anything since you heard Soviet was in the hospital."

"I'm fine."

"No, you're not."

"I'm fine, Japan." Third got up to walk away but Japan pulled him back down again. It was then that I got a proper look at Third. I quietly gasped.

He was thin and I could see his ribs slightly. His usually happy face and sparkling eyes had dark circles under them and he looked tired. Third's eyes were like Belarus's, but they were even more red from what I assume was a combination of lack of sleep, stress, anxiety, and crying.

When Reich still refused to eat Japan turned to Italy. "Italy-senpai, Third Reich-kun won't eat.."

Italy stopped his conversation with Poland and looked behind Japan. Third was staring at the table and had pushed his food away once again. Italy and Japan switched spots and Italy started coaxing Third into eating.

I just sat and watched. I couldn't move and just felt all I could do was watch. America was still talking to Russia along with Estonia but he also occasionally glanced at Third and his friends.

Eventually, Third took a slow bite of his food. That was followed by another slow bite, and another. He eventually finished his lunch and Italy smile. "Ottimo lavoro Third Reich." **(Good job)**

Third started shaking a bit. Tears started falling from his eyes and he started whimpering. Everyone at the table was looking at him now, Russia even lifted his head. Third slammed his head on the table and started sobbing, calling for Soviet.

I guess Reich's calling for USSR set Russia off, because Russia started crying as well.

Everyone at our table was comforting someone: Armenia, Estonia, Kazakhstan, Belarus, America, and Poland comforting Russia, and Japan, Italy, me, and Czechia comforting Third Reich (Czechia had come over to our table because he wanted to ask something but that was when Third started crying). Italy and Japan eventually stood Third up and left with him and Czechia. I looked around and saw the other tables staring at us.

I decided to ignore them and turned back to the rest of the countries that were still at the table. Russia was whimpering now and America was hugging him. Poland turned to me. "It's Third Reich's fault Russia even started crying." He said with a frown.

I sighed. "Poland, I know you don't like Reich, but it was the past. Everyone has moved on and he apologized countless times."

"You weren't the country split in two by Reich and Soviet. Don't tell me to move on, you weren't even there."

Poland and I had moved away from the others so we could talk without them hearing and possibly having Russia cry again.

"I *was* there in World War 2," I said with frustration. "Imperial Japan had taken over Korea and took my family and I as his prisoners. We were forced to fight for the Japanese. Sure, I wasn't in

Europe but I was a prisoner *just* like you were, I know what I'm talking about."

Poland was silent and I continued. "My family was treated harshly and my brother and I were always afraid to just wake up the next day. After the war ended I was mad at Japan, but I eventually forgave him years later. Look at us now, we're close friends. It's understandable if you don't want to forgive him right at the moment, but it's been *years,* Poland. Third Reich has changed a lot, but you're still holding grudges on someone who has changed since the event and is different now."

Poland looked down at the table. He sighed. "I'll think about it, but it's not guaranteed I'll forgive him."

I nodded. "I'm not saying you have to, you're just treating him harshly for the wrong reasons. Not that treating anyone harshly for whatever reason is okay, but I'm just saying."

Poland nodded and we joined the others again. Russia had stopped crying but was now asleep. Kazakhstan picked him up and left the lunchroom. He said he was taking him to the nurse's office so he could have his nap. America was chatting with Estonia and Belarus talked with Armenia.

When Poland and I joined them again America waved. "Hey! What were you guys talking about?"

Poland and I shared a glance. "Is it alright if we don't tell you?" Poland asked.

America nodded.

"Quick question though."

America raised a brow at Poland. "What is it?"

"What exactly is your relationship with Third Reich?"

America put his elbow on the table and cupped his head in his hand. "We're close friends now. We hated each other in WW2 but he's changed a lot now. Crazy how you can hate someone so much

and you just want them dead, but then become really good friends and allies years later. I guess it goes to show that you can become friends with even your worst enemy if they change and you're willing to give them a second chance."

Poland nodded. "Thanks..."

He sat down in his spot and stared at the table with his head in his hands. He was obviously pondering something. I sat next to America.

"What happened? With Russia?"

America turned to me. "He was a mess. Wouldn't stop even when Estonia did something Soviet always did. I guess it only works when Soviet himself is there. Took a while but we eventually calmed him down, this was when you and Poland got up to talk. He fell asleep as I hugged him."

I nodded. "I feel bad for him and his siblings."

"I do too. But there's nothing we can do at the moment."

Loud shouting from across the lunchroom got our attention. It got *everyone's* attention. At the table the organisations sat at, UN slammed his head on the table and muttered something. I looked in the direction the shouting came from and I saw China and Taiwan at each other's throats.

I didn't know what they were arguing about but I kept hearing them mention Soviet. Eventually, Taiwan pushed China and China hit the table behind him. He grabbed his side and glared at Taiwan.

What Taiwan said next shocked everybody.

"Why did I come with you?! No wonder Mom and Dad abandoned you!"

15

I don't like how I wrote this chapter, but I can't find a way to fix it. Hope you enjoy anyway, I guess.

North Korea POV

The air was silent and tense. Countries all over the lunchroom didn't talk, everyone had heard what Taiwan said. Everyone stared at the brothers, who were still.

I was shocked. Sure, China had never talked about his parents, heck, he never even *mention* them, but I would never know that they *abandoned* him!
Taiwan covered his mouth. China looked at him in disbelief. "Y-you...you promised you wouldn't mention it..."

"I-I know...I...China, I didn't-"

China sprinted out of the lunchroom.

"China!" Taiwan called after him.

Taiwan tried to follow China but a few countries stopped him, telling him that China needed time to himself. Tears fell from Taiwan's eyes and he reluctantly agreed. Countries escorted him to an empty table and sat and calmed him down.

Everyone else remained silent. I stared at the doors where China left. He had ran out pretty fast and just the thought of him being abandoned broke my heart.

"Is he okay?" Iran asked.

"Excuse me? He was abandoned by his parents, of course he's not okay!" I said...in my head.

I actually just sighed and told him, "Probably not. I'll check on him."

I stood up and walked across the lunchroom. When I reached the doors I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned around and saw South Korea behind me. I normally would push him away but...

1. My left arm is in a cast.

And 2. Something more important is on my mind.

South was silent for a moment. He sighed. "행운을 빌어 요 (Good luck North)"

I nodded slightly. South removed his hand from my shoulder and opened the doors for me. "감사. (Thanks)" I said.

I walked down the hallways but stopped. Where could China have gone? Let's see...

Oh! I know! We've known each other for so long, I'll just try to remember a moment when China was upset like this in school and where he ran off to.

After about two or so minutes, I finally remembered a moment in middle school where China ran off to the bathroom because he was upset over something America said.

I decided to check all the bathrooms first. I speed-walked to the closest bathroom and went inside. It was silent. Even so, I decided to check all the stalls. I pushed on each one and eventually pushed the one in the very corner of the bathroom.

It didn't open.

I pressed the side of my head against the door. It was silent for a while, but I eventually heard a sniffle. I sighed and knocked on the door. "China? Are you in there? It's me, North Korea."

I heard a whimper and then the sound of someone getting up. I heard the door unlock and it opened slightly. I heard the noise of someone sitting back down again (on the floor), then I opened it.

China sat there curled up against the wall. He stared at the floor as tears rolled down his cheeks. I sighed.

I sat down beside him and leaned on him. "You gonna be okay?" I asked him.

China started shaking more than he already was. He tried to say something but couldn't. He covered his face with his hands and started whimpering.

I placed my hand on his arm. "It's okay, let it out."

China lay his head on me and started crying. It was relatively quiet because his voice was muffled. I rubbed his back and didn't say anything. I let him cry. He needed it. He was probably bottling his emotions about it for so long, he finally has the chance to get it out of his system.

After a few minutes, China stopped. He sat up and hugged me tightly. I hugged him back and I heard him take a few deep breaths. His grip weakened a little and he set his head on my shoulder.

"Sorry you had to s-see me like this..." China whispered. I could barely hear him.

"Don't apologize for having emotions. I couldn't imagine someone having to go through that..." I paused. "but you went through it. I'm so sorry."

My grip on China tightened and he flinched. "You don't have to answer this next question."

"What is...what is it..?"

I sighed. "Do you know anything about your parents?"

I felt China shake his head. "T-Taiwan cut them off a-after we left... The one thing I do know is th-that they h-hate me a-and lo-love T-Taiwan..."

China had started shaking a lot. I felt that he was about to cry again so I started rubbing his back-something that he always does when I'm upset.

He started to calm down. I wasn't sure of any tears had fallen

because his face was hidden in my shoulder. He took a few deep breaths and relaxed a little. He chuckled sadly. "No wonder they don't love me..." His fingers dug into my back. "It would be no surprise if I was an accident..."

Alright, tears are definitely falling from China's eyes now. I frowned. "Stop that. They don't love you, you say? Well it's their lost." I cradled his cheek in my hand and wiped away tears. I gave him a reassuring smile. "You're a kind and loving person, that's why I and so many other countries love you. Anyone who doesn't see that are scumbags."

China stared at me for a few moments before more tears started to fall. I went to wipe them away but he hugged me before I could. His grip was tight and I couldn't breathe that well. I didn't say anything because if this could be his way of handling the remaining pain inside him, I didn't want to ruin it.

China's breathing slowed and became more paced. He let go of me. He wiped away what tears were left and I stood up. I reached my hand out to him. "Ready?"

He nodded and took my hand. I helped him up and we walked to the doors of the bathroom. Before I could open them China grabbed my shoulder, stopping me. I turned back to him and raised a brow. Apart from looking tired from crying a minute ago, he looked anxious.

"Is something wrong, China?"

"A-Actually, I-I don't want to leave yet."

Understandable. I didn't really want to leave either. I nodded and went back over to China, who had sat down again against the wall. Thankfully, he wasn't in a stall.

I sat beside him. "Do you want to talk about anything?"

He shook his head.

"Do you want to tell me more?"

He shrugged. "Maybe later...when we're somewhere more...secure..."

I nodded. I didn't want to push him. I sighed. "You wanna go to class? Lunch should be almost over."

China frantically shook his head. He started hyperventilating."N-no... I-I...I couldn't concentrate if I t-tried I-"

"It's okay, we don't have to go."

His breathing slowed and he relaxed. He sighed and layed down on my lap. I was wondering why he all of a sudden had a freak out about going to class, but he looked sleepy so I didn't say anything.

I rubbed his back. He closed his eyes and fell asleep. He looked pitiful, and I felt so bad for him. But his sleeping form made me smile nonetheless. China looked peaceful and at ease.

And cute.

This probably what China feels when I fall asleep. Nice to know.

I sighed. The silence of the bathroom wasn't bothering me, fortunately. I actually kinda liked it. Just me and China in this small room.

The floor was a little uncomfortable but eh, I can't complain. Not like I could move because China was asleep on my lap, and I didn't want to wake him. I was still rubbing his back and smiling.

The silence of the bathroom was broken by my phone notification going off. I sighed and pulled it out. South had texted me. I'm kinda surprised I still had his number. I guess I planned on deleting it but forgot to.

북한, 당신과 중국은 괜찮습니까? 점심은 얼마 전에 끝나고 수업은 막 끝났습니다. 아무도 당신을 보지 못했습니다.
(North, are you and China okay? Lunch had ended a while ago and class just ended. Nobody has seen you.)

Wait what? Jeez, time passes quickly.
I changed my phone notification from sound to vibrate to not wake

China. I then texted South back.

벌써 그랬어? 중국과 나는 아직도 화장실에 있습니다. 그는 내 무릎에서 자고 있습니다.
(It's been that long already? China and I are still in the bathroom. He's asleep on my lap.)

우선, *awww* .... 둘째로, 나는 간다. 어느 화장실에 있습니까?
(First off, awww....
S econd off, I'm coming. Which bathroom are you in?)

오지 않아도 돼, 사우스 수업이 있습니다.
(You don't need to come, South. You have classes.)

나는 지금 그 사람들에 대해 덜 걱정할 수 있습니다! 어느 화장실에 있습니까?
(*I could care less about those right now! Which bathroom are you in.)*

어 ...
(Ugh...)

식당의 왼쪽에는 가장 먼저 보이는 욕실이 있습니다.
(*To the left of the lunchroom, the very first bathroom you see.)*

감사합니다.
(Thank you.)

물론 이죠
(Sure, whatever.)

Alright, now South is coming. I guess that isn't so bad. We've all been together before, when I had that break down after I left the party.

I guess I just sit back and wait now.

Not even a few minutes later I saw the door open. This could've been anyone so I immediately looked down and continued to stroke China's back while he slept. I only looked up when I heard a familiar Korean accent. "북한? (North Korea?)"

I saw South standing there. He turned and shut the door and

hurried over. He sat down in front of me and looked at China. "그는 괜찮아? (Is he alright?)" He asked me.

I shrugged. "지금은 괜찮아 보이지만 더 일찍 몸을 담그고있었습니다. (He seems okay now, but he was sobbing earlier.)"

South frowned. "나는 그의 부모님을 만나고 그들의 쓰레기를 이길 싶어. (I wanna meet up with his parents and beat the crap out of them.)"

I nodded. "너와 나도 똑같아 (You and me same.)"

It went silent after that. South quietly hummed K-Pop songs while I stroked China's back while he slept. It was peaceful in here.

Until America came in.

I assume he needed to use the bathroom. He walked inside staring at his phone and looked up. "Woah!" He shouted, almost dropping his phone.

South turned around and quickly shushed him, but it was too late. China woke up. He sat up and stretched. He then rubbed his eyes. He looked around the bathroom and looked confused for a second, then he seemed to remember because he quietly said, "Oh..."

China noticed America and his gaping mouth and raised a brow. America shut his mouth and took a deep breath. His expression changed from surprise to sympathy. "You alright, dude?"

China nodded and looked down at me. He smiled and I felt my cheeks warm up. I returned the smile and hugged him. He hugged me back.

America turned to South. "When did you get here?"

South shrugged. "Don't know don't care. China was already asleep when I arrived though."

It went silent again. Everyone was still and China and I still sat in the hug. America then jumped up and rushed to the closest stall. China, South Korea, and I all laughed at that.

China burrowed his head into my shoulder again. I didn't think much of it so I just rubbed his back.

rAnDoM tImE sKiP

It was now the end of the day and countries lingered at the school. Most of them stayed so they could see China. Others just stayed because they wanted to. Taiwan was standing by the two columns (the entrance/exit of the school) nervously, he was pacing back and forth. UN and NATO were nowhere to be found.

I stared at all of them from the window inside the school. China was behind me, sat on a chair. I turned back around and sighed. "There's still a lot out there, it doesn't look like they're leaving anytime soon."

China sighed. "It's alright I guess. I didn't expect them to anyway. I just wanted to stay inside a little longer."

I nodded and held his hand. China got up and opened the doors to the school. Every country turned to us when they heard the doors open. A few took steps forward. It was silent. No one said a word.

Everyone was too nervous to say something. China and I walked towards the columns, and Taiwan looked at us. He seemed to avoid eye contact until we were close. China let go of my hand and stopped beside Taiwan, looking up at him.

Taiwan looked back at China and took a deep breath. "Look, I'm really sorry about what I said earlier. I understand I broke the promise I made to you, and thanks to me...*everybody* knows..." Taiwan glanced around at the other countries when he said that. "If you don't forgive me then I understand."

China stared at him for a while. He then shrugged. Taiwan looked at him, confused. "I really thought you'd show more emotion..."

China kicked a rock on the ground and shrugged. "I'm tired of using energy to be upset..." He mumbled.

Taiwan sighed. He was about to say something only to be cut off by a loud wail. We turned to the direction of the sound and every

country was staring at someone. Eventually, everyone was getting shoved out of someone's way.

Russia burst out of the crowd with his siblings in hot pursuit. I heard a few of them yelling at each other in another language, but there was so many voices saying so many things I couldn't catch any of it. Not that I could if they were talking one-by-one, anyway.

Russia had tears coming from his eyes and traveling down his cheeks. He sped past me and down the sidewalk with his siblings close behind. I didn't realize it before, but Georgia was actually with them.

Surprising.

Now everyone was confused. But we all knew something.

If Russia and his siblings all freaked out and are going to the same place, it isn't good.

UN POV

I was waiting outside the math classroom waiting for the teacher to call me inside with NATO. This was the same teacher that said she'd call hospitals. Currently, she was talking to somebody inside. NATO was sitting on the floor while I paced back and forth.

"UN, calm down." NATO said, annoyed by my pacing.

I ignored him.

"If you're worried about EU then-"

"Of course I'm worried about EU!" I shouted, turning to him. "He just...disappeared for no reason! He didn't call me, or text me, or do anything to reassure me he might be going somewhere for a while but he didn't! I-I'm just..."

NATO stood up and wiped away a tear. "I'm sure he's okay."

"But what if he's in the hospital..?"

"If he's in a hospital it's better than him being missing." NATO said.

I didn't respond.

He sighed. "How about you sit down for a minute? To calm down."

I reluctantly sat down up against the wall beside NATO. I was still pretty stressed but NATO was right, I was relaxing. I sat back and looked up at the ceiling. "I'm just worried, NATO. EU wouldn't ever just disappear for no reason."

NATO nodded. "He wouldn't. As much as you think I'm so calm about this, I'm not. I'm really worried as well, I just don't want my feelings to get in the way of my day-to-day activities."

I chuckled but it didn't last long. "I-I guess we both need him here."

NATO nodded. "As a friend for me, and as a boyfriend for you."

"He's not-"

"Everyone knows you have feelings for him. Don't deny it."

I huffed and turned away. Everyone teasing me about this is getting annoying.

The door to the classroom opened up and the Science teacher walked out. He didn't even acknowledge us and walked away. I got up and had to resist from running inside.

NATO and I walked in and the teacher looked at us with a bright smile on her face. "Hello UN and NATO. Take a seat."

There were three chairs in front of her desk, some others must have stayed behind for a little as well. NATO and I sat down on the chairs at the edges and looked at her. "Any luck?" I asked her.

She nodded. She took a piece of paper off her desk and handed it to me. "This is the hospital he's currently at."

I hopped out of my chair and almost sprinted out of the room before the teacher stopped me. "He's alright, dear. They told me he's

fine and doing well."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

NATO got up and followed me out the classroom. Once we were out and the door was closed, I sprinted to the staircase with NATO in hot pursuit.

"UN! Where are you going?" NATO asked as he ran by my side.

"To the roof!"

"Why?!"

"So I have plenty of space to fly to the hospital!"

We ran up four flights of stairs and finally reached the roof. Once there, NATO and I both extended our wings and jumped into the air. We flew above the countries as they gawked and to the direction of the hospital.

Time skip

Finally! Finally! We finally reached the hospital. NATO and I ran inside and the lady at the desk looked at us in confusion. We stopped running and walked up to the desk.

"We're here to see someone." I said.

"Their full name, please?"

"European Union."

"You're full names, please?"

"United Nations and North Atlantic Treaty Organization."

"The person you want to see is on the fifth floor, room 557." She gave us a note saying the floor and the room. "They are being visited by doctors, so you'll have to wait."

"Thank you." NATO and I walked to the elevator and went inside. NATO pressed 5 and we waited until we arrived on the floor. Once the doors opened we walked down the halls and corners until we arrived at room 557. There were chairs outside the room so we sat down in them and waited.

Five minutes later, two doctors came outside. "You can head inside if you wish." One of them said and walked away.

NATO and I stood up and walked into the room. EU was there and smiled at us when we came inside. "Hey guys!"

I ran over to him and hugged him. "I'm so glad you're okay!"

EU hugged me back. I pulled away after a while and went *straight* to questions. "Are you okay? How did you end up here? Why didn't you answer my calls? When did you get here?"

"Woah, slow down UN. I'm fine, they're releasing me tomorrow. Have you watched the news?"

"Huh?"

"The day of the party, it was on the news. They never said my name because I didn't want them to. I got robbed and the person tried to kill me."

I covered my mouth as he continued. "Thankfully, the wounds weren't that bad and I healed pretty quickly. The person stole my phone. I got here the same day I was attacked."

"Are you sure you're okay?" NATO asked.

EU nodded. "I'm fine. I can even get up and walk around if I wanted to."

"Did the police catch the person?" I asked.

"No. But they did retrieve some of the items they stole, like my wallet."

"Is there anything *in* your wallet?"

"The only things missing are the euro's that were inside, but other than that everything is just the way I left them."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Good. But I would cancel your cards and get new ones just in case."

"That's what I'm planning on doing."

We spent the rest of our time there talking and joking. NATO and I told EU about all the stuff going on at school, and EU told us what it's like to be in a hospital.

"It's scary at first, but you warm up to it. Some things are still nerve racking though, it really just depends on what you're in the hospital for."

NATO sighed. "Like Soviet..." He mumbled.

"What?" EU raised a brow.

NATO looked at him. "Soviet has this really bad headache, the ones the people of the Soviet Union get. He's in the hospital because of it."

"Oh, I knew that."

NATO and I looked at EU, surprised. "What? How?" I asked.

"When I first got here, I was in the same area for a while: emergency care. When I was getting transferred to this room I saw Soviet getting rolled past me. Later on the doctors told me he's in the same room I used to be in."

NATO and I shared an astonished glance. EU and Soviet Union were in the same hospital?! Well, I guess not for long because EU is being released tomorrow, but still.

"Before you say or go anywhere," EU said, interrupting my thoughts. "They don't allow just *anyone* to visit him."

"Then who can visit him?" I asked.

"His kids and his closest friends, Third Reich, Italy, Japan, China, North Korea, Britain, them."

"Wait, I thought Britain and Soviet weren't close, let alone *friends*. Soviet always pushes Britain away." NATO said, confused.

"Oh, they are *much* closer than you think. They grew up together, you know." EU explained.

"You mean they're childhood friends?" NATO asked.

I nodded.

"But they fought each other during World War 2." NATO said, trying to keep from shouting.

"Not the *entire* war," I corrected him. "just part of it. Why do you think Soviet chose Britain to help him look for Reich after Reich's army was almost defeated?"

"But Soviet keeps saying that him and Britain aren't friends!"

"They are, it's just a thing they're doing for a 700 years. Britain says they are, while Soviet says they aren't. Once the 700 years are up they stop playing that game."

"And how long is that?"

"Next year it'll be over."

It went silent in the room. NATO had his face in his hands while EU and I stared at him. "You should know all this; he's in NATO." EU told NATO.

"How do *you* know all of it? Britian's not in the EU."

"When he was I looked into his memories and found out. Anything new that happens UN has to tell me."

NATO nodded. He sighed and his expression turned grim. "But..."

EU and I raised a brow. NATO turned to us. "If they're so close, how

does Britain not know who Soviet's ex-wife was? Shouldn't he have known from all the years him and her dated and their marriage?"

Good question. EU and I shrugged. "We don't know either." I said.

"How about you look into his memories, maybe something happened." EU suggested.

"Good idea."

"Wait, I can do it too!" NATO interjected. "Why didn't you ask me?"

"Because you'll get distracted." EU said.

"Touche."

I sat back and closed my eyes. I looked through Britain's memories and came to a point where it was the day before Soviet and **[inaudible]** started dating.

Britain and Soviet were sitting at a cafe, Soviet enjoying coffee while Britain drank tea. I smiled to myself. Britian still liked tea even all those years ago. Nothing has changed between him and tea.

I jumped out of my thoughts when Britain asked Soviet a question.

"Hey, Sov?"

"Да?"

"When you gonna ask *her* out?"

Soviet blushed and set down his coffee. "Tomorrow, maybe."

"Why not today?"

"She's busy today, you stupid Brit. Besides, I don't think I could."

"Because you're nervous?"

Soviet nodded as his blush deepened. "And we already made plans for tomorrow, so..."

Britain laughed. "Well, be sure to tell me if she accepts it or not. I'm here for you."

Soviet stood up and went to where Britain was now standing. He hugged him. "I'm glad you're my friend."

"I'm glad you're my friend, too."

I skipped to the next day before I started crying. But I got confused when it came to Soviet's call to Britain after he confessed to **[inaudible]**. I couldn't hear anything, I couldn't hear a word they were saying to each other.

After Britain hung up not only could I not hear anything, I couldn't see anything. Everything was blurry to the point I couldn't distinguish objects and what they were.

After a few seconds of this, everything just went black all of a sudden. I knew I was still in Britain's memories so I sped up until it came to a point I could see again. But I couldn't hear.

What I saw was Soviet crying while clutching a pillow Britain gave him while Britain said things I couldn't hear.

It continued like this until I came to memories a year later. That's when things returned to normal. I could hear and see things.

I decided that was enough and exited Britain's memories. EU and NATO stared at me.

"Well?" NATO asked.

"Things were fine until I couldn't hear anything. Then I couldn't see anything and then it just went black. I skipped a lot of time until I could see again but I still couldn't hear. Memories a year later are normal but..."

NATO and EU stared at me. Then it hit me. "Wait...Britain doesn't remember what happened. No wonder he doesn't know! Anything concerning her he can't remember!"

"But why?" EU asked. "Why can't he remember?"

"I'm not sure." I sighed.

"Should we ask him about it later on?" NATO asked.

"Maybe."

South Korea POV

I was walking home with America. We were talking about everything that has happened during school today.

"This has got to be the most drama filled day." America said.

"No, there were other days that had more drama than this. For example, remember when Japan lost his manga collection, or when Soviet got into a fight with Egypt because she punched Russia and made fun of him, or when Britian was freaking out because he lost France on a field trip, or when Third Reich got stuck on the roof, or when-"

"South."

"Oh, sorry. But you get what I mean."

"Yeah, that and..." America grabbed my arm to stop me from walking and pointed behind us. There was a person wearing gray pants, gray shoes, gray everything. They had a hoodie on and their head was down so I couldn't see their face.

This person looked creepy enough, but what set me on edge was that they were walking toward us.

Calm down, South. Wherever we're going probably just so happens to be where they're going. I took a deep breath and told America what I told myself.

"Yeah, probably."

America and I continued walking but we weren't talking. We were listening closely and looking around just in case we needed to run somewhere, and when. I'd be lying if I said we weren't nervous.

"They're still following us!" America whispered to me.

I glanced back and sure enough, the person was still following us. We had been walking in silence for a few minutes, my nervousness was building up. "Keep walking." I instructed.

America and I kept walking in silence. We were able to hear the person's footsteps as they walked a fair distance behind us. America was panicking but he tried to look like he wasn't. I don't know why he was trying to do that but I was panicking too.

We heard the sound of footsteps speeding up. I quickly glanced behind me and saw the person was speeding up. "Cross the street." I told America.

"Why?"

"Now."

We crossed the street and the person followed us. We crossed the street again and they followed us, *again.*

"Okay, they are *definitely* following us." I whispered to America, my nervousness through the roof.

"What do they want with two male countries coming back from high school?"

"How am I supposed to know?"

Suddenly, the person's footsteps slowed.

They were walking at the same pace we were.

And they were closer.

I glanced behind me again and yup, they were at least 30 feet behind us now, if not closer. "They're closer!" I whispered, panicking. Sweat ran down my face.

"Uh...do what I do."

America and I sped up our walking pace, the person did the same. We slowed our walking pace, the person did the same.

"Okay, I'm out of ideas." America sighed.

I saw Moldova walk out of her house. I hadn't realized we had been walking for so long and aren't in either of our neighborhoods. Nevertheless, someone's there.

"Hey, look! Moldova's there." I told America.

He nodded. "I saw her, too."

"Let's-"

Before I could finish my sentence I heard quick running behind us. I felt a rush of adrenaline and grabbed America's arm and sprinted toward Moldova, who was going inside now.

"Moldova! Moldova! Moldova!" I screamed.

Moldova turned to us with confusion in her eyes. I heard the person behind us stop running but I continued to sprint with America towards Moldova.

Once we reached her America quickly told her what had happened. She looked at the hoodied person who was walking away now. She squinted and frowned. She turned back to us and said, "Come inside."

America and I entered Moldova's house. She had us sit on the couch while she went to the kitchen. America and I were busy collecting our thoughts and catching our breath to really pay attention to what Moldova was yelling.

"România unde mi-ai pus telefonul?!" **(Romania where did you put my phone?!)**

"Cine a spus că l-am luat?" **(Who said I took it?)**

"Ești singura altă persoană din casă!" **(You're the only other person in the house!)**

"Ce zici de Ciad?!" **(What about Chad?!)**

"Chad locuiește în Africa împreună cu prietenii săi de două luni!" **(Chad is living in Africa with his friends for two months!)**

"Însă nu înseamnă că îl am!" **(Still doesn't mean I have it!)**

"România, mai bine îmi văd telefonul pe această masă de bucătărie într-o oră sau îți voi bate fundul!" **(Romania, I better see my phone on this kitchen table in an hour or I will beat your butt!)**

Moldova walked back in holding two glasses of water. "Drink up, you must be thirsty."

America and I gulped down the water and thanked her. "What were you yelling about?" America asked her.

Moldova rolled her eyes. "My phone was missing from where I placed it; Romania most likely took it."

I raised a brow. "Where's Russia and the rest of your siblings?"

Moldova burst out laughing. America and I shared a confused glance. "What? Aren't you siblings with Russia and the rest of them?"

"Oh, no! I am in *no way* related to Russia or *any* of his siblings."

"But weren't you under Soviet's control all those years ago?" America asked.

Moldova frowned. "Just because I was under his rule doesn't mean I'm his child. Same goes to Poland, he's not Soviet's son either, and he was under Soviet rule as well."

"S-sorry."

Moldova rolled her eyes but her frown disappeared. "Do you *have* siblings?" I asked her.

She nodded. "Two. I'm the oldest, Romania is the middle child, and also the annoying one, and then Chad, the youngest, who is also the

nicest."

"So you, Romania, and Chad aren't related to Russia or his siblings in any way?" I asked.

"Correct."

"Wait, if Chad is the nicest, and Romania is annoying, what makes you?" America asked.

"The strict, mean, tough one, or so Chad and Romania say."

I nodded. "Where is Chad anyway?"

"He's in Africa with his friends."

"How do you tell the two apart?"

"Oh, it's simple. They both wear totally different clothes, Chad speaks French, Arabic (he likes to call it Chadian Arabic), and English, while Romania speaks Romanian and English, and Chad is shorter than Romania, about the size of you and you're brother, South."

"So you're the tallest."

"About. Romania is just an inch shorter, *but he sure is weaker."*

I went silent. "Hey Moldova?"

"Yes?"

"What's your opinion on North Korea?"

"Well-"

"Be honest."

America glanced at me before turning back to Moldova. "Well," Moldova started, leaning on the couch. "he's really interesting in my book. Sure, he might get a bad rep because of his entire nuclear program and other things, but I kinda like him."

I nodded. "What would you do if I told you that your brother among others is bullying him?"

Moldova went silent. "Which one."

"Romania."

"Excuse me for a sec."

Moldova walked to the staircase and quietly marched up. America turned back to me. "Dude, what the heck? What was that?"

I shrugged. "Just wanna see what she does."

"Don't you know the bullying will get worst because of that?!" America kept his voice down to a whisper for some reason.

"It will get worse either way, Ame. And last time I checked, you didn't care for North."

"Well, I don't but-"

"But what?"

America stared at me. I looked down at the floor. "I just want to help him, but I know anything I do will make it worse." I clenched my hands into fists. "Seeing at least one of the bullies in pain or getting yelled at eases me, but it's never enough."

I turned back to America with tears in my eyes. "I just want to help, but I don't know how!"

"South...I..." America closed his eyes and sighed. He put a hand on mine. "Look, I know I may not act like it...but I'm worried, too." He looked at his hands. "I feel guilty, like it's my fault he's even going through this... I try to tell myself it's not and that he means nothing to me, but the feeling is always there."

He covered his face with his hands. "What's happening to me?"

I hugged him, and he didn't hesitate to hug me back. We both wanted it. We both needed it.

We pulled apart when we heard loud shouts from upstairs. They were all in...Romanian? I think one of our teachers said the countries Moldova and Romania both speak Romanian.

The shouting was getting louder, and pretty soon it sounded like they were screaming at each other. Then me and America heard a *SLAP!* and a thud.

Third Person POV

Romania lay on the floor of his room with a slap on his cheek and probably a bruised arm. He stared with fear at his furious older sister as she scowled at him.

Moldova began to walk forward and Romania flinched. She crouched down beside him and hissed, "O să-i intimidați pe nimeni din nou, va fi mai rău decât asta. Mă înțelegeți? (You bully anyone ever again, it's gonna be worst than this. You understand me?)"

Romania stared wide-eyed at his sister.

"Mă înțelegi? (Do you understand me?)" Moldova repeated in a more threatening voice.

Romania nodded quickly. Moldova smiled, but it scared Romania even more. "Bun. (Good.)"

Moldova stood up and left the room.

South Korea POV

Moldova walked back down the stairs, but I felt anger when I looked at her. Her eyes were blazing but she gave me and America a happy smile. "I think it's time for you guys to go home. America, I'm sure your parents are worried."

America looked at the time on his phone. "Right, thanks for letting us inside."

"Yes, thank you Moldova." I said.

"No problem."

As America and I left I heard Moldova grumble something to herself, but I heard a word that sounded like Romania so I assume she grumbled about him. America and I walked to the Asian neighborhood. "You sure you wanna drop me off? I can always stay the night at your place." I told America.

"No need, I have a gun." He replied.

"Why the heck do you have a gun?"

"What do you mean? I always have one handy."

"Why didn't you just pull it out when that person was following us then?"

"I panicked, alright."

I playfully rolled my eyes. I changed the subject to countries and we chatted until we reached my house. I pulled out my keys and walked to my front door. "Bye Ame!"

"Bye South!"

I unlocked my door and stepped in. I closed it and locked it again and hung my key up on a little rack I had nearby. **(Do people hang keys on racks? My family does.)**

I walked up the stairs and into my room. I took a quick shower and then changed into my pajamas. I wasn't sleepy but I also didn't want to play k-Pop... Hmmm.....

I'll just browse social media, like America always does when he's bored.

Russia POV

My siblings and I sat outside our fathers room in the chairs they had set up for us. I had cried so much the past week I didn't even think I had tears anymore. But alas, I still did. As expected, tears rolled down my face as we waited. I didn't make any noise for some reason. I wanted to make sounds, but I couldn't. Oh well.

I covered my face with my hands and sighed. "You alright, Russia?" Belarus asked me.

"Do I *look* alright? Is anyone here alright? You tell me Bel."

I didn't mean to be mean to Belarus. I was anxious and upset and my emotions were a mess. Heck, my emotions have been a mess ever since they took Soviet here. Still, that was a stupid question.

Belarus sighed and hugged me. "Я таксама засмучаны. Я проста...спрабую дапамагчы табе адчуваць сябе лепш. Вы ў апошні час былі далёкія. (I'm upset, too. I'm just...trying to help you feel better. You've been distant lately.)"

More tears fell from my eyes and I let out a choked sob. I hugged Belarus back. "Прости... Я просто...Я...спасибо... (I-I'm sorry... I just...I...thank you...)"

"Калі ласка... (You're welcome...)" Belarus was barely able to finish her sentence before letting out her own choked sob.

Somehow, Belarus and I didn't start sobbing right then and there. We were crying, but managed to keep it quiet. Georgia stood up and walked over to me and Belarus. He sat beside me and placed his hand on my back.

After a few minutes I pulled away from Belarus and wiped my eyes. "Th-Thanks..."

Belarus nodded but Georgia didn't move. His hand remained on my back. I took a deep breath and looked at him. "Грузия? (Georgia?)"

Georgia jumped and looked back at me. "Um... დიახ, რუსეთი? (Yes, Russia?)"

"Ты помнишь, когда я говорил, что ненавидел тебя все эти годы назад? (Do you remember when I told you I hated you all those years ago?)"

Georgia looked away. "დიახ...მაგრამ მე მესმის, რომ ეს ჩემი ბრალი იყო. (Yes...but I understand it was my fault.)"

"Ну...прости... (Well...I'm sorry...)"

Georgia stared at me in shock. He sadly chuckled. "Почему ты смеешься..? (Why are you laughing..?)" I asked him.

Why was he laughing? This is the worst time to do so. Georgia covered half of his face and turned to me, tears streaming down his cheeks. "შენ იდიოტი ხარ...ეს ჩემი ბრალია...ბოდიში უნდა გიხადო... (You idiot... It's my fault... I should be apologizing to you...)" He turned away smiling, but I knew he wasn't happy in the slightest. "ჩემი სულელური დუნდულა ძალიან მეშინოდა რომ მომიახლოვდებოდა... ბოდიში მომიხადა... ძალიან მეშინოდა ბოდიში მომიხადა ბოდიში, ახლა კი არ ვიცი გავიქცე თუ არა ოდესმე ამის შანსი... (My stupid butt was too afraid to approach you...to apologize to you... I was too afraid to apologize to Dad, and now I don't know if I'll ever get the chance...)"

I hugged him. I felt tears run down faster than they had before. "Я прощаю тебя...старший брат... (I forgive you...big brother...)" I barely managed to finish the sentence.

Georgia hugged me back and cried. I felt my siblings looking at us, and they all were happy we had made up. We pulled apart and I looked at him. "Я уверен, что папа простит тебя, он скучает по тебе, ты знаешь. (I'm sure Dad will forgive you, he misses you, you know.)"

"Не...he does?"

I nodded. "У него все еще есть твой любимый шарф. (He still has your favorite scarf.)"

"ჰ-ის აკეთებს? (H-He does?)"

"Да. (Yes)"

"წითელი? (The red one?)"

"Он никогда не избавлялся от этого. (He never got rid of it.)"

Georgia smiled the first smile I had seen from him in years. I

couldn't help but smile back. I looked at my other siblings and they were all smiling as well. There was finally positivity in the air for once.

One of the doctors inside Soviet's room opened the door, followed by others. My smile disappeared and I walked up to him. "I-Is he okay?" I asked.

I couldn't read his expression. "He's awake." He said, and then he walked away.

I was confused for a second until I realized what he said. SOVIET WAS AWAKE!

Without a moments hesitation I entered the room with my siblings close behind me. Soviet looked at us as we came in and weakly smiled.

I ran to his side and held his hand. "Папа are you okay? Are...are you better? When are you coming home?"

"Russ, what have I told you about questions?"

I smiled warmly at him. "Don't ask too many."

"But hey, who's stopping you?" Estonia blurted out.

We all laughed. Soviet managed to laugh for a second before having to stop. I wore a worried look on my face, like I did everyday. "How's the headache..?"

"N-Not any better..." Soviet sighed. "But hey, I-I'm awake.."

"Not any better? But you don't look like you did when they took you..." Kazakhstan said, his wings starting to droop.

"M-Medicine..." Soviet murmered.

"Dad, perhaps you should stop talking. It seems like you're using your energy..." Ukraine suggested.

"I'm alright..." Soviet said, raising his voice so he wasn't murmering.

Georgia stepped forward. Soviet's eyes widened when he saw him. "Грузия? (Georgia?)"

"Hi Dad..."

Soviet looked away, his expression nervous. Georgia took a deep breath. "I-I wanted to say sorry..."

Soviet would've whipped his head back around if he didn't have such a bad headache. Still, his movement to look at Georgia was pretty quick. "Huh?"

"I wanted to say sorry," Georgia repeated. "for everything. I shouldn't have treated you that way... Kazakhstan's text brought me back to my senses."

Soviet stared at Georgia for a few moments. Georgia started shifting his weight from foot to foot, and he was messing with his fingers.

Soviet gave out a short laugh. "Who's the nervous country now?"

Georgia looked back at him. Soviet smiled the best he could in his weak state. "Of course I forgive you."

Georgia hugged Soviet and Soviet hugged him back. "I thought I wouldn't get the chance to apologize..." Georgia murmered.

Soviet continued to hug the son he lost so long ago. Georgia pulled away and they both were smiling. Belarus let out a giggle. We all turned to her. "Тата (Dad), you should've seen Russia and Georgia in the hallway. They finally made up, it was so adorable yet so sad at the same time."

"Almost cheesy." Ukraine said.

Again, we all laughed.

We stayed there for a while, my siblings joking around and telling Soviet things that happened in school, and when I told him North Korea and China were dating he said this: "Finally, I shipped them for the longest time."

We all laughed at that.

But of course, all good times must come to end.

Azerbaijan had just said a fantastic joke, it had us all laughing. Soviet couldn't even stop. My *stupid* self payed no mind to it.

All of sudden, Soviet started coughing up blood.

All the smiles that had existed disappeared. Soviet was coughing violently, and shaking all over.

"Tėtis! Tėtis! Tėti tau viskas gerai?! Tėtis! (Dad! Dad! Dad are you okay?! Dad!)" Lithuania called out.

Once Soviet stopped coughing he weakly opened his eyes. "I-I..."

"Папа you'll be okay, r-right?" I asked him. I was panicking, I didn't know what to do. Ukraine and Estonia had already ran out to find a doctor.

Soviet tried talking but only stuttered. I couldn't make out a single word. Tears streamed down my cheeks now and I was constantly asking if he was okay. He eventually mustered enough strength to just barely shake his head.

Every single one of my siblings was panicking. Ukraine and Estonia weren't back with a doctor yet, and a few more had rushed out. I was frozen in place staring as my father struggled to speak.

Soviet reached his hand out to me. I grabbed it and held it. "Y-You're gonna b-be okay папа..." I told him.

I don't think I convinced him at all. I wasn't even convincing myself! Soviet and I both had tears streaming down our cheeks as we stared at each other.

After two minutes of things being like this, Soviet squeezed my hand the best he could. He barely managed to smile.

What he said next made my blood run cold and my heart break.

"I-I l-lo-love y-you a-and th-the-them..."

He fell unconscious at the same time doctors busted in through the door.

16

[image]

Russia POV

I sobbed into my hands as I waited outside Soviet's room. I wasn't the only one. All of my siblings sobbed into their hands, or hugged each other and sobbed. Not like it made a difference, we all were upset over father.

I couldn't get the image of his face out of my mind, or the words he said. I knew he knew he was going to die, and he wanted to tell me he loved me and everyone else one last time.

Apart from the tears I was already shedding, I felt a waterfall of more coming. I crumbled onto the floor and lay on my side, despite the chairs being nearby.

My eyes were starting to ache but I didn't stop. I attempted to get up but I fell on my knees instead, causing immediate pain upon impact. I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on around me, I was too deep in my thoughts. I couldn't see anything but the blurry marble floor of the hospital.

I stared at the floor on my knees for a few minutes before feeling a hand on my shoulder. I looked up at whoever it was and saw the blurry face of one of my sisters. I wiped my eyes and looked up at her again.

"Ei Rusija... Ar tau reikia apkabinimo..? (Hey Russia... Do you need a hug..?)" Lithuania gazed down at me. A tear trickled down but she wiped it away.

Lithuania doesn't really show emotion. My siblings tell me it's been a 'problem' since she was about four, but nothing more. When she does show much emotion it's rare. When she expresses such emotions as crying, she does so quietly, or completely silent.

I didn't question nor was I surprised when I saw her. She cares about Soviet just like I and the rest of my siblings do. It's reasonable that she'd cry.

I nodded and shakingly climbed to my feet. I hugged Lithuania and she hugged me back, holding me in a tight grip to prevent my weak legs from collapsing.

Not even a few seconds pass of the hug and I start bawling again. I hear whimpers from Lithuania but nothing more. Lithuania and I eventually fall to the floor but never let go of each other.

Over the loud sobs of my siblings, I heard multiple footsteps from down the hall. It sounded like whoever was there was running.

I weakly looked up and saw the blurry figures of North Korea, China, Britain, Italy, Japan, and Third Reich. I was confused for a second before remembering that they were Soviet's closest friends, Third was even his boyfriend.

But why was Britain there?

Anyway, they were all sprinting down the hallway. Once they arrived I wiped my face and eyes and shakingly stood up, helping Lithuania up as well. I leaned on a nearby chair to support myself and then finally turned to them. "Что...что ты здесь делаешь..? (What...what a-are you doing here..?)"

They all shared a glance. Italy and Japan looked at Third. Third shrugged and said, "I don't speak a lot of Russian, don't look to me."

Luckily, Uzbekistan was one of three of my siblings that had calmed down enough to have a conversation. He stood up and turned to them. "Russia asked what you're doing here..."

"We heard about Soviet's health and rushed here." Italy explained.

"Nobody sent out a text...did they?" Estonia asked.

The rest of my siblings and I shook our heads. China pulled out his phone and showed us all a text. "UN told us."

Uzbekistan nodded in understanding. UN can sometimes sense when something bad has happened, and to which country. In this case, he knew what happened in Soviet's room.

"I hope you guys don't mind us being here..." Japan murmered.

"We don't mind Jaapan, you are his friends after all." Estonia said, his voice shaking a little.

I could see their expressions properly now. They all wore the same worried expression, but Britian looked more upset than the rest of them. "Вы в порядке, Британия? (You alright Britain?)" I asked.

I was still really upset. My body was shaking and I was still leaning on the chair to not fall down. I was still so upset I couldn't speak English. I understood it, but couldn't speak it.

It's just something that happens when I feel overwhelmed with a certain emotion.

Uzbekistan translated for Britain and Britain nodded. He quickly sat down on a chair and burried his face in his hands. I was wondering why Britain was so worried and upset over Soviet. Dad never talks about him, and I've never seen them hang out together.

North Korea, China, Japan, and Italy all sat down on the floor. I heard China telling North stuff in another language, but I wasn't sure if it was Chinese or Korean. I leaned to the side to get a better look at their faces.

I realized North was crying.

He had kept it relatively quiet, and it was still quiet as I looked at him. China stopped talking and just stared at North in pity. He sighed and pulled North into a hug, holding onto him tightly. North clutched China's clothes and hid his face in his chest.

Third Reich sat with his legs pulled up to his chest, his arms wrapped around them and his head cradled in between. He was visibly shaking and you could hear whimpers coming from him.

Japan and Italy shed a few tears as well, but only a few. Overall,

they were more worried than sad.

"Faresti meglio a non morire da morire, Sovietico." Italy murmered. **(You better not fricking die, Soviet.)**

I didn't know what Italy had said, but I knew it had something to do with Soviet. A few more of my own tears fell down my cheeks but I didn't bother to wipe them away. I sat down in the chair and closed my eyes and layed back, waiting for the doctors to come out and tell us some form of news.

Time skip

I guess I had fallen asleep because I awoke to Turkmenistan shaking me awake. "Wake up Russ." He said. He adjusted his scarf so it partially covered his mouth.

I sat up and yawned. I stood up and looked around. Everyone was in the same positions as before, with the exception of China and North Korea. China was sat on a nearby chair holding onto North, who was sleeping.

I turned to Soviet's door when I heard it open. A doctor walked out with a clipboard in his hands. He saw everyone there and cleared his throat. That got everyone's attention, but North was still asleep.

He turned to me and nodded in my direction. "Russia, correct?"

"Да." I nodded at the same time, unsure if he understood Russian.

He turned to the rest. "And I assume the rest of you are friends and family?"

They nodded.

The doctor sighed. "We'll have to perform some tests to see what happened. But, visiting hours are over, you best be getting home."

I screamed internally. That answer just tells me they don't know what happened and that something is very wrong...

I sighed. "A-alright... Thanks."

The doctor nodded and walked away, calling someone's name asking for medicine. The rest of my siblings and Soviet's friends stood up. Britian sighed and was the first one to walk away. The rest of us followed suit.

Time skip

I lay in my bed at home staring at the roof. My ushanka lay on the bedside table. Some of my siblings had told me that they were gonna stay with me until Dad got better. They had already put their belongings in their respectful rooms, and they had left the house earlier to help Armenia get the last of his things.

I sighed and shook my head. I sat up and put my ushanka back on. I then got off the bed and walked into the hallway.

The house was quiet, unnaturally quiet. I could hear my heart beat in the silence as I made my way to Soviet's room.

I'm not usually bothered by the silence, but that's because I knew Soviet was sleeping, in his office, or somewhere outside and that he'd come back soon. I also really liked it when it was quiet.

But today I wanted to hear Soviet's voice, to hear his footsteps when he walked around, to hear his laugh... Heck, I even wanted to hear him scold me when I do something bad!

I blinked away tears and placed my hand on the doorknob. I twisted the knob and opened the door, stepping inside. I looked around and saw that the room looked the same as when I had last saw it, apart from the blanket on Soviet's bed. It was on the floor.

I picked up the blanket and put it neatly on the bed, making sure it covered every inch and touched the pillows at the top. I adjusted the pillows and then stepped away, examining the bed. Once I came to the conclusion that it looked nice I turned back and looked at the rest of the room.

I sadly smiled looking at everything there. I walked around, making sure everything was in good condition. I eventually opened a drawer that had a picture of my family in it.

I slowly, almost hesitantly, picked it up. My father stood in the middle, the rest of my siblings and I crowded around him. I unknowingly placed my hand on the spot Soviet stood, a bright smile was on his face.

"Venemaa? (Russia?)"

I gasped and whipped around. Estonia stood at the door. I quickly, but carefully, put the picture back and turned to Estonia again. "Эстония! (Estonia) I was... I-I... Um... Well... Estonia I-"

Estonia raised a hand to silent me. "You don't need to explain yourself, Russia."

I sighed and looked at the floor, grabbing one of my arms with the other. "I miss him..." I murmered.

Estonia walked into the room and hugged me. "He'll be okay..."

"How do *you* know that?"

"Please, try to think positively... It might help."

I sighed. "Okay, it's worth a shot."

Estonia grabbed my hand and gently pulled me to the door. "Let's get out of this room, okay?"

I pulled back for a moment, but eventually agreed. I let him pull me out and close the door.

"Who else is here?" I asked Estonia.

"Armenia, Kazakhstan, Belarus, Lithuania, Georgia, Latvia, and Turkmenistan." Estonia said, counting his fingers. "Uzbekistan is thinking about it."

I nodded and started walking to my room. Estonia headed towards the stairs and called to me, "I'll be making dinner, don't miss it!"

"I won't!"

I entered my room and closed the door. I took off my ushanka and set it on my bedside table. I collapsed into bed and fell asleep shortly after.

North Korea POV

I woke up in my bed. I felt arms wrapped around me so I assumed it was China. I gently took his arms off of me and sat up. I looked at my alarm clock to see the time-

2:55 AM?!

I never wake up this early! Let alone on a school day!

I internally screamed at myself in frustration and lied back down. When I found that I couldn't sleep I got up and left the room.

I was planning on getting some water and then head back to bed. But I stopped when I saw the hallway.

It was really, really, *really,* dark. I could barely see the stairs to my left. I went back inside my room and grabbed my phone. I turned it to flashlight and stepped into the hallway.

Now that I had some light, I wasn't really that scared.

I uh...lied...

I was still terrified.

I nervously stepped into the hallway. I was trying to prevent myself from shaking from fear. The light helped me see, but also cast scary shadows. That did worse for my fear.

I took a deep breath and crept down the stairs. I didn't want to wake China up. Once I reached the bottom, I flashed the light around the room. I recognized the hallway that led to the kitchen and went down it.

I had finally reached the kitchen. I realized I had been holding my breath when I felt like my chest was gonna burst. I let out a sigh.

I reached my hand out to turn the light on. When I reached the switch, I flicked it upwards. The light didn't turn on. I flicked it a couple more times.

I let out an annoyed and angry growl. I went to the cupboard and grabbed a cup. I was walking over to the sink when I heard footsteps.

I froze. The footsteps sounded like they were walking around the living room. I quickly turned my phone's flashlight off and cowered in a corner.

Now that I think about it, I should have left the kitchen...

Before I could get up and leave though, I heard the footsteps coming toward the kitchen's direction.

'Oh great! Now I'm gonna die!' I thought sarcastically. I was actually terrified to be honest.

The footsteps stopped at the entrance of the kitchen. I covered my mouth before I gasped. I looked around and noticed I was close to the knives I had. I quietly grabbed one and then went back to the corner, but I was standing now.

I saw what looked like a flashlight's light flash in. I knew whoever it was was gonna come inside now. I crept to the entrance and gripped the knife I had harder.

The person entered and I raised my knife to stab their back. Just as

I was about to swing my gut told me not to last second. I stopped and examined the clothes. They were familiar.

"China?"

China turned around and saw me. "There you are!"

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for you, of course."

"농담 해? I almost stabbed you! (Are you kidding me?)"

China chuckled. "I see," he said, pointing to the knife in my hand.

I lowered the knife and sighed. "You scared me, I thought someone broke in!"

"I didn't want to, but that backfired, didn't it?"

"Yeah, it did."

China laughed. With the help of his flashlight I managed to put the knife back. I then went and grabbed his hand.

He chuckled again. "This is why I came looking for you."

I sighed. "China, the lights won't turn on."

"Yeah, I know. I called Taiwan and he said there was a blackout."

"Really?"

"Apparently."

"It's two in the fricking morning!" I muttered a curse word after.

China widened his eyes. "I didn't think you even cursed, or knew how."

I sighed. "I only curse when I'm really upset."

China nodded. He looked towards the counter. "Were you getting

water?"

Oh, right. I had completely forgotten about that. I nodded. "Yeah, but I'm not thirsty anymore."

China led me back to the stairs and to my room. I looked at my alarm clock and saw it was off. I was confused. "My alarm clock was on before I left."

"The blackout probably happened shortly after you left."

We got back into bed. China pulled me close to him, and I didn't mind. The closer the better, I was still scared. China kissed my forehead. "Goodnight Northy."

"Goodnight China." I yawned.

We fell asleep not long afterwards.

Time skip

BEEP BEEP BEEP "SHEEP!"

Wait, what?

I turned my alarm clock off and rubbed my eye. I walked to the window and saw South leaning out of his window. "That alarm clock is so loud North, turn it down!" He shouted to me.

"Now you know how I feel about your K-Pop!" I shouted back.

"That's different!"

"How?!"

"It just is!"

"South you are-"

"North, stop yelling."

I turned around and looked at the bed. China was sitting up, rubbing his eyes. "Please? I gotta call Taiwan in a second."

"North? What were you gonna say?" South called from his house.

I turned back to him. I stuck my tongue out at him.

"*Very* mature, North."

I rolled my eye and closed the window. I walked to China, who had gotten his phone and was preparing to call Taiwan.

His phone rung only once before Taiwan picked up. "Nǐ hǎo?" **(Hello?)**

"Jiù xiàng nǐ wèn de yīyàng, wǒ zài nàlǐ dǎle diànhuà." **(There, I called, just like you asked.)**

"Zhōngguó, nín zhēn de xūyào jiānchí zìjǐ de tàidù. Yǒu yītiān wǒ huì qiǎnggòu." **(China, you really need to work on your attitude. Some day I'll snap.)**

China rolled his eyes. "Shì de, shì de wǒ xiǎng zài xuéxiào jiàn." **(Yeah, yeah, whatever. See you at school I guess.)**

"Zàijiàn xiǎo xiōngdì." **(Bye little bro)**

"Zàijiàn." **(Bye.)**

China hung up. I grabbed my clothes for school; a grey long sleeved shirt and black pants. China saw me pick out the clothing and he sighed. I turned to him. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"You always wear grey and black and...well, just dark colors. Can't you try wearing something a bit more...colorful?"

I thought about it. It would seem nice, but then I thought of Panama and the rest of the countries. They'll make fun of me.

I shook my head. "I don't wanna draw attention."

"Alright..."

"However..."

China looked at me. I smiled. "I can wear more colorful clothes

when I'm alone with or without you. If that's okay?"

China nodded. "Sounds good. I'm not trying to pressure you or anything."

I nodded. I walked to the bathroom and changed my clothes. I came out and set my pajamas on the bed neatly. I looked at China and noticed his clothes were changed too.

"How-how did you change so fast?" I asked him.

China shrugged. "Taiwan and I used to have little tournaments of who could get dressed the fastest. Could be that."

I stopped gawking and went downstairs. Once I reached the kitchen I asked China, "What do you want to eat?"

"You have any cereal?"

"Yup."

We both prepared our cereal bowls. We watched TV as we ate and eventually I switched to the news channel. The reporter wasn't talking about anything interesting, and I was about to switch channels before China stopped me. "This might be interesting." He said.

I shrugged and looked at the TV. The reporter started talking about a fire.

"An apartment building was set on fire last night at 12 o'clock pm, there were no survivors."

I stopped eating my cereal. The reporter talked about how no one knows who it was set on fire, but there was a security camera. The footage showed a person in a dark coat and pants. We saw them pull out a match and lighter. They lit the match and lit the building on fire, and then ran. The footage was too dark to tell what their skin was, and there's a high chance that they were wearing gloves.

China turned the TV off. I shivered. "Creepy..." I murmered.

China silently nodded and took our bowls. He walked down the hallway that led to the kitchen and disappeared there. I got up and pulled my shoes on, and then grabbed my backpack.

China walked back in and pulled his shoes and backpack on as well. We walked out the door and to school. China held my hand the whole way.

When we reached the school I was surprised to see South and America there already. America always wakes up at the latest time possible, why is he here at 7:15?

South looked and ran to me. He hugged me so tight I thought I would die from suffocation. He pulled away and looked me in the eye, his expression anxious. "North, did you watch the news today?" He asked.

I was confused on why he asked that but nodded anyway. He took a deep breath. "I-I recognized the person who set the building on fire."

"What?" The word just came out. Not like I *wanted* to talk or anything...ha...

"I don't know who it is, I just recognized the clothes they wore. You see, Ame and I were followed by that exact person the other day."

I didn't say anything. China put a hand on my shoulder. "Did you catch a glimpse of their face?" He asked them.

South shook his head. America walked up to us. "I didn't either. But Moldova was there, she let us in her house when we told her what happened."

China shared a glance with me. I grabbed his hand. "Well, you guys can sort it out yourselves." I said, pulling China away.

South and America stared after us as we entered the school. China forced his hand out of my grip and got in front of me. "North, what the heck was that?! They were asking for help."

"They can do it themselves. Besides, I hate both of them."

"North, put your hatred aside for one moment! We're talking about a person who set an entire building on fire and killed *everyone* inside! They followed *your* brother, and who knows what could have happened if Moldova hadn't been there?!"

I didn't reply. I stared up at China. His expression was angry. I looked at the ground and didn't say anything.

China sighed. "North, I'm sorry for yelling at you..." He pulled me into a hug. "But you need to take this seriously. Whoever this person is has the intent to hurt or kill a lot of people. They seem to have targeted your brother and..."

There was a pause. "I'm just stressed... This person has got me on edge and I don't want them hurting you."

China tightened his grip on me. I hugged him back. Tears threatened to fall from my eye but I blinked them away. I sighed. "O-Okay China... I'll take it seriously..."

"Good."

We pulled away and I looked at the entrance. Part of me wanted to go out and apologize to South, and say that we'd help him. The other part said to just carry on with my day, I'll get to it eventually.

I shook my head and took a deep breath. I was about to walk to the doors when America shoved them open and stomped towards me.

South Korea POV

When North Korea and China went inside America turned to me, frowning. "I *told* you that it wouldn't work, North Korea is a heartless bastard!"

"North isn't a heartless bastard," I turned to him. "He loves China, right? That alone proves that he *has* one! Besides, we'll try again later."

"Nuh uh, there is *no way* I am talking to the guy again, unless it's a argument!"

"America!"

"What?! It's true! He doesn't care about anyone but himself! He could be using China for his own needs!"

"America that is enough! North wouldn't *us*e anyone for anything! If he doesn't like them then he won't approach them."

I think America rolled his eyes. It's really hard, almost impossible, to tell whether his eyes do anything behind those shades of his. He had gotten them a while ago, but I guess he forgot about them for a while. America turned the building and muttered, "I wake up at 6 o'clock and the dumb plan doesn't even work."

I resisted slapping the back of Ame's head. "It *will* work! North is just...difficult."

"You mean impossible to deal with, a bastard, a nuke obsessed freak, a-"

"America, stop!"

America whipped his head back to me. He growled something I couldn't hear and then ran to the school. I knew he was going after North so I chased him. "America!"

Then America walked into the building. "America, stop!" I shouted. I walked into the building as well, trying to pull America back.

America shook me off of him and walked to North. His expression was furious. He was about to yell something at North when I covered his mouth. "Ame, calm down! Do you want me to call Australia?"

America stopped and defeatingly stared at the ground. Australia doesn't like it when Ame picks fights.

But that isn't the worst part.

Australia's form of discipline is leaving whoever it is in a cage with all of his biggest insects and reptiles for an hour. When they get out they have to say what they've done wrong, and that they are really

sorry and won't do it again. However, if Australia doesn't hear what he wants to hear (or isn't satisfied), then he'll push you back inside and lock you in there for *two more hours.*

America has already been in the cage ten times, and he told me he's terrified of what Aussie will do to him if he gets in trouble with him an eleventh time.

I uncovered his mouth and let go of him. I turned to my brother. He and China had confused looks on their faces. I chuckled. "Sorry about that," my expression turned worryful **(is that a word?)**. "But please, we need your help. You don't have to do much, just tell everyone what's going on or something."

North sighed. "Fine, we'll...help..."

China smiled faintly. "We'll tell everyone what's going on."

I was about to say something when America's phone rang. He answered it.

"Hello?"

"Ame?"

"Oh, hey Dad. What do you need?"

"Where are you? You're brothers can't find you."

"I'm at school."

We could hear confused British noises.

"America? You? At school before 7:30?"

America did a rolling eye motion with his head. "I know, surprising. South wanted to meet up with me for something."

"At school before 7:30?!"

"Yes, Dad, at school before 7:30."

"But- I- *WHAT?!"*

"Okay. Bye."

"I AM CONFUSED-"

America hung up. He put his phone away. North was whispering something to China, and no matter how hard I tried to hear what they were saying I couldn't.

Of course, America butts his head into everything. "Whatcha talkin' about?" He asked, very loudly.

North glared at him. "Nothing that concerns *you."*

America's eyebrows did a frown but a smile remained on his face. "Oh, I'm sure it does." He said through gritted teeth.

"No, it doesn't."

America clenched his hands into fists. No one saw but me. "Yes it does, North. If you were talking about me I'd like to know."

North rolled his eye. "Yeah, yeah, fat boy."

China facepalmed.

America was shaking in anger. "Uh...guys?" I didn't want a fight to happen. It wouldn't end well.

"I'm not fat!" America shouted.

North crossed his arms and focused his weight onto one leg. He raised a brow, smirking. "Wanna bet?"

"Shut up North!"

"Oh, am I hurting the fat American's feelings? Do you need your McDonalds to cope with life?" North mocked.

China frowned. "North, stop."

North glanced at China. When he turned back to America he would've recieved a slap if not for me holding Ame's arm back. That didn't stop America from yelling profanities at North, though.

When he finished yelling the profanities he practically screamed, "No wonder every country fricking hates you! I don't know why China loves you, I don't know why South and Canada care about you, I don't know why *anyone* cares about you! You're just a heartless bastard! You don't care about *anyone!* No one! You just care about yourself! You know what, you deserve to get bullied!"

When America finished he quickly covered his mouth and I think his eyes widened.

But the damage was already done.

North didn't bother to hide his tears or wipe them away. They streamed down his cheek. He took a shaky step back. China tried to grab him but failed, North sprinted down the hallway in the opposite direction.

China glared at America. "Nice job! Why don't you keep your mouth shut next time you stupid American!?"

China sprinted after North. America uncovered his mouth and looked at me. I was staring at the ground. He reached a hand to me. "South, I-"

I smacked his hand away and scowled at him. "You promised to not say anything bad about North! Don't you have any clue how those words hurt him?!"

America looked at the ground as I continued. "He's going through a lot! Why can't you be nicer?! I thought you cared!"

"It's hard..."

I snorted. "I'm going to homeroom."

"South, please I-"

"Don't talk to me, liar."

I walked down the hallway, ignoring America's pleas of forgiveness and whatever excuse he came up with. I eventually blocked him out.

When I reached my homeroom I sat down at my desk. I looked at North's desk and sighed.

Hopefully China can calm him down.

China POV

I sprinted after North Korea. I was surprised by how fast he was for his size. Of course, I was still faster than him, but I wanted to see where he'd go.

My efforts were tiring.

I followed him up *six flights* of stairs and onto the roof. I wasn't panting but I sure was tired. I stopped at the doorway and saw North run halfway across before falling to his knees and sobbing into his hands.

I sighed. I jogged to him and sat beside him. His sobbing seemed to get worse over time. I pulled him into my lap and hugged him tightly. He clutched my shirt and cried into my chest.

I started to say soothing things to him. After a while he started making convulsive gasps in an attempt to stop crying. The convulsive gasps slowly turned into deep, shaky breaths. North cuddled closer to me. In response, I held onto him tighter.

I guess I had forgotten about my surroundings because when I felt a hand on my shoulder I jumped. I looked up and saw UN, NATO, and EU. They were looking at North in sympathy. NATO and UN sat in front of me and looked at North. EU had put his hand on my shoulder. "What happened?" He asked me.

I looked at North. He looked up at me with a red, puffy eye. I mean, his eye color was already red but you get what I mean. My heart hurt looking at him.

"America." I said, a tint of anger in my voice.

EU sighed. "Obviously... UN, come. We're gonna talk to America."

UN nodded. He stood up and followed EU inside. NATO remained.

He sighed. "I better follow them. See ya, China."

I nodded and he got up. He ran inside after UN and EU. North sighed. He looked up at me with a glistening eye. "Y-You do love me...r-right..?"

I kissed his head softly. "Of course I do," I rubbed his back. "Don't listen to what that dumb American says, you'll always be the one I love."

North smiled. He sat up and gave me a peck on the lips. I smiled warmly at him at kissed him. He wrapped his arms around my neck and kissed back.

We sat like that for ten seconds before pulling apart. North leaned onto my chest. "I love you."

"I love you too, Northy."

Taiwan POV

You must be very confused.

I ran around the halls of the school. I was looking for China. He had called me in the morning like I told him to but now I couldn't find him.

'He better not be skipping school.' I thought as I checked the tenth bathroom.

I swear, if he was I'm gonna beat his butt. When I walked out the bathroom I saw Belarus walking down the hallway. I was about to approach her and ask if she's seen China, but I stopped myself.

She looked really stressed and I didn't want to put my problems onto her. And knowing Belarus, she'd help find China even if I rejected the offer. I sighed and turned away from her. I remembered what China had told me last night before he went to bed about Soviet. I personally didn't like Soviet but China is one of his friends, so I could only listen as China told me about his condition.

I shook my head and sprinted down the hallway. I was coming up

to another bathroom but I didn't realize someone was in front of me and I crashed into them.

We tumbled to the floor. I groaned and sat up. I turned to see who I knocked over, and it was Poland.

"Agh..." He muttered, rubbing his head.

"I'm really sorry for crashing into you like that." I got up and offered Poland a hand.

He looked up at me and took it. I pulled him to his feet and he dusted himself off. "Thanks." He said.

"No problem."

"Hey, I've never seen you around before. Are you new?"

I laughed. "No, I'm not new. I'm China's older brother, Taiwan."

"Taiwan? I've never heard of a country named Taiwan."

I shrugged. "Not a lot of people know me."

"Oh, that must be horrible. Countries thinking you're not one of them when you are."

"I'm used to it, it doesn't bother me that much. But it's really funny to see their reactions when I tell them the truth."

Poland squinted. He seemed to be examining my flag. I held still so he could. He stopped squinting and raised a brow. "Your flag is China's old Flag before the Chinese civil war, what happened?"

My smile dwindled. I stared at Poland. I didn't turn away from him but my eyes darted away. "We don't talk about that."

Poland nodded in understanding. "Well, it's nice to meet you, Taiwan."

My smile returned. "Nice to meet you too, Poland."

"You know me?"

"Everyone knows you."

"Oh, ha. True."

"See ya-"

"Wait, why were you in such a rush anyway?"

I turned back to Poland. I was confused for a moment but then I remembered. "I was looking for China. Do you happen to know where he is?"

Poland shook his head. "Nope. But now that I think about it, I haven't seen North Korea either. He could be with him."

"Of course..." I muttered under my breath. I plastered a fake smile on my face and said louder, "Alright, thanks Poland."

"I'm not sure if I was much help but...you're welcome!"

I walked away. I frowned. Of course China would be with that Korean, why wouldn't he be?

I scoffed as I continued looking for my younger brother. I still couldn't find him and it was almost class time. I turned around and started walking to class.

Should I put a rule for how long he can hang out with someone?

I shook my head. No Tai, you'll be too controlling. You want the best for China, not for him to be your puppet.

I remained in my thoughts as I walked to class.

Britain POV

I was waiting for France and the rest of my kids at the entrance to the school. I was leaning on one of the two pillars. I glanced to my right and saw Ireland talking with a few other countries. He glanced at me and glared, though he quickly turned back around.

I sighed. We'll never get along, will we? I looked around for France.

I saw her in the distance with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. She waved to me and I waved back.

"Hey Anh."

I looked down to see Vietnam standing there. He smiled at me. I returned the smile. "Ah, sorry there chap, I don't speak Vietnamese. But hello to you."

Vietnam chuckled. "Anh is Britain in Vietnamese."

"Oh.." I felt my cheeks heat up in embarrassment while Vietnam laughed.

"Don't be embarrassed Britain, of course you wouldn't speak Vietnamese." Vietnam stated when he was done.

I shrugged. "I've been made fun of in the past for only speaking one language."

"Really?"

I nodded. "I don't anymore but I sometimes think about it..."

"Well...have you thought about learning another language?"

I shrugged. "Sometimes."

I turned in the direction of France when I heard screaming. Australia was holding a gigantic spider and was trying to shove it into Canada's face. France stepped between them and told Australia to put the spider down or she'll kill it. Australia quickly set it on the ground and it scampered away.

"Is...that a normal day for you?" Vietnam asked me.

I nodded. "Bye Vietnam."

"Bye Britain."

Vietnam walked away as France walked towards me. "Hey La Grande-Bretagne **(Britain)**! Why were you talking to Vietnam?"

"He wanted to talk. What happened to Aussie's spider?"

France shrugged. "It ran off."

Australia, New Zealand, and Canada walked by and immediately split to hang with their friend groups. I looked around but I couldn't see America. "France, where is America?"

France looked around as well. "I don't know, do you want to look for him mon amour (my love)?"

I nodded.

We started looking for America around the front pillars of the school, then we searched the field(?) that us countries were in. When we still couldn't find him we turned to other countries.

"Nope, haven't seen him."

"I would hear him before I see him; but no, I don't know where he is."

"Nope, sorry."

"No, hope you find him."

"Sorry, but I haven't seen him."

"I haven't seen him, sorry."

"No, I haven't seen him nor do I care. Now scram you mistake!"

That last one was from Ireland. But overall, no country had seen America, not even Third Reich! I met back up with France at the entrance of the school.

"Any luck?" France asked me.

I shook my head. "No one has seen him, you?"

"I didn't get far either. Perhaps he's in the school?"

I nodded. I opened the doors and held them open for France. Before

she walked in though, she turned back around, cupped her hands around her mouth, and shouted, "Ireland! Insult mon amour again and your head will be on a pike!"

Countries glanced at her and Ireland stared wide-eyed. France turned back around and walked inside like nothing happened. I quickly followed her in because I didn't want Ireland attacking me.

It's happened before, don't ask.

France and I walked around the school calling for America. He didn't even come running when I shouted that I'd let him eat McDonalds whenever he wanted.

France and I were starting to lose hope. We were about to turn back around when I heard a sniffle. I grabbed France's arm. "Do you hear that?" I whispered.

France went silent. Another sniffle. She nodded and we turned to where it came from. The Janitors closet stood there, and the sniffling seemed to be coming from inside.

"We'll both go in, okay?" I whispered.

France nodded and we opened the door. America sat curled up against the wall; his knees pulled up to his chest with his arms wrapped around them, and his head was in his knees and his shades were sitting next to him.

He looked up as soon as we entered. He stared at us for a few moments. Tears fell down his cheeks.

America quickly wiped the tears away and turned away from us. "Wh-what do you want..?"

France and I hurried to America's side. "Amèrique! Are you okay?"

America glared at us. "Go away! I'm fine!"

"America please-"

America pushed me away with a lot of force. I stumbled back and

fell down. I groaned as I sat up. France and America stared at me. "Are you okay mon amour?" France asked me, leaving America and coming to my side.

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine love."

France and I looked at America. He stared at us wide-eyed. "I-I'm s-sorry I..."

France helped me up. We walked to America. He was starting to cry again. "I-It's just- I... I-I didn't..."

France and I hugged America. He started sobbing again but we didn't let go.

After a while of listening to Ame cry, he stopped and gently pushed us off. "I-I'm okay now." He sniffled, wiping his tears away.

"What happened, America?" I asked.

America was silent for a few moments. He sighed. "South and I got into a fight..."

"Pourquoi?" (Why?)

America took a deep breath. "So...South wanted to talk to me about something that happened a few days ago. He wanted to tell North Korea and China in hopes that they'd help. They agreed but North and I started...arguing. I said something really mean that made North run off and South got mad at me because of it. I had promised him I wouldn't say anything bad about North and I broke that promise..."

America covered his face with his hands. "He probably doesn't want to be my friend anymore..."

France sighed. "America, darling, I'm sure South still wants to be your friend. Friends have arguments, though some bigger than others. In the end they always make up."

America nodded and smiled. "Thank you Mom, Dad."

France and I nodded. America put his shades back on and France and I helped him up. "Now let's get out of this closet, it smells like mold."

France and America laughed at my mold comment. We left the janitors closet and closed the door. America decided to go and find Russia, and he said goodbye to us.

"I better go get my books for class, au revoir mon amour." (Goodbye my love) France kissed my cheek and walked away.

"Bye love!" I called after her.

I turned to head toward my locker but stopped. Ireland stood in front of me with his arms crossed. "Hello jerk, where is Northern Ireland?"

He frowned at me. "Northern Ireland, your brother?" I asked.

I mentally slapped myself. Of course it's *that* Northern Ireland there is no other Northern Ireland! I'm such a dunderhead.

Ireland scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Yes, *that* Northern Ireland. What other Northern Ireland is there?! Just tell me where he is you botún fricking!" **(Fricking mistake)**

I didn't know what he said at the end so I ignored it. I shrugged. "Don't know, he could be in class though."

Ireland growled. He then slapped me and stomped away. I held the cheek he slapped. It burned. Surprisingly enough, I thought he'd do more.

I turned away and saw France running towards me. She stopped in front of me and checked if I was okay, then she sprinted after Ireland.

I watched as France beat up Ireland.

After a few minutes, she said, "You're really fricking lucky, you know that? I suggest you heed my warning from before."

"Frick off..." Ireland murmered.

France turned around and walked back to me. My cheek was still stinging from the slap. She removed my hand from it and kissed it. "Let's get to class now l'amour. (Love)"

I nodded. France and I then split up to go to our lockers.

So I was eating breakfast today and my egg looked like Australia-

17

Reading your comments from Chapter 16 is just like-

wheeeze-

I'm really surprised but at the same time...what? Happy? That you guys are putting really funny comments despite the really depressing situation.

I love you all.

North Korea POV

China and I were walking to homeroom. I had begged him for us to not go but he insisted. He also told me that Taiwan would beat his butt if he found out he skipped homeroom, or any type of class.

I was still reluctant to go to class. China had wiped away my tears but I was afraid if tear stains were there. I turned to China and asked, "Is there anything hinting that I was crying?"

China cupped my face in his hands and shook his head. "No, nothing at all. Wait...there *is* something."

"What is it?"

China brought my face closer to his and kissed me. "A kiss." He smirked.

I playfully frowned. "You idiot."

China chuckled. He proceeded to kiss every part of my face. "Chinnaaaaa stahhhhhppppp!" I giggled and tried pushing him off.

China laughed and pulled me into a hug. We laughed for a bit in

the hug.

Then the late bell for homeroom rang.

Our eyes widened. We shared a glance and then sprinted to homeroom. And by we sprinted to homeroom I mean China practically dragged me because he's way faster.

We were panting by the time we reached it. We took a few deep breaths and then China opened the door. Every student in the class looked at us. Ms. Applebloom looked at us.

China and I stared at her. We were waiting for the question of "Why are you late?". But surprisingly it never came. Ms. Applebloom motioned for us to sit down. "I'm not gonna count it against your grades, I'm just glad you're here. I don't care why you were late."

I breathed a silent sigh of relief and followed China inside. We walked to our desks and sat down. Countries quickly started talking amongst themselves again.

South leaned over to me. "Hey, I know you don't like talking to me but...are you okay?"

I slightly nodded. No point in being rude and dismissing it when he *saw* my cry and run off. "Just don't talk about it.."

South nodded. He looked at Ms. Applebloom. She was on her phone and wasn't paying any attention to the countries.

He turned and pulled something out of his jacket pocket. He set it on my desk. It was a gift. "You can look at it later, just please...take it."

The gift was a small box, so small you could fit in your pocket, but it was still big enough for you to notice it. It had a tiny version of my flag on it, and apart from my flag, the box was white and had a orange ribbon wrapped around it.

I felt a few countries looking at me. It was still loud in the classroom though. I overheard Australia say something to Greece. "Guaranteed he'll throw it out when he getz the chance, am I right?"

To be completely honest, I was sorta, maybe, a little bit, the tiniest bit, planning on it. But a big part of me was curious.

And...at the same time...wanted it?

I was really confused now. I never liked anything South gave me. I always got rid of it or put it somewhere so I would never see it again. I never cared if it hurt his feelings.

Then, why do I want it now?

I stared at the gift for a few seconds. "Please North, please take it. You can throw it out anytime you want, just please look at it when you get home." South begged me.

Every country was looking at us now. I looked up at South, preparing myself to say no, but I stopped myself. South's eyes were glistening, preparing themselves to shed some tears. His hands were on his desk and they were clenched into fists.

"Please North..."

I glanced at South and the gift a few times. I took it and held it close. "Fine." I muttered.

"감사합니다. (Thank you)" South nodded, smiling. He turned back around and started writing on a piece of paper he pulled out.

Countries stopped focusing on me but I continued to stare at the gift. What could be inside that South would *beg* me to keep? Something that'll make him want to cry in the process of convincing me?

I looked over at China and we made eye contact. "안에 무엇이 있을까요? (What could be inside?)" China asked.

I shrugged. "집에 도착할 때까지 보지 말아야합니다. 원한다면 나와 함께 갈 수있어. (I'm not supposed to look at it until I get home. You can come with me if you want.)"

"아니. (No.)" South said, firmly. He almost sounded like he was angry.

China and I looked at him. He looked at us. "북쪽 만이 볼 수 있습니다. 중요합니다. (Only North can see it. It...it's important.)"

China and I shared a confused glance but said nothing. I put the gift in my pocket. The rest of our time in that room was pretty awkward to say the least. China and I had a small conversation that didn't last long, and we all know I don't talk to anyone else in that class.

Once the bell that dismissed the homeroom class rang, I sped out of there. China followed close behind and I felt like South was watching me as I left. I went to my locker and grabbed my books for class, China did the same.

"That was weird." China said, grabbing his science book.

"Yeah." I grabbed my social studies book. "It was really weird."

We didn't say much. We walked to our designated classrooms (which are across the hall from each other wtf) in silence.

We saw our classrooms and were about to split to head inside. China quickly kissed my cheek and walked away. I walked into my classroom and found my desk.

When I sat down more countries came inside. They were all being really loud, yelling about whatever to their friends. I covered my (nonexistent) ears.

When they all were settled in their seats the teacher raised her hand. The class went silent and I let my hands down. The teacher sighed. "Alright class, I have a headache so we won't do a lesson today. Do whatever at your desk. Also, I might not be able to hear you that well, so if you're calling me and it seems like I'm ignoring you, I'm not, I just can't hear you because of the ringing in my ears. Tap my shoulder if you need anything."

As soon as she finished, the countries in the room started chatting away. I pulled out the gift South gave me and looked at it. I wanted to open it so bad, what was inside it that was so important?

I was about to put it back in my pocket when someone grabbed it away from me. Startled, I looked up and saw Netherlands standing

over me, holding the gift in his hand.

"What's this? A gift? Who is it for? Or did someone give it to you?" He asked, examining it. A smile was on his face.

I growled. "Give it back, Netherlands. Who gave it to me is none of your buisness."

Netherlands smiled faltered. "Jeez dude, I was just wondering. No need to be so rude."

He was about to give tbe gift back but a country stood up and walked to him.

Fricking Sweden.

I almost cursed under my breath. Sweden looked at Netherlands and then the gift. "Actually, I have a better idea Netherlands. Why don't you give it to me?"

"But it's North Korea's gift, someone gave it to him. Therefore the gift belongs to him." Netherlands said, looking confused.

I quickly groped for the gift. "Give it to me, Netherlands."

Netherlands was about to give it back to me but Sweden blocked him. "You don't seem to understand Netherlands, I was the one who gave him the gift. I realized the thing I wanted inside isn't in there."

Netherlands no longer looked confused. "Oh! That makes sense. Here you go."

Before I could say anything Netherlands gave Sweden the gift. Sweden did an evil smirk for a split second. "Thanks man! North, I'll give this to you later, alright?"

My mouth hung open. "I-I.."

"Oh, don't worry. I'll give it to you tomorrow when the correct thing is inside. Don't miss it too much, okay?"

Sweden laughed and went back to his seat. Netherlands placed a

hand on my shoulder with a smile. "You'll have it back in no time, don't worry!"

Tears threatened to pour from my eye. "Sweden didn't give me the gift..." I murmered.

"Huh?"

I looked up at him, a single tear falling down. "Sweden didn't give me the gift, South Korea did!"

Netherlands gasped. "Oh... Hold on."

He walked over to Sweden. He and Sweden started talking. When Netherlands reached for the gift Sweden turned hostile and smacked his hand away. Netherlands basically had to wrestle the gift out of Sweden's hands.

Netherlands walked back over, holding the gift protectively. He gave it back to me. "There you go, sorry I gave it to Sweden. I didn't know."

I sighed, holding the gift to my chest. "It's alright...and...thanks."

Netherlands looked shocked for a moment. Understandable because I have a reputation for not saying thank you to people.

He gently smacked his cheeks. "You're welcome."

He walked back to his desk. It was then that I realized countries were staring at me. I looked around and they all sat wide-eyed with their mouths agape.

I felt awkward and slouched down in my desk, desperately waiting for the bell to ring.

Time skip

I was waiting for China by my locker. It was lunchtime now and I was holding my lunchbox. I saw him walking over to me and waved. I waved back, smiling. I noticed someone behind him and cocked my head to the side.

When China was in hearing range I asked, "Who is that?"

China looked confused for a second but then he figured it out. "Oh! The person behind me?"

I nodded. China stepped aside. "You've met each other already."

Netherlands stood there. "Hey North, I hope you don't mind that I told China what happened during history."

I shrugged. "Eh, it's whatever. But what are you doing here?"

"I uh..." Netherlands stuttered. "Jezus, hoe zeg ik dit?" **(Jeez how do I say this?)**

"Lǎoxiōng, wǒmen bù huì shuō hélán yǔ." **(We don't speak Dutch, dude.)** China said.

Netherlands looked at China in confusion. China raised a brow. "Oh!" Netherlands shouted. "Sorry. I uh, I want to eat lunch with you."

My eyes widened. "응? (Huh?)"

"What did you say?" Netherlands asked.

"I said huh, but anyway. No one wants to sit with us. Actually, people like sitting with China it's just me they avoid."

Netherlands shrugged. "My friends have been saying mean things about you lately, I don't like that kind of stuff. You're actually pretty nice."

I looked at the ground. "Of course..." I muttered.

China hugged me. I hugged back and closed my eye.

"Awh!" Netherlands squealed.

China and I pulled away. "Let's go to lunch now." I said.

Time skip

As we walked to our table I noticed South Korea was already sitting there. I still went over nonetheless, the other tables were crowded with countries, heck no.

I walked over and stood looking at South. He turned to me. "이봐 노스! (Hey North!)"

"왜 여기 앉아? (Why are you sitting here?)" I asked, my eye narrowing.

South frowned. "Ame and I got into a fight. I don't want anything to do with him right now."

I shrugged and sat beside China. South scooted closer to me and Netherlands sat in front of us. "I reckon other countries might sit here, like Iran, Indonesia, them." South said, opening his lunchbox.

I nodded. I tried to ignore South but I found I couldn't. This is strange because I am really good at ignoring people, especially South. I tried multiple times but failed each time. I found myself turned to him, listening to what he was saying.

"I'm not sure how long I'm gonna be mad at America. He promised! He fricking *promised* that he wouldn't say anything mean about you! And what does he do? Say all that stuff to your face. I should change the subject before I start screaming.

"You know those chocolate pies that I always make? I ran out of the ingredients to make them yesterday, and when I went to the store to get some more the store was freaking closed. Like come on!

"I've actually been working on something for quite a while now, and I'm almost done with it. I feel like I'm missing something though.

"I want to listen to BLACKPINK a lot more. I barely listen to them. It's shame because I like a lot of their songs. Who am I kidding I like all K-Pop. You know what's funny? North, you remind me of Jisoo. Remember when we used to sing together? You sound like Jisoo.

"Oh look! Iran and Indonesia are coming."

I was honestly surprised when South stopped talking. I thought he'd

go on forever. But sure enough, Iran and Indonesia were walking toward us.

South tapped my shoulder. I turned to him. "으르렁 거려서 미안해, 내가 고른 것... 누군가... (Sorry for rambling, it's something I picked up from...someone...)"

I nodded and turned back to Iran and Indonesia. They had reached us now. "Hey, I'm gonna go hang out with Philippines and Malaysia, sampai jumpa." **(See ya)** Indonesia said.

We all nodded and he left. "Philip! Malay!"

Iran sat down. "So how you guys doing?"

"Mooi zo." **(Good)**

"Hǎo." **(Good)**

"좋은. (Good.)"

"좋은. (Good.)"

Iran looked at all of us in confusion. "Excuse me, what?"

Netherlands laughed. "I said good."

"I said good as well." China replied.

South responded for both me and him. "North and I both said good, too."

Iran stared at South. "Why is he here?"

"He got into a fight with America. Doesn't want anything to do with him as of right now."

Iran beamed. "Great! Another country that hates America!"

South stared at him. "Dude, I'm mad at him, I don't hate him."

Iran looked disappointed. He sighed and set his elbow on the table. He rested his face in his hand. "خجالت آوره. ما می توانستیم کاری بکنیم تا

."از آن گنگ آمریکایی انتقام بگیریم **(That's a shame. We could've done something to get revenge on that dumb American.)**

Google translate doesn't have the pronunciation waahhhh...

We all stared at Iran, confused. He rolled his eyes. "It doesn't matter what I said."

"You asked about our day so...how is your day?" Netherlands asked.

"Bad. That dumb Iraqi bumped into me in the hallway. I dropped all my books. He wanted to help me pick them up but I'm not letting an Iraqi touch *my* stuff. He got upset when I pushed him away and ran off. I swear he-"

I tuned Iran out as he ranted about Iraq and probably America. South leaned over and whispered to me. "언제 멈출 것 같아요? (When do you think he'll stop?)"

I shrugged. I was so confused on why I wasn't annoyed with South being there, let alone constantly talking to me.

I was ripped from my thoughts when I saw China getting up. I grabbed his hand. "아기 (Babe) where are you going?"

China smiled at me. "I'm gonna talk to Taiwan."

"I thought you guys didn't like each other?"

China shrugged. "Ever since he announced...that...we've been getting along a little better."

I gripped his hand harder. China sighed. "Relax North, I'll...be right back."

I let go of his hand and he walked away towards Taiwan's table. I turned back and saw Iran talking to Netherlands. I guess Iran was speaking Persian because Netherlands had a really confused look on his face. He glanced at me.

"Hey uh, Iran? Maybe you should chill." South Korea suggested.

Iran stopped talking. He seemed to be reflecting on himself when he sighed. "Yeah, maybe I should. Sorry about ranting to you guys, especially you Netherlands."

"Oh, it's fine! I have no idea what you said anyway."

We all laughed. Iran looked around. "Hey-where's China?"

"He went to talk to his brother."

"Wait wha- China's willingly talking to his brother?" South asked.

"Yeah. He said they're getting along a lot better ever since *that* happened."

They nodded. Netherlands, South, and Iran started talking while I remained silent, eating my food. We sat like this for two minutes until China came back. He sat down and wrapped his arm around my waist.

We all started talking now. Nothing important, just random things that came to our heads.

Time skip

It was the end of the school day. I was waiting for China at the entrance of the school. I was on my phone and heard someone approaching me. I looked up and saw South walking over. I noticed the other countries staring at us, some of them whispering.

When South reached me he smiled. "Hey North."

I nodded to him. "What is it."

He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled something out. He took my hand and placed it inside. He wrapped my fingers around it. "Keep that."

Without another word he walked away. I stared after him, bewildered. Countries started talking immediately.

"What was that about?"

"South gave something to him, but what?"

"What the frick?"

"Are they getting along now?"

"You heard the rumours, South gave North a gift in homeroom and North accepted it."

"I hear South had to cry to get him to accept it."

"North Korea is so heartless, he likes seeing other people in pain."

I tuned out their conversations and looked at the hand he put whatever it was inside. I slowly opened it and it revealed a necklace.

There was a black dot that clicked apart and together, allowing you to put it on and take it off. Silver chains streamed down and connected South Korea's flag at the bottom, made of tiny diamonds. My flag was also there, underneath South's and was made with tiny diamonds like South's.

I stared at the necklace. South made this for me? This day just keeps getting weirder and weirder. First, South gives me a present that I can't throw out or open until I get home, he sits at lunch with me, he got into a fight with America, and he gave me this necklace?!

I felt a tap on my shoulder and looked up. China looked at the necklace. "He gave that to you?"

I nodded. "China, do you know what's going on?"

China looked away. "You wanna know why it took a while for me to come out?"

I nodded. China sighed. "South wanted to talk to me. He told me why he was giving you these gifts, and asked me to never tell you."

"Well, can you tell me anyway?"

China shook his head. "I promised him. I'm sorry North, but if I told you then..."

I raised a brow. "Then what?"

"Nevermind. Let's just go home."

"Wait China, what did South tell you?"

China grabbed my other hand and we walked away. "I *can't* tell you. I'm sorry."

I opened my mouth to argue but China covered it. "North please, not telling you something like this is painful for me enough. Please don't make it worse for me."

"But-"

"I *promised* him. I can't break a promise."

I sighed. "Fine. This doesn't mean I'm not mad though."

China smiled and gently squeezed my cheeks. "You're cute when you're mad."

"Stop it!" I cried, blushing.

China chuckled. We continued to walk to home. China walked with me until I got to my house, and then walked away to go to his.

I looked at the necklace I still gripped in my hand. I stared at for a while before unlocking my door. I walked inside my house and closed the door. I walked upstairs and into my room.

I sat on my bed and pulled out tbe gift South gave me. I looked at both the necklace and gift. Looking at them made me feel...warm?

What? I actually like something South gave me? Two somethings?

Unknowingly, I smiled. I put the necklace on and held onto the flags.

What the heck is going on?!

While my conscious was freaking out my body kept acting on it's own. I gazed at the gift and wanted to open it. I reached to open it but my hand stopped.

It felt like my conscious was finally getting along with my body again. I opened the gift and stared in shock at what was inside.

My hand shook as I picked it up. It was a picture of me, South, Mom, and Dad...

Our old flags... Our old clothes... I was wearing an eyepatch in the picture but it was a round square with no decoration.

I started shaking, a certain memory coming back to me.

Third Person POV

Flashback

It was a sunny day outside. The birds were chirping from their nests and the bees pollinated flowers. Butterflies flew around and small animals were about. Korea (North) sat on a bench reading a book. He always enjoyed reading, but he enjoyed spending time with his brother more.

Speak of the devil, here he comes.

The other Korean was running over to his younger twin, excited to tell him something. The brother that was sat on the bench glanced up and smiled. When he saw his brother happy, it made him happy.

"동료! 엄마와 아빠가 뭐라고했는지 맞춰보세요! (Brother! Guess what Mom and Dad told me!)" The older twin exclaimed, his Korean words coming out swift because of his excitement.

Neither brother spoke English at the time, they spoke their native languages. In fact, they didn't even know such language was out there!

"뭐? 그들이 무엇을 말했습니까? (What? What did they tell you?)" The younger of the twins exclaimed, jumping up. The book he was reading fell to the ground, but he paid no mind to it.

The other brother was jumping up and down, still full of energy despite running from the house to the edge of their gigantic backyard. "우리는 한국의 남부를 방문 할 것입니다! 대단하지 않습니까?! (We're going to visit the southern part of Korea! Isn't that great?!)"

The younger twin's excitement dwindled. "정말요? 우리가 북쪽을 방문하면 더 재미있을 것입니다. (Aw, really? It'd be way more fun if we visited the North side.)"

Both of the brothers loved Korea, but there were parts of it that they each loved separately. The older of the twins favoured the south more, and the other favoured the north more. They never despised each other because of this, but decided to give each other nicknames that even their parents call them. The eldest was nicknamed South, while the younger was nicknamed North.

North adjusted his eyepatch. He had accidently smacked it when he jumped up, causing it to move a little. This made it uncomfortable. South giggled. "걱정 마세요! 아빠는 우리가 다음에 북쪽을 방문 할 것이라고 말합니다! (Don't worry! Dad said we'll visit the north next time!)"

North brightened up at this. He then smirked. "안녕, 사우스. (Hey, South.)"

"응? (Huh?)"

North briskly tapped his brother's shoulder and ran off. "넌 끝이야! (You're it!)"

"왜 네가! (Why you!)" South laughed and ran after his brother. They chased each other around. They were about the same speed so it was quite hard to catch the other.

They were about to run into the hedge maze but a male Korean voice called out from the house. "애들 아! 거기에 뛰어 들지 마십시오, 당신은 길을 잃을 것입니다! (Kids! Don't run in there, you'll get lost!)"

The brothers turned around and saw their father standing at the

doorway. They smiled brightly and ran to him. "아버지! (Father!)" They called.

Korean Empire bent down to hug his children as they ran into him. He picked them up and carried them inside. North and South were giggling to each other. Their mother, Korean Unification, was sat on the couch reading while a maid washed dishes. She turned around when she heard her children's giggles. "문제가 생겼나요? (You got those troublemakers?)" She jokingly asked with a smile.

"물론 그렇습니다. 그들은 거의 헤지 미로를 만났다! (Sure did. They almost ran into the hedge maze!)" Korean Empire laughed.

North started pulling on South's hanbok, and in return South pulled on North's hanbok. This continued until their father exclaimed, "당신이 소년들이 간질 간 괴물을 원하지 않는다면 튜닉을 당기지 마십시오! (Unless you boys want the tickle monster after you, stop pulling on your hanboks!)"

North and South laughed. "간질 괴물이 아닙니다! (Not the tickle monster!)"

Korean Reunification glanced outside. "소년들? 날씨는 어땠어? (Boys? How was the weather?)"

"정말 따뜻한 엄마! 꽤 밖에 있어요! (Really warm Mom! It's pretty outside as well!)" North exclaimed.

"그럼, 오늘 사진을 찍어 봅시다. 최근 날씨가 미쳤다. (Well then, let's go and take a picture of this day. The weather has been crazy, lately.)"

They all went outside and sat in the grass. They all got into positions; Korean Empire and Korean Unification being in the back, and North and South sat on their laps.

A servant prepared the camera. "준비된? (Ready?)"

"준비된! (Ready!)" North and South shouted.

They all wore bright smiles in the picture.

End of flashback

North Korea POV

Tears ran down my cheeks as I stared at the picture. South Korea and I's childhood came back to me. The happy times we had... How happy we were...

How close we were.

I hunched forward and covered my mouth. My breathing hitched. My tears streamed. I let out a wail and sobbed.

I don't know how long I was sobbing for, but I felt hands wrap around me and pull me into a hug. I heard China and...South Korea's voice?

Knowing it was China that hugged me, I sobbed into his chest. He rubbed my back and kissed my head. I stopped crying after a while and snuggled closer to him. I looked around and saw South at the door.

"S-South?"

"Hey North."

"Wh-why did you-"

"You need to remember."

"Remember what?"

"Us. You need to remember us. Even if it brings you great sorrow."

And with that, he left.

South Korea POV

I turned and walked out of North's room. I walked back to my house but stopped at the door. I felt I was missing something.

Well, unlike North, I know what I'm missing immediately.

But to my displeasure it was America.

"It's his fault. He promised." I said aloud and went inside. I walked to my bedroom and headed straight to the window. I could see China carrying North Korea out the room.

I smiled. I finally gave him that necklace I had made a while ago, and gave him my "gift". He cried when he remembered that time.

But that isn't the worst thing to cry about, North.

There is much worse.

I walked to my bed. I lay in it staring at the ceiling. You might be wondering what I'm doing. I'll tell you.

I'm trying to repair my relationship with my brother. I've spent *too many* nights crying. I know I need him back. He might not want to, but I've been observing him today. He wants me back as well.

But he needs to remember important things. I know he's forgotten a lot of our childhood without realizing it.

I am not confident in my plan, at all. But I need to try. I *have* to try. I have to get him back.

I don't hold a grudge against America or Soviet for separating us. I know, surprising. I used to hate Soviet, but it's hard to hate someone who's dying in the hospital and his kids are emotional.

I tried going to sleep, but to no avail. I switched to a bunch of positions, but I couldn't fall asleep in any of them. I probably wasn't sleeping because it's still early out, but whatever. I want to sleep, *now.*

Then my phone started ringing. I groaned and answered it. "Hello?"

"Hello, South."

I didn't recognize the voice. I looked at the number and I didn't recognize it. "Who is this? How do you know my name?" I demanded.

The person on the other end laughed. It sounded like a girl. "Oh, that doesn't matter."

"Yes it does, dang it! Who the heck are you?!"

"Whoa whoa whoa, calm down. I haven't yelled once."

Her voice was calm. An eerie calm. It unsettled me, made me nervous. "...What do you want?" I asked.

"Do you know who I am?"

"What the frick kind of question is that?!"

"Do you know who I *am?"* Her voice unsettled me even more.

"Of course not."

"Good. Though, I'd keep a lookout if I were you. We don't want this killer hurting you or any of your friends, do we?"

I didn't respond.

"And I'm sure you don't want your wittle bwother getting hurt, *do you?"*

"What?! What are you gonna do to him?! If this is a prank it isn't fricking funny!"

"What made you think this is a prank?"

"What will you do to North!?"

She started laughing hysterically and hung up. I sat there, staring at the wall, my phone still up to my (nonexistent) ear. I looked at my phone again and checked the contact, studying it well.

'Yup, sure as heck don't know this number.' I thought, examining the number for a fifth time. I called the person back and put it up to my (nonexis-you get it) ear.

Instead of ringing, I automatically got those cheesy robot female voices saying to me, "Sorry, this phone number is unavailable.

Please check the number and try again."

I hung up and stared at my bed. What the heck is going on? Why is this happening?

What the woman said about North came into my head again. I quickly called China. It didn't even ring once before he picked up. "South? Why are you calling me?"

He was whispering for some reason but I didn't pay any mind. "Is North with you? Is he okay?"

"Yeah, he's with me, he's sleeping on me right now. He's fine."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, good."

"South, are you okay? You just left and now you call me asking if North is with me and if he's alright."

"I-I just... I got a really creepy call and..." I sighed.

China was silent for a moment. "Tell me about it."

I told him about the eerie call, and how creeped out I was about it. "When I called them back the number was unavailable." I said.

"...Did you recognize the voice?"

"No... I had a feeling I've seen them before, but it wasn't the same person who followed me."

"What do you mean, you've felt like you've seen them before?"

"In plain sight, like at school."

"And you said it sounded like a girl?"

"Yeah."

China was silent for a full minute. "Hello?" I said into the phone.

"This is too creepy," China finally muttered. "Tell UN."

"Okay."

I heard North murmur something in his sleep. "I gotta go, see ya South." China quickly said.

"Bye."

He hung up. I quickly scrolled for UN's contact. Since we never talk and I have so many contacts, it took a while to find him. I eventually did and clicked the call button.

Two rings later, he picked up. "한국 안녕하세요. (Hello South Korea.) What do you need?"

"Hi UN, are you busy?"

"Let's see, I just finished my homework, and I'm currently doing paperwork. Still, you can talk to me."

"Alright, good."

"Is everything alright? You sound nervous."

"I got a creepy call earlier."

"...Continue."

I took a deep breath. Here we go. "I heard a female voice, and she asked if I knew who she was. I didn't. She knew my name somehow. She said to keep a lookout for the killer and then mocked me and threatened my friends and North."

"...This person might be the killer, or is working with the killer."

"What if she is the killer and she's working with the same person who followed America and me?"

"That could be a possibility," UN sighed. "Thank you for telling me this. Did you get anything else?"

"No, sorry."

"That's alright. We'll work with what we got. Goodbye South."

"Bye UN."

He hung up. I sighed and layed down in my bed. Despite talking to China about it, I felt I needed to tell someone else. Not North definitely, I don't want to stress him out. Besides, it's way too early.

Who else then?

'America.' I thought. Despite wanting to hate him, a big part of me wanted to talk with him and repair things. My arm fell over my eyes and I groaned. "Fine, I'll talk to him." I said to no one in particular.

I reached for my phone and scrolled to America's contact. I clicked call and waited. After waiting a while, it went to voicemail. I frowned. Fine then, I'll have to confront you.

I quickly went downstairs and put on my shoes. I pulled on my favorite coat **(sweater? Idk)** and went outside. I walked to America's house.

When I arrived I rung the doorbell. "On my way!" I heard a british voice call. A few seconds later Britain opened the door. "Why, hello South Korea! It is a surprise seeing you here."

"How so?" I raised a brow.

Britain glanced back inside. "Ame told France and I about what happened between you two. I didn't expect you to come here."

"Oh." I shrugged. "Well, can I come in?"

"Where are my manners? Of course."

Britain stepped aside and I walked inside. "Where is America?" I asked.

"Upstairs in his room."

"Thank you."

I walked to the area the staircase was at. On my way there, I said hi

to France, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, basically America's whole family.

I reached the stairs and went up them. When I reached the top I went straight to America's room. I reached it and went straight inside, not even bothering to knock.

America POV

I was with Russia and we were talking about family drama. Well, Russia was talking about family drama, I was listening. He needed to vent to somebody and being his loyal boyfriend, I decided to be the one he vents to.

He was talking about Ukraine when we heard my door open. I groaned, annoyed. "Dad, Mom, whoever is there, we talked about knocking on my door before entering my room!"

"It's funny that you think I'm one of your family members."

I stiffened. I recognized that voice. Russia turned around before me and greeted him. "Hey South."

I turned around slowly. My shades were on so hopefully they hid my eyes getting watery. "S-South?"

South stared at me with a blank expression. "Hello America."

I quickly turned back around. "What are you doing here? Do you want something?" I tried to prevent my voice from shaking.

Russia glanced at the both of us. "Uh...should I go?"

Before I could open my mouth South responded to his question. "Yes, you should. Don't leave the house though. This won't take too long, I hope."

Russia nodded and stood up. I grabbed his hand before he could walk away. He sighed and pat my head. "Relax, Meri. I'll still be here. Once your conversation is over come and find me."

Russia kissed my head. I reluctantly let go of his hand and he

walked out.

South closed the door. He walked over to the side of the bed I was at. I hadn't moved. He sat down beside me and it was silent for a few moments.

"Why are you here?" I asked him.

South leaned back and looked up at my ceiling. "Dunno."

"Huh? What do you mean, 'dunno'? Certainly you came here for a reason." I stood up and turned to him. "So what is it? Money? Something I have? Stuff you want back?"

South raised a brow. "What makes you think I want something I gave you back? I gave it to you for a reason."

"But we were friends when you gave me those things-"

"And we're still friends."

I gaped at him. "I- Huh?"

South chuckled. "I never unfriended you, America. Sure, I called you a liar, but I never said the words 'we aren't friends anymore'."

"But... But what about the things I said to your brother?"

South's smile disappeared. "Yes, I am still upset about what you said." He sighed. "Tell you what, if you give North a genuine apology we can hang out again."

I smiled but it disappeared in a second. "What's the catch?"

South smiled at me. "It's either a letter you write and walk up to him to give it to him, or you apologize yourself, with your voice."

I sighed. I never liked North, and I still don't, despite seeing him cry. Well, maybe I care about him a little bit, because of the whole bullying thing. But I still overall don't like him.

"Fine. You got a deal." I said.

South nodded and stood up. "Remember, we can't hang out unless you apologize one of those two ways."

I nodded as he walked away. "Goodbye South."

"Bye oil addict."

I chuckled at the nickname. South left my room and I heard his footsteps echo down the hall.

Russia POV

I was sitting at a table with France. I saw South Korea come down the stairs. "Hi Russia." He said.

"Hello South. What did you and Ame talk about?"

"America can tell you, I have to go."

"Oh, okay. See you."

"Annyeong." **(Bye)**

I assume he said bye. South walked away and left the house. I looked at France, who was across the table from me drinking some wine. "How much wine do you drink? That's your third bottle."

France lowered the drink. "I know you're not asking that question. Russie, you and your dad drink more vodka than I do wine."

I shrugged. "That's fair. Say, how much tea does that british guy drink?"

"His name is Britain, United Kingdom, or UK. He drinks the same amount of tea you and your dad drink vodka."

"Isn't that a little...unhealthy?"

"We're countries, that type of stuff doesn't bother us."

Britain walked out of the kitchen with a cup of tea. "I heard my name, are you talking about me, love?"

"Russia was asking silly questions mon amour, he asked a question about your tea drinking."

Britain made a 'oh' expression. He sat beside France and took a sip of tea. I looked in the direction South had come from and wondered where America was. I turned back to the two older countries when I felt the table move a slight bit.

Britain was covering his face. I could see he was blushing. I glanced at France and she was laughing. "Don't be so embarrassed, l'amour! **(Love)**"

Britain shook his head. I noticed his cup of tea was knocked over, probably from when he freaked out about whatever he freaked out about and covered his face. France reached over and removed his hands from his face. Britain was bright red and avoided eye contact.

France laughed again. "Oh my little Brit, you are so cute!"

Britain squeaked and got up. He freed his hands and ran off. France got up and followed him. I stared after them, dumbfounded.

America came inside shortly after, he stared in the direction his parents ran. He looked at me. "Uh...do you know what that was about?"

I shrugged. "I think France called Britain cute, and then Britain turned flushed. Then France called him cute again and Britain ran off with France following him."

America nodded and sat beside me. "Is this uh...normal for you?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "Sometimes it happens. Sometimes it doesn't. We never expect it."

"Why doesn't Britain like being called cute?"

America shrugged. "Don't know. It's whenever France calls him cute is when he gets flustered, but if it's anyone else it doesn't bother him."

I nodded. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand walked in. America waved to them. "Hey guys!"

They waved back. "Meri, why is Mom chasing Dad around the house? Dad is blushing a lot too." New Zealand said.

"Mom called him cute two times."

"Oh."

We heard Britain shriek from somewhere in the house. We heard running and saw Britain run passed the doorway. France ran passed the doorway shortly after.

We stared at the doorway for a few seconds. New Zealand turned to America. "Ame, can you make some food? I'm hungry."

"How about I get McDonalds instead."

Canada shook his head. "Ame you can't get McDonalds, you already used your chance last week. Remember, you can only get McDonalds once a month."

"Then I'll get Burger King."

Canada opened his mouth to protest but closed it. He thought for a moment and shrugged. "Dad didn't say anything about Burger King."

America smirked. Australia went to the kitchen. "Детка, у тебя есть водка? (Babe do you have any vodka?)" I asked America.

Australia had come back in with a cup of water. America's siblings looked at me with confused expressions. America however, knew what I said. "No, Russia. Britain doesn't allow vodka in the house."

I groaned. "Why not?" I whined.

"He says he doesn't like the smell."

"Well can you buy some on your way back?"

"Russia, no. Even I'm not that crazy."

"I'll just wait for you outside the house."

"Russia-"

"Britain said no vodka *in* the house. I'm gonna drink it outside."

America looked at me for a moment. He sighed. "Хорошо. (Fine.)" He said.

"Спасибо тебе, тупой американец. (Thank you, you stupid american.)"

"Как бы то ни было, скоро пьют русские. (Whatever, soon to be drunk russian.)"

"Ame, what are you and the lad zaying?" Australia asked.

America glanced at him. "Nothing important."

Australia was about to say something else but another one of Britain's shrieks drowned it out. "France *please!"*

"You can't escape me, l'amour!"

Britain shrieked again. America payed no mind to it. "Nada can you get my jacket and wallet?"

Canada nodded and left the room. I followed America as he walked to the front door and put his shoes on. Canada walked to us and handed America his jacket and wallet. "Get something for everyone."

America nodded. "Thanks Can."

I followed America outside and sat on his porch. America walked to his car and got in. He started it and drove off.

Time skip

I was looking around, enjoying the scenery. I saw someone walking in the distance. I didn't pay any mind to them and continued looking around. However, they started walking to me.

They reached me and blocked my view completely. I was sitting down so I had to look up. I realized it was Turkey. He smiled and waved to me.

I smiled and waved back. "Hey Turkey."

"Hey Rusya. What are you doing here?"

"Trying to get stress out. You?"

"I'm just taking a walk." Turkey sat down beside me. "How is the scenery?"

"Good. It's helping me relax."

"That's nice to know. I hope you and your siblings are okay. I also hope your father gets better."

"Thank you, Turkey."

"No problem."

"What do you think of the killer going around? The one who killed everyone in that aparment building."

Turkey shrugged. "I don't know. Sometimes I'm nervous, sometimes I straight up don't care."

"You're not bothered by the fact that they killed at least 50 people?"

"I told you, I'm not sure." Turkey sighed. "I guess you could say I'm indifferent. My friends are freaking out about it, but my emotions about it are all over the place."

I nodded. Turkey sat with me for a few more seconds before getting up. "I need to get going, gotta continue my walk."

"Need to get that cardeo?"

Turkey chuckled and walked away. "Yeah!"

I sat there for a bit longer. I saw America's car in the distance. I eagerly waited for my vodka.

America POV

I pulled into the driveway. I saw Russia walk over to my car. I had went to Burger King and got burgers and fries for me and my siblings, and then went to a liquor store to buy a bottle of vodka for Russia.

I opened the door. I grabbed the two bags from Burger King; one bag with four burgers and one bag with four fry bags with one hand, and grabbed the bottle of vodka with the other.

I used my hip to close the door and walked to Russia. "Here's your vodka you alcoholic."

Russia took the bottle. "Only one? Come on, Ame."

I raised a brow at him. "I'm not letting you get drunk, Britain will immediately know about the vodka if you do."

Russia scoffed and rolled his eyes. I giggled and kissed his cheek. "When you're finished come back inside."

"Ara-ara. (Yeah, yeah.)"

I went inside and into the dining room. As soon as my siblings smelled burgers they came running in. "Food!" Australia shouted.

I laughed and set the bags down. I grabbed my burger and fries and turned to them. "You each get one burger and one bag of fries."

They grabbed their share (though Kiwi and Aussie fought over a burger) and began eating. I gulped down my burger and fries and looked around. "Is Mom still chasing Dad?"

Canada shook his head. "They stopped five minutes ago. Britain got tired and France tackled him."

I chuckled at the thought. I stood up. "I'm joining Russia outside."

They nodded and I went. I opened the door and saw Russia sit the half empty bottle down. He noticed me there and smiled. "Hey Ame."

"Hiya Rus." I sat down beside him.

"Why did you join me out here?"

"Can't I spend time with my boyfriend?"

Russia chuckled and picked up the bottle. He chugged what was left down. He set the empty bottle down and sighed. "That was refreshing."

I rolled my eyes. "Well, you better find somewhere to throw it out. Somewhere that isn't in the house."

Russia smiled. He then put the bottle in my hands. "You figure it out."

"Hey! It's *your* bottle!"

"But you bought it."

"Only because you wanted it!"

Russia looked at me with pleading eyes. You know that thing your hands do when you plead someone for something? He was doing that. "Please Ame? I don't know the neighborhood that well. I only know how to get to your house. Can you *please* figure something out?"

"Um..."

Russia's blue eyes seemed to get wider, the afternoon sun causing them to sparkle. *"Pleeeaaassseee?"*

I sighed, defeated by Russia's cuteness. "Okay, I'll figure something out."

"Yay!" Russia hugged me. I hugged him back. He pulled away and I sighed again, looking at him. "Why do you have to be so cute when you want to be?"

Russia laughed. "Dunno. My family often says I act cute too, but I'm not even trying around them."

"Maybe certain emotions just make you act cute without you realizing it."

Russia snorted. "Like when?"

"That time you went to Mall of America with me and my family. You were so excited and you looked so cute the entire time, especially when you were eating that cotton candy I bought for you."

Russia blushed. He huffed and looked away. "Хотя эта сладкая вата была хорошей. (That cotton candy was good though.)"

I laughed. "Hey, don't be upset about it."

Russia ignored me and crossed his arms. "Fine then." I said. I hugged him tightly. Russia tried pushing me off. "Hey! Get off!"

"Not until you stop ignoring me."

"It's not like I can ignore you if your sucking all the air out of me!"

"So you'll stop ignoring me?"

"Oh my god! Да! (Yes!)"

I let go of Russia and he turned back to me. I giggled. I gripped the vodka bottle tightly in my hands and stood up. "I'm gonna take this to Mexico's trash can. People are always putting stuff in his trash so he doesn't even care anymore."

Russia stood up. "I'll go with you."

I nodded. Russia followed me down the street as I walked to Mexico's house. I reached it and just put the vodka bottle in the trashcan that was beside his house.

Russia and I then walked back to my house. We got there and went inside. I could hear Australia shouting, so I assume he's arguing with someone or playing a video game.

Canada was reading on a comfy rocking chair. "Hey Ame."

"Hey Nada. What are you reading?"

"A biography."

"That's so boring! Why don't you read something else?"

Canada shook his head. "I wanna finish this first."

"Alright Boreville."

Russia tapped my shoulder. I turned around and he kissed my cheek. "I have to go. Bye."

"Bye."

Russia left the house. I walked to the kitchen because I heard water running. France was washing dishes. She clicked her tongue. "J'ai demandé à l'Australie de faire la vaisselle, pas d'en ajouter plus." (I asked Australia to do the dishes, not add more.)

"Hey Mom?" I asked.

France glanced back at me. "Hello Ameriquè. What do you need?"

"Do you know where Dad is?"

"Why?"

"No reason."

France shrugged. "Britain said he was going somewhere important. Not sure where."

I nodded and walked away to go to my room.

Britain POV

I was in my car driving to the hospital Soviet was at. France had caught me leaving and I told her I was going somewhere important and I had just remembered it. She hugged me and let me leave.

I sighed. I hated lying to France. I hated lying in general. But I didn't want her worrying and asking questions.

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. I kept driving until I parked in the parking lot. I got out and walked to the entrance. The receptionist saw me and smiled. "Who would you be visiting today?"

"Soviet Union."

"You're full name?"

"The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland."

"Ah, Britain. I'm sure you know what room he is in?"

"Yes, 156."

"Alright. You might not be able to enter. It is probable that you will though."

"Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome."

I walked through the doors and down the hallway. I walked for a good three minutes before coming up to room 156. I sat down in one of the chairs there and sighed, leaning back.

"Why did this have to happen to you, Soviet?" I whispered to myself. "Now you're on the brink of death. Please don't leave me. Don't leave your kids, your friends. Everyone..."

"Excuse me, sir?"

I heard what sounded like a child's voice. I looked down and saw a kid looking at me. Her flag had America's design, but had my flag where America's stars would be, and the stripes were a pattern of white, red, and blue.

Hawaii.

Hawaii's eyes widened. We stared at each other for a while. Hawaii suddenly smiled and jumped up. She hugged me as tight as she could. "Britain!"

"Hawaii! I haven't seen you since 1898!"

"I missed you so much!"

Hawaii looked up at me and we laughed. Hawaii and I had a very good friendship back then. In 1898 she didn't show up to a meeting that we had. I haven't seen her since.

"So what are you doing here that the hospital?" Hawaii asked me.

I sighed. "Visiting a friend, but I don't think I'm allowed to go in."

Hawaii hugged me. "I hope your friend gets better."

I chuckled. "Thanks, Paradise."

"You remembered?!"

"Of course I did. I remember everything that happened from the moment I was born. Well, everything but..."

"But what?"

"Nevermind." I sighed.

Hawaii looked at me, worried. "We should leave. You seem sad."

"I *am* pretty upset... Lead the way."

Hawaii took one of my hands and pulled me away. "E hele kākou i ka mākeke a hopu!" **(Let's go to the park and catch up!)**

"Uh...sorry Hawaii. But I don't understand Hawaiian." I said.

Hawaii nodded. "We're going to the park to catch up. You won't believe how many things have happened to me since 1898!"

I chuckled. "And I can't wait to find out."

Time skip

Hawaii had just finished telling me about all the other states that she sees as her siblings. I was trying to comprehend what I just

heard. "So you've been a US state since 1959, right?"

"Ae. (Yes.)"

With what little Hawaiian I knew, I know she said yes. Hawaii kicked her legs back and forth on the swing she was on. I sighed. "Have you...gotten better? From Pearl Harbor."

Hawaii stared at the ground. She shook her head. "It's a sore subject...no one talks about it around me."

"Sorry."

"It's okay. You didn't know."

I got behind Hawaii. "Do you want me to push you?"

She perked up. "‘Ae, e ‘olu‘olu!" **(Yes please!)**

I gently pushed her. "Higher!" She squeeled.

I laughed and pushed her higher. She was squeeling with joy. I was pushing her for about five minutes before I heard footsteps. I stepped aside and let Hawaii continue swinging.

"L'amour. (Love.)"

I turned around and saw France. She had her arms crossed and she looked upset. "This doesn't look like something important."

I sighed. "I know, France. I...lied so you wouldn't ask questions. I went to visit Soviet."

France's angry expression softened. "I'm shocked that you even felt the need to lie to me. You hate lying."

I nodded. "I know, France."

"Next time tell me the truth. Now who is this small country? I've never seen her before."

Hawaii got off the swing and stepped up beside me. I pat her head. "France, Hawaii isn't a country."

France looked confused now. She looked at Hawaii. "So is she a new colony? A new territory? I want to see her islands, Britain."

I chuckled. "Oh no, France. I don't own her."

France had a look of pure confusion. Hawaii piped up. "Aloha! (Hello!) You must be Britain's wife! My name is Hawaii, I used to be an independent kingdom! Britain and I had a close friendship when I was a kingdom. I am now a US state!"

France raised a brow. "State?"

"Yes, state! I have 49 other siblings, 50 if you count DC. We're states in America!"

"So you are part of America?"

"Yup!"

"Who are your siblings?"

"Well there's Alabama, Alaska, Arizona-"

"Hawaii!"

Hawaii, France, and I looked in the direction of the voice. A child was walking towards us, most certainly taller than Hawaii. Their flag was blue and in the upper left corner there was a five-pointed silver star between two sprays of sagebrush crossed to form a half wreath. Across the top of the wreath was a golden scroll with words in black letters, "Battle Born." The word "Nevada" was beneath the star in gold letters.

Hawaii waved to the kid. She glanced at us and said, "That's one of my brothers, Nevada!"

"Hawaii, what are you doing?" Nevada asked Hawaii when he reached her. "America says we can't mingle with countries!"

"But these aren't just *any* countries, Nevada," Hawaii pointed at me. "This is Britain, a close friend of mine from when I was an independent kingdom."

Nevada looked at me. He shrugged. "Well, any friend of Hawaii is a friend of mine."

He stuck his hand out. "Handshake?"

I shook his hand. "Hello Nevada."

"Hello Britain." Nevada looked at France. "And who is *this?"*

"My wife, France."

France waved. "Salut. (Hi.)"

Nevada looked confused. "I'll just assume you said hi." He turned to Hawaii. "Come on, Aloha state. We need to get back or DC will kill us."

Hawaii nodded and Nevada picked her up. She waved to me and France. "Goodbye Britain and France!"

"Bye Hawaii!"

Nevada and Hawaii disappeared behind a tree. France turned to me. "So America has...children?"

"I guess you could say that. Let's ask him about it."

France nodded and we started walking to where I left my car.

Time skip

I pulled into the driveway of our house. France and I got out and walked to the front door. I unlocked and opened it and held it open for France. She walked inside and I closed and locked the door. Canada was sat on the arm chair reading a book. "Hey Mom, hey Dad." He said to us.

"Hello Canada, do you know where America is?"

Canada nodded. "He's in his room."

France and I walked up the stairs and to America's room. I knocked on the door. "Come in!" I heard America call.

I opened the door and saw America sitting at his desk on his computer. He seemed to be browsing Facebook. He turned to us and smiled. "What do ya need?"

"America, why haven't you told us about your children?" France got straight to the point.

America froze. I pretty sure his eyes widened beneath his shades. He quickly turned back to his computer. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"America, we talked to Hawaii and Nevada today. Hawaii even told us you have...48 other kids. 49 if we count your capital."

"I fricking told them to not show themselves to countries..." America muttered. He sighed, turning his chair to look at us. "Yes, I have states. And I see them as my children."

France and I shared a glance. "Why didn't you tell us about them sooner?" I asked. "I already know Hawaii, and meeting Nevada-"

"Wait, you already knew Hawaii? Has she been talking to you before today?!" America clenched his fist.

"No no, remember when Hawaii was an independent kingdom?"

"Uh...yeah."

"We had close relations. We were very good friends back then. One day she scheduled a meeting with me, just to talk. But she never showed. I haven't seen her until today."

"...When was this meeting?"

"1898."

America was silent for a few moments. "Dad...she didn't show up to the meeting because I annexed her.."

I went silent. I looked at the ground. "That makes sense now..."

France set a hand on my shoulder. I looked up at America and

smiled. "I'm not that bothered by it. She seems happy with her life."

America sighed in relief. "If only you were there when I annexed her, she was fuming!"

We shared a laugh. "Ame, can you introduce us to your states later?"

"Sure."

"Ameriquè, why did you keep them a secret, anyway? And why can't they talk to countries?"

"I know countries that will use them against me if they ever found out. Hurt them, torture them. I'm just worried for their safety and don't really trust that they'll be safe when with countries. They're small and overestimate how strong they really are. I guess the only state I can actually trust can defend himself against countries is Texas, but he has limits, too."

"Then it's a good thing Hawaii and Nevada ran into us, isn't it?"

America chuckled. "Yeah, it is."

"Where do they live, Ame?"

"In a big mansion. I only really go there during week long breaks from school. I'm planning on moving in during the summer or when I graduate. Defintely moving there, though."

"Doesn't every country own a mansion somewhere?" I asked.

"Every country but North and South Korea, yes."

I gently pushed France to the door. "Well thank you for telling us, Ame. We can't wait to meet them."

"No problem. But wait."

We stopped. "Yeah?" "Oui? (Yes?)"

"Promise that you won't tell *anyone?* Canada only knows because he

stumbled upon them by accident, but don't tell anyone else, not even Kiwi or Aussie."

"We won't tell anyone else, we promise. Right France?"

"Oui, we promise."

We stepped out of the room. I bumped into something and looked down. Australia and New Zealand looked up at us. "Before you say anything, we heard everything you said." New Zealand said quickly. Australia facepalmed.

France grabbed both their arms. "Ame, Australia and New Zealand were eavesdropping!" I called to him.

"Oh, *come on!"*

18

[image]

Let's skip to the next week, it's Monday. I'm trying to know the timeline again :,)

Also, I asked my brother (who's in high school) what his schedule was, and he said he had the same classes everyday throughout the whole week. Idk if it works like that in your area, but that's what I'm doing from now on.

Also, when writing Russia's POV, there were a lot of glitches going on. Words kept merging, things got deleted, fonts disappeared... I was just getting annoyed.

I got so annoyed that I didn't even bother trying to make the chapter sound nice. I just wanted to get it done. I didn't care if it sounded weird or cringey, I didn't and don't want to work on it anymore.

In the future, I might come back and edit his POV to make it sound nice. I don't know.

What's the point of this message? To warn you that Russia's chapter is written poorly.

I'm sorry for the inconvenience. Enjoy chapter 18 I guess.

North Korea POV:

I was talking to China in the hallway. I was in a bit of a happy mood because no one had bullied me for a whole week, not even Panama! Everyone basically minded their own buisness.

However, people were talking in hushed voices a lot. A lot of countries seemed to be talking to each other about something. On Saturday, I was heading to the store to buy some groceries and I

saw a big group of them heading in the same direction.

China was laughing at something I said. Britain walked past us and waved. We waved back (I'm kinda surprised that I waved, oh well).

We were about to go to homeroom when we heard the footsteps of *a lot* of countries. We turned around and saw at least 20, maybe more, countries walking toward us.

China immediately got in front of me. I recognized the countries as the same ones who were in the big crowd on Saturday.

I guess China got a bad feeling and he was about to grab me and run off but Albania grabbed him and pulled him back. A few other countries in the crowd held him back as others dragged me away.

"North!" He called after me.

"China!"

"Let me go you fri-" China's mouth was covered by a hand.

I kept calling China as I struggled to break free. A country eventually groaned. I looked at him and saw Denmark. "Can you stop freaking out already? We just want to show you something." He said.

"Yeah, stop screaming." Oman muttered.

I shut my mouth and kept silent. I couldn't pull free so I was forced to let them drag me to whatever they wanted to show me.

My nervousness was rising with every passing second. I wanted to scream so bad, but I refrained from doing so. It was clear that they were already annoyed by the fact that I was calling for China, I didn't want to know what they would do if I started screaming.

We were walking for about four minutes until they stopped. They cleared out of the way and I found I was staring at a wall surrounded by a crowd of countries. I heard someone in the crowd shout, "Look up, North!"

I hesitantly looked up. A big piece of paper was on the wall, with a bunch of lines on it. I looked at it in confusion. I could tell it was written in English.

I glanced around. "I uh...can't read this..."

Snickers from the crowd. Yemen stepped forward. She snickered saying, "Well North, this is a petition. The title reads..."

She stopped and smirked at me. I raised a brow. I was still unsure of what it said. She looked back at it. "The top reads: 'Who Thinks North Korea should Die?'."

My eye widened. I looked back at the petition and took a shaky step back. I should've known something was up. I should've known they'll never truly leave me alone.

Countries in the crowd roared with laughter, pointing at me. Yemen pushed me to the ground, laughing along with the others. "You guys know the murderer going around? Let's hope that they kill North tonight!" She shouted.

I felt tears running down my cheek, and when the countries saw they started laughing harder. I shakingly stood up and sprinted back in the direction China was in.

I wasn't paying attention, however, and I crashed into someone. We fell to the ground. I scrambled away from them and saw who it was. Russia sat up and looked at me. "North?"

I felt more tears coming on and I let out a sob. Russia crawled towards me and hugged me. "North, what happened?"

I didn't bother trying to talk. I just started crying. Russia sighed and picked me up bridal style. He walked in the same direction I was going. I eventually saw China leaning on a wall. The countries that prevented him from following were gone.

He heard me and looked over at us. He rushed over and took me from Russia's arms. He and Russia then sat against the wall. China hugged me tighter and rubbed circles on my back as I cried. "What happened?" China asked Russia.

"I don't know. When I asked he started crying."

They went silent and focused on calming me down. After about two minutes, I had stopped crying and it was silent in the hallway.

China kissed my forehead. "North, can you tell us what happened?"

I was silent for a while.

"Please, North?" Russia set an arm on my shoulder.

I sighed. "I-I don't know how many...but a lot of countries signed a petition..."

"...And what did the petition say?" China asked, rubbing my back again. He somehow knew I was getting upset again.

"I-It s-said... It said 'Who Thinks North Korea Should Die'..."

I started crying again. China pulled me into a tight hug. "Nàxiē húndàn..." **(Those fricking bastards...)** He muttered.

"Wait... North is getting bullied?" Russia asked.

I felt China turn to him. "Unfortunately, yes. You didn't know?"

"Nyet, **(No,)** I didn't."

"I thought the party Japan had made it obvious? When Jamaica dared North to read the book and he couldn't?"

"I thought that was a one time thing." Russia sighed and hid his face with his hands. "I was so wrapped up in my own family drama I didn't know one of my closest friends was getting bullied... YA takoy idiot..." **(I'm such an idiot...)**

"Russia..."

"Nevermind me. How long has the bullying been going on for?"

"A little before the party I think. I'm not completely sure."

Russia sighed. "If only I knew where Soviet's bat was..."

"How does that matter to the situation?"

"If I knew where it was I would bring it to school and beat everyone making fun of North with it."

I wiped my tears and lifted my head up. I stared at Russia along with China. He raised a brow. "What? Soviet would do way worse."

"Y-You mean...*kill them?"* I asked.

Russia laughed. "No, no! *That's* only when he's pushed off the edge. He would only stop when he feels he should. And that takes a while."

China and I shared a glance. How is Russia talking about this so calmly?

An awkward silence came in. We all felt we should say something but didn't know what. To break it, I sighed. Russia and China looked at me. "Russia, how are you with Soviet's country?"

It was then that I realized Russia didn't look stressed anymore, but he still looked tired and his eyes were red from what I assume was crying.

Russia gave me a bright smile. "I don't have to look after it anymore. His capital finally got back from Spain and took over for me."

I smiled, grateful for Russia. "That's good! How do you feel?"

"Better than before, that's for sure. I can finally focus on my country's things without being exhausted beforehand. Moscow even had to put more stress on himself because I felt so tired all the time. He's busy enough already, you know, being the capital and all, and I feel bad that he had to take care of things that are supposed to be my responsibility."

Russia glanced at us. "Oh, am I rambling? Sorry, I picked it up from America."

"No no, it's okay. I'm happy for you, Rus." I said.

"Yeah, I'm happy you feel better." China grinned.

Russia smiled. "Thanks!" His smiled dwindled however and he looked away. "I just want Soviet to be alright."

China and I stopped smiling, too. We were all aware of Soviet's health. There was never smiles whenever we talked about how he is right now.

Every time someone talks about how he is I always get memories of him.

Third Person POV

Flashback

North Korea was sitting on one of the many counters in Soviet's kitchen. He was watching as Soviet made dinner, skillfully moving from one spot to another, and never losing track of what he was doing even when someone talked to him.

A boy with one blue line down the left side of his face and the rest being Soviet's flag walked in. This is Russia, and he walked to the fridge. He opened it and grabbed a water jug. He walked up to North and looked up at the shorter country who was only taller because he was on a counter. He adjusted his ushanka that was too big for his head so it didn't cover his eyes. "Можешь принести мне чашку? (Can you get me a cup?)" He asked the Korean.

North only understood the word 'cup', so he assumed the soon-to-be-Federation wanted a cup for water. He reached to a nearby cabinet and opened it. He chose a random cup and handed it to Russia. He then closed the cabinet and continued to watch Soviet.

Russia filled the cup to the brim with water. He put the jug back into the fridge. He sipped from his cup and watched his father along with North. "Папа? (Dad?)"

Without turning around, Soviet answered. "Да россия? (Yes, Russia?)"

"Ужин скоро будет готов? (Is dinner gonna be ready soon?)"

"Да. Иди скажи остальным, чтобы они помогли накрыть на стол. (Yes. Go tell the others to help you set the table.)"

Russia nodded and walked off. North continued to watch as Soviet finished making dinner. He turned to the little Korean and smiled. "How long have you been there for?"

North shrugged. "A little after you started I think."

Soviet laughed. He went to check on his kids when North asked, "Do you think I'll see my brother again?"

Soviet froze. The question he dreaded the Korean would ask, he had just asked. Soviet regretted separating the two, he remembered clearly how they had called for each other, and how aggressive North was to him the first few weeks here. The Korean has warmed up to him now, no longer biting, kicking, punching, smacking, throwing things, or hurting him in any way when he came close. But he never allowed Soviet to carry him, and he never smiled at the Russian.

Soviet slowly turned around. The Korean had that same blank expression he always had, but for some reason it creeped Soviet out and made him uneasy. "So, will I?" North asked again.

Soviet sighed and walked towards the boy. North stared at him the whole time. Soviet forced a smile. "Why don't you join the others at the table?"

"You didn't answer my question." North crossed his arms. "Will I ever see my brother again?"

Soviet stiffened again. He sighed. It was obvious he couldn't avoid this conversation. The boy was too persistent.

"Well?" North asked, getting impatient.

"I don't know."

North was silent as Soviet continued. "I don't know if you'll ever see him again. America has him-"

"America?"

"The country with red and white stripes and all those stars. I'm sorry, North. If it were my choice I'd let you visit him all you want. But America wants nothing to do with us communists."

Soviet avoided looking at the boy as he explained this. He wasn't sure what his reaction would be, but he was positive it would be hurting him in some way.

Bracing himself for a smack, a kick, or anything of the sort, Soviet was caught off guard when he heard a sniffle. He looked back at North and saw he was crying. Even more guilt and regret crashed onto Soviet as he watched the boy weep. The Russian didn't know what to do for a few moments, this was the first time North actually cried; at least it was the first time he *heard* him cry.

Finally, Soviet pulled North into a hug. Surprisingly, North didn't pull away or hit him to get him off. He cried into the much taller country's chest while Soviet soothed him.

Wondering what all the noise was about, a girl with a red-and-green flag with a white-and-red ornament pattern placed at the staff end with the hammer and sickle symbol with a star walked into the kitchen. This girl was Belarus; and she saw her father hugging North Korea, who was weeping rather loudly. "Папа?"

Soviet glanced at the small girl. He picked North up and turned to Belarus. "Да?"

"Он...хорошо? (Is he...okay?)"

Soviet sighed. "Да, он в порядке. (Yes, he's okay.)"

Belarus glanced from the Korean to her father multiple times. "Ну ладно. Я пришел сюда, чтобы сказать вам, что мы закончили накрывать на стол. (Well...okay. I came in here to tell you we're done setting the table.)"

"Спасибо, Беларусь. Спасибо, Беларусь. Я буду там через минуту. (Thank you, Belarus. I'll be there in a minute.)"

Belarus nodded and left the kitchen. As Soviet continued to comfort North, his kids came in to get the food and bring it to the table. North calmed down after a while, and he was still held in Soviet's arms. "USSR..."

"Please, call me Soviet."

"S-Soviet...I need him..."

Soviet hugged North tighter. "I...I'm sorry. I regret separating you two, but who knows what America will do to you if he finds you talking to your brother."

"So...you're protecting me?"

"Да. I'm sorry America and I have caused you all this pain. To be honest, I want this Cold War to end but America always thinks I'm lying when I tell him."

Soviet set North on the ground. North looked up at Soviet. "Are you my dad now?"

Soviet shook his head. "Not really. Actually, I don't know. What do you see me as?"

For the first time, North smiled at Soviet. "A really good friend." He responded.

Soviet chuckled. "Let's go eat dinner."

"Alright. But hey, Soviet?"

"Да?"

"Can you teach me how to cook? And bake?"

Soviet chuckled. "Sure."

Flashback end

North Korea POV

"North!"

I jumped as Russia exclaimed my name. "North I was talking to you. What happened?"

"I was thinking, sorry. What did you say again?"

"China just told me about what South did last week, what was the gift he gave you?"

Last weeks events came back to me. I sighed. "He...gave me a picture."

"A picture? That's a weird gi-"

"A picture of me and him when we were younger." I interrupted Russia. "Our parents were in it as well. Our old house, too."

Russia went silent. He seemed he wanted to ask me something. He sighed. "I better go find Ukraine."

"Why?"

"Dunno. We haven't talked in a while."

Russia got up. Before he walked away he said, "See you guys later."

He walked away. I looked up at China. He took me off his lap and helped me up. We walked to our homeroom class in silence.

Time skip to lunch. Sorry if you're annoyed by this, but I've just been down in the dumps lately and it's preventing me from thinking of anything interesting.

China and I were sitting at our usual lunch table with our other friends. We were all just chatting. South was here too. I was ignoring my surroundings until I realized they all stopped talking and were staring in the same direction. I turned to it and saw America walking toward us.

I uttered a low growl as I watched him come over. Iran scowled as America walked over. Netherlands and Indonesia waved at America. China and South Korea's faces were unreadable.

When America reached us Iran flipped him off. America flipped him off as well. "I'm not here for you anyway, Iran. I'm here for North."

I scowled. "What do you want?"

"I came to apologize."

My scowl turned into surprise. Iran gaped, as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. He shot me a confused look and I returned it. China pushed me closer to America, as if he already knew what America was apologizing about.

America sighed. "You probably don't remember what I'm saying sorry for, but maybe you'll remember it once I start." He took his shades off, revealing nervous dark blue eyes. "I'm really sorry for calling you all those names."

Yup, I remember now. He continued. "I regretted it all as soon as my mouth closed. I wanted to apologize that entire week and the weekend, but I never had the courage to do it. I'm ashamed to say this, but I almost didn't *want* to apologize. But I gave it some more thought and decided it was the right thing to do. Knowing our relationship, it's fine if you don't accept my apology. I just needed to say sorry."

Before I could reply he briskly walked away. Iran called after him, "Great! Now why don't you apologize for killing my general?!"

"Oh, frick off Iran!"

"Frick you too!"

Iran muttered something and starting eating his lunch again. I looked at China. "That was unexpected." I told him.

China shrugged. I looked at South and he was smiling, staring after America. He went back to eating his food. We all did.

That is until a big crowd of countries surrounded the table Philippines was at.

Indonesia immediately got up and raced over. "Phil! Apa sesuatu

terjadi?! Apa yang salah? Biarkan aku lewat!" **(Phil! Did something happen?! What's wrong? Let me through!)** He yelled as he pushed through the crowd.

Netherlands, Iran, South, China, and I got up to see what all the commotion was about. We pushed through the crowd until we were near the front. We heard Philippines talking. "-that's why he's coming here."

"Who's coming?" Monaco asked.

"My twin brother, of course!"

"When will he be here?" Tuvalu asked.

"He'll be here tomorrow. Del Pilar, our older brother, is helping him get ready today."

"Do you know what classes he's in?" Åland Islands asked.

"Not yet, but he'll be collecting his schedule today after school at 6 o'clock. So I'm gonna stay until he gets here."

"Can you tell us his name?" Palau asked, messing with her shirt.

"You'll have to wait until he gets here tomorrow."

While countries continued bombarding Philippines questions about his brother, I snuck off out of the crowd. I went and grabbed my lunchbox. When I turned back around Philippines was right in front of me. I bit my tongue to not shout in surprise. Everybody's eyes were on me, and you know how that goes by now.

Philippines was smiling brightly. "Hey North!"

"Uh...hi?"

"I think you and my brother will get along great! I'll introduce you to him first!"

"Thank you..?"

Philipines nodded and walked away. A few countries followed him right away, while others glared at me and then followed him.

I heaved a sigh and looked around for China. He was pushing himself out of the crowd and rushed towards me. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the exit of the cafeteria. "Let's get out of here before it becomes too crowded to leave."

I nodded in response and we left. I was surprised when I heard a Russian accent and the door hit something. "Ou! Frik!" **(Ow! Frick!)**

China and I turned around to see Russia closing the door and clutching his nonexistent nose. "Ow... That hurt." He muttered, rubbing it.

"You okay, Russ?" I asked him.

Russia nodded. He adjusted his ushanka. "I'm fine, but that will definitely leave a bruise."

"Do you need ice?" China asked.

Russia shook his head. "Nyet, I'll be okay. Anyways..." He smiled brightly. "I wanted to have a sleepover with you guys. That's why I followed you."

China and I shared a glance and smiled, nodding. "Sure! Whose house should we meet up at?" China asked.

"Not mine, it's too small for the three of us." I said.

"Not mine either, Taiwan doesn't really like Russia."

"Then it's settled! We'll be at my house." Russia clapped.

"You sure? What about your siblings, won't they be home?" I titled my head.

"My siblings that are staying with me will be either at a friends' house or they're out of town. Even the ones that are still there won't mind you guys."

"Oh, okay."

"Meet at Russia's house! What time?" China asked.

"You can come at 5, da?"

"Dāngrán!" **(Sure!)** China exclaimed.

"Woah, you're excited." I giggled.

"It's been so long since I've been to a sleepover! Come on, North, you must be excited too!"

I rolled my eye playfully. "Yes, I'm excited too. But I'm not jumping out of my shoes."

China rolled his eyes and squeezed my cheeks. "Hey- Stop that!" I giggled.

"Alright, alright, love birds, break it up. So it is agreed, my house at five?" Russia asked.

We nodded. "Great! See you guys there!" Russia walked off, probably to go to class. Without any warning, China picked me up bridal style. I let out a squeek and wrapped my arms around his neck. China blushed and chuckled.

"You idiot! You scared me!" I shouted, puffing up my cheeks.

China glanced at me and raised a brow. "Really? You seem to like it. And stop acting so cute or I'll die from it."

I knew that last statement was a joke so I laughed. I let China carry me to our lockers and then he set me down. We grabbed our books and headed to class.

Time skip

I was dragging my backpack to the exit of the school. My cheeks were stained with tears and I heard countries whispering about it. I didn't care though. Some whispering about my tear stains is nothing compared to what I went through today.

My eye stared at the ground as I walked. I was oblivious of my surroundings and we all know how that goes.

Dundundundun! I bumped into somebody!

Again!

Well, to be honest, with the state I am in right now, I could care less if I bumped into somebody. I heard them drop what I assume was their books, and they angrily turned around. "Dude, what the frick! What was that for!?"

I didn't bother looking up at them. I could tell by the accent it was Portugal. "Idiota... Vai morrer em um poço..." (Fricking jerk... Go die in a pit...) He muttered before picking up his things.

I don't understand Portugese, just like I do every other language. So I just ignored him and continued walking. When I reached the exit I flung it open and stomped down the stairs.

China was waiting for me by the pillars, and he saw my attitude. "North? What's wrong- oh..." He saw my tear stains and hugged me.

I couldn't help but shed a few tears. "Why won't they leave me alone..?" I whimpered.

China rubbed circles on my back. He didn't say anything and just rocked side to side. I burried my face in his chest and tried to forget what happened today as he silently soothed me.

After a few minutes China spoke up again. "You okay?"

I nodded. I wiped my eyes and weakly smiled. "I'm okay now.."

It was obvious China didn't believe me, but he nodded nonetheless. He gently took my hand and walked with me out of school. "Don't forget about Russia's sleepover at five." He said, smiling at me.

I immediately brightened up. "I won't! Do you think we should bring snacks?"

China chuckled. "Of course!" He then mumbled to himself with a

smile, "And I'll remind Russia to not let you have more than three pieces of candy."

"I heard that!"

China laughed and squeezed my cheeks again. He then started running as I chased after him. "This isn't fair you're taller than me!" I shouted.

He stopped running and let me catch up. He then picked me up so fast it took me ten seconds to process what happened. "What the heck?" I mumbled.

China started laughing again. I looked at him and smiled, my cheeks warming up a little. **(Prepare for cringe)** His smile, it just makes me happy inside. It makes me forget all the struggles I'm having in school, and I just wanna be in the presence of him forever. **(eW-)**

"Hey North, you okay?"

China was looking at me, still smiling. I nodded. "Yeah."

He carried me to my house, and didn't leave until I was inside. We hugged and kissed eachother goodbye. I closed my door and sighed, tossing my backpack aside. I'll work on my homework in a minute.

Correction, I thought that I'd forget about it when Russia's sleepover time came and did my homework. I finished it in an hour. I then went to my kitchen and made some snacks.

South Korea POV

I was at my house listening to K-Pop. I know, basic and predictable. But whatever, I like it and that's what I'm gonna do. My eyes were closed and I was basically listening to K-Pop with the possibility of

falling asleep.

You'd be surprised how many times I've fallen asleep listening to K-Pop.

Anyway, I was about to say hi to dreamland when I heard a crash from downstairs. My eyes shot open and I sat up in my bed really fast. I took my headphones off and paused the music. I sat still, listening for anything.

I heard rummaging. I took the headphones' wire out my phone and dialed 112, but I didn't hit the call button. I snuck quietly out of my room and down the staircase. I went to where the noise was and found myself near the entrance to the kitchen.

I peeked inside and saw a hooded figure going through my cabinets and drawers. I then saw it grab one of my big kitchen knifes, and practiced cutting and slashing motions. It giggled crazily and pretended to be stabbing someone.

It was at this point that my fear took control and I rushed to get to my room. Unfortunately, I tripped over something but immediately got back up. The person heard me and chased me to my room, but I managed to get inside and lock my door before they could harm me.

I cowered in a corner in fear and hit the call button. The person was slamming themselves against my door and was even stabbing the knife through it. I waited in fear for the operator to pick up.

"112 비상 상황은 무엇입니까? (112 what is your emergency?)" A female voice said.

"내 집에 사람이 있는데 날 죽이려고 해요! (There's a person in my house and they're trying to kill me!)" I shouted into the phone.

"당신의 위치는? (What is your location?)"

"***(Insert address)***"

"안전한 곳에 있습니까? (Are you somewhere safe?)"

"나도 그렇게 생각해 ..하지만 그들은 문을 통해 구멍을 뚫고 들어가고 그들이 침입 할 것 같아! (I-I think so... But they're stabbing holes through the door and I think they're gonna break in!)"

They stabbed another hole through at the same time that they slammed their body against the door. I screamed. Hopefully all my neighbors heard me. "누군가 도와주세요! 부디! (Somebody help! Please!)"

"선생님, 진정하고 노력해야합니다. 자신을 변호해야 할 것이 있습니까? (Sir, you need to try and calm down. Do you have anything to defend yourself with?)"

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked around my room. "망치... (A hammer...)"

"좋아, 들어 와서 들어 오면 준비해. (Alright, grab it and prepare yourself for if they come in.)"

I grabbed the hammer from off my dresser. I then stood up and did exactly what the operator said. As soon as I did, I heard multiple police sirens in the distance.

I heard them, but I don't think the person did. They continued stabbing holes into the door and slamming their body against it. I quickly grabbed a chair and moved it to the door, making sure the top was underneath the door handle.

The operator was trying to calm me down but I could barely hear them. Fear clouded my ears and sight. I couldn't breathe right and I was sweating uncontrollably.

The person slammed their body into the door and the door came off it's hinges. The door fell to the side and the chair I put did nothing. I caught a glimpse of black where their chin is. I screamed and backed away, dropping my phone and clutching the hammer.

"Leave me alone! Take whatever you want! Please don't hurt me!" I screamed swinging the hammer wildly.

The person laughed maniacally and rushed at me, preparing to stab my head. I screamed and ducked away. I hit their back with the

hammer and ran out of the room. I ran down the hallway and into a guest room. I locked the door and cowered in a corner again, sobbing my heart out.

I heard the person's footsteps go to the door. They stabbed one hole in before I heard someone bust my front door down and heard multiple policemen enter. I screamed again and I soon heard their footsteps coming up the stairs.

The person broke down the guest door with one kick. But instead of going after me, they rushed to the window and jumped out of it. Multiple policemen flooded into the room, and two of them helped me up.

I got ushered out of the house by the same two policemen. I saw a crowd of countries (my neighbors and others on the same street and from other neighborhoods) looking worried. The policemen with me had me sit down on the grass and then they radioed the others, telling them the perpetrator had fled the house and to search the area.

I covered my face with my hands and cried silently. Eventually, I could hear someone calling my name. I looked back at the crowd and saw North Korea and America at the front. North went under the police tape and rushed to me. He hugged me tightly. "남쪽! 나는 당신이 비명을 지르고 경찰을 불렀습니다! 무슨 일이야 괜찮아? (South! I heard you screaming so I called the police! What happened, are you okay?)"

For the first time in years, I saw worry in North's eye. He genuinely cared about me right now. He wiped away a forming tear. I smiled. "난 괜찮아 정말 무서웠어요. (I'm okay. Just really scared.)"

North sat down in the grass in front of me. He reached into his shirt and I wondered what he was doing. He pulled out the necklace I gave him and cradled it in his hand. "I've been wearing it everyday since you gave it to me. I can never leave my house without it..." His eye showed happiness and sorrow. "...Thank you."

I hugged him. "You're welcome. I'm happy you like it."

I pulled away after a bit. America went under the police tape and came to us. He sat beside me. "Are you okay, South?"

I nodded. My throat felt strained from screaming. "You can stay at my house for a while if you like?" America said, rubbing my back.

I nodded. "Th-thank you."

America nodded and pulled out his phone. He dialed France's number and walked off to talk to her. He came back a minute later and told me, "I just told France was happened, she agreed it let you stay. Don't worry about clothes, I can lend you mine."

"Thank you, America." I smiled.

"It's no problem." America chuckled.

North got a notification on his phone and checked it. "I have to go, but do you want me to stay?"

"If it's that sleepover you, Russia, and China planned then go. I'll be alright." I chuckled at North's expression.

"How did you know about that?"

"China. I heard him when you guys left the lunchroom, I then listened to the rest of your conversation."

North smiled and shook his head. "I better get going, we agreed to meet at five."

"Okay, have fun."

North got up and left. America helped me up. Two policemen walked up to me and started asking questions. "당신은 그들을 인식했습니까? (Did you recognize them?)" The taller of the two asked.

"아뇨.하지만 그들의 턱이있는 곳이 어둡습니다. (No. But I did catch a glimpse of black where their chin is.)"

He nodded and wrote what I said down on a piece of paper. He looked back at me. "한동안 머무를 다른 곳을 찾아야합니다. 이 집은

잠시 조사 중입니다. (You're gonna have to find another place to stay for a while. This house is under investigation for a while.)"

I nodded. "나는 이미 하나를 발견했다. 감사합니다. (I already found one. Thank you.)"

He nodded and walked away. His partner gave me back my phone and the charger that went with it. I grabbed both and thanked him. He nodded. "당신은 지금 갈 수 있습니다. (You can go now.)"

I nodded and walked away with America. The crowd of countries had dwindled and some of them were walking away at the same time I was. I stayed close to America the whole way to his house.

Russia POV

I was waiting for China and North Korea by watching some TV. It was 5:05 but I wasn't that worried about them being a little late. For all I know, North probably fell down the stairs and China argued with Taiwan.

Belarus walked down the stairs. "Hey Rus. What are you doing?"

I didn't turn from the TV as I answered her. "I'm waiting for China and North Korea."

"When are they supposed to arrive?"

"Five o'clock."

Belarus didn't respond. I heard her walk in the direction of the kitchen. "I'm making potatoe pancakes, if you want some just tell me."

"Okay."

A minute later the doorbell rung. I got up and walked to it. I opened it and China and North Korea were standing there. They waved at me and I greeted them. "Эй, ребята! (Hey guys!) I was starting to think you wouldn't show."

"Sorry Russ. I went to pick up North but he fell down the stairs."

China chuckled.

North glared at him and huffed. "*And* someone tried to kill my brother. He was screaming and I and other countries called the police. There's police tape all around his house and yard."

I let them in and they sat on the couch as I closed the door. "Is South okay?" I asked and sat beside them.

"Yeah, he's staying with America for a while."

Their attention turned towards the TV and North gagged. "Geez Russ, what are you into?"

I quickly turned it off before a make out scene came on. "Uh...nothing... The show I was watching just turned off..."

"You sure-"

"Heywhatdidyouguysbring?"

While North Korea was confused China understood. "I brought some Chinese snacks, spare clothes and pajamas, a blanket, a pillow, you know, your average sleepover stuff."

"Oh, that's nice-"

"And a jian."

"A what?"

"A jian. It's a Chinese sword."

I stared at China wide eyed. He smiled back at me like nothing was wrong. I looked at his bag. No wonder it's so big. North Korea sniffed the air. "Hey- Russia, what's that delicious smell?"

I sniffed the air and the delicious aroma of potatoe pancakes filled my nose. I smiled. "Mmm... That's Belarus, she's making potatoe pancakes. You guys want some?"

"I've never had potatoe pancakes before." North Korea said, looking

nervous.

"I haven't either." China added.

"That's alright. You can try them now! Belarus makes the *best* potatoe pancakes." I pushed both of my best friends to the dining room. "Find a seat, I'll tell Bel you guys want some."

I walked into the kitchen and saw Belarus finishing two potatoe pancakes. "Hey Belarus?"

"Эй, Расія. (Hey Russia.) You need something?" Belarus looked at me. I noticed her eyes had sympathy and sadness.

"China and North Korea-"

"Didn't show up?" Belarus walked over to me.

I laughed. "Нет нет, they're here. They're in the dining room. I was wondering if you could make some potatoe pancakes for all four of us?"

Belarus sighed in relief. "Oh, good. Sure, I'll make them some potatoe pancakes."

"Спасибо, Бел! (Thank you, Bel!)" I called to her as I walked out.

"Няма праблем! (No problem!)"

When I came back into the dining room, both North and China were laughing but North was laughing so hard he was crying. "Well, what happened here?" I asked as I walked up.

"N-Nothing." North wiped his tears. "So, is Belarus making potatoe pancakes for us?"

"Да. We should stay here until she's finished."

China and North agreed and we spent the time chatting and joking around. Belarus finished the pancakes and served us. North and China *loved* them. "Why haven't I tried these sooner?" China asked himself aloud.

"How have I not heard of these?" North said.

Belarus laughed. "Well, I'm glad you like them. They're one of my favorite recipes."

China looked at North and chuckled. North noticed and looked at China, raising a brow. "What?"

"You have crumbs on your face." China giggled.

Belarus hit me gently with her elbow and did the lenny face. I smiled and watched the couple. North tried wiping the crumbs off but he missed a spot. China said so.

"To the left."

North did the wrong left.

"No, *my* left."

North still didn't get it.

China chuckled and got closer to North. He licked the crumbs off as North blushed darker than Soviet's flag. "There." China said, laughing quietly.

North stuttered and covered his face. China and the rest of us laughed. "Калі б толькі Японія была тут! (If only Japan were here!)" Belarus exclaimed through laughter.

Time skip

After that happened, China, North Korea, and I all went upstairs to hang out. We spent a good amount of our time messing around and getting on Kazakhstan and Estonia's nerves, eating the treats China and North Korea brought (which were *delicious!*), playing Truth or Dare and Never Have I Ever, eating sweets (China and I forbid North from eating anymore candy after he had three pieces), and more.

Currently, China was telling a funny story. North was laughing while I was confused as frick.

Time skip

After China's story we were downstairs playing Minecraft. North was building extra rooms and hallways for our house, I was killing animals and collecting the meat they dropped, and China was mining.

"I found some diamond ore." China said as he ran over to it to pickaxe it.

"Great! Bring it back and I can smelt it to make it into armour, weapons, tools-"

"Чувак. (Dude.) We get it."

Then halfway through China got the bright idea of killing North Korea's pet cat.

The cat was sitting on North's bed, and North was mining trees nearby. China left his room and pulled out his diamond sword. He walked over to the cat. "Hey North, look at my screen."

North stopped what he was doing and looked at China's screen. China killed the cat with one swing.

"NOOOOO!!!" North had dropped the remote and was screaming.

I wanted to laugh my butt off but bit my tongue knowing the consequences. My siblings that were inside the house rushed to us, thinking something was wrong. When they saw everything they slowly backed out.

North was strangling (or trying to) China up against the couch. He eventually just resorted to hitting him in the chest and stomach. "Chill North! It's just a cat!" China shouted, laughing.

"Frick. You! Frick. YOU!" North Korea's eye was closed as he hit China.

China eventually gently pushed North off him. North kept trying to hit him. Eventually tears rolled down North's cheek and China stopped laughing. "Uh..." He sighed. "Look, I'll get you a new one.

You can take all my weapons and leave me with wooden ones."

When North still avoided eye contact China added, "And you can have all my food."

"Okay!" North smiled and wiped his tears away. I felt bad for the Korean so I grabbed the TNT in my room and went to China's mini castle he built. I filled it up with TNT and then put red stone a safe distance away and put a lever down.

"Russia what are you doing?" China asked me.

I noticed that North Korea's Minecraft character was behind me. I didn't answer China and said to North, "You can have the honors."

North jumped up and down and then pulled the lever. The mini castle blew up and the game didn't even lag. I looked at China's face and his mouth was agape.

He looked really upset for ten seconds. He then sighed and smiled. "That's what karma for killing Northie's cat, isn't it?"

North and I nodded.

Time skip (sorry)

We got bored of Minecraft and decided to trash the house by being crazy. We were chasing each other around and at the same time messing a lot of things up. I was carrying North on my shoulders and he was knocking things down that were higher up, I was shouting random things in Russian and just running around, and China was chasing us with his jian, swinging it around and knocking things down.

My siblings were hiding upstairs.

This is also why my, China, and North Korea's friends and family don't allow us to be alone.

We wreck everything.

"How about you guys stop wrecking everything and pose for a

picture!" Estonia yelled from the top of the stairs.

We froze in our tracks. China put his jian away and I let North Korea down. I adjusted my ushanka and we got into the position we liked. "Ready?" Estonia asked.

We nodded with smiles. "Smile!" Estonia said, about to snap the picture.

At the last second I changed my expression and how my arms were.

I chose to flip him off, basically.

Best part is, Estonia didn't even get mad at me. He just tapped his phone repeatedly and then walked away.

China, North Korea, and I all got up and went upstairs. I'll clean up the mess later. We went to my room and watched TV for a good while.

We finished watching episode 6 of the show we were watching when I heard Kazakhstan yell from the hallway, "Everyone check your phones!"

I pulled out my phone and checked the only thing I got notifications from: the group chat with all the countries in the world.

Armenia
Why is North Korea screaming?

South Korea
Is he okay? Do you know?

Belarus
He's fine. China just killed his MineCraft cat.

Sweden
China WHAT!?

America
Oop-

Third Reich
Ame wtf

America
SAVE THE TURTLES!!

UN
America I will slap you if I hear that again

America
GET RID OF PLASTIC STRAWS

South Korea
But America is right next to me... And he doesn't have his phone.

America
O crap

Canada
You sure?

South Korea
Yeah. He said it was missing from his dresser this morning and he still doesn't have it back.

Tuvalu
Then who the frick is texting with his phone?

Norway
Dunno. But I don't care.

I scrolled down to get to more recent messages.

Belarus
GUYS!!

Japan
?

Georgia
What

Belarus
LOOOK!!!!

(She sent two pictures of Russia, China, and North Korea)

Uzbekistan
What the friiiiiicckkkkk

Panama
Wait, North smiled? HE CAN SMILE?!

Netherlands
I don't see how that's surprising.

South Korea
Aww... North looks so cute!

How the frick did Belarus get the first picture? Whatever. I scrolled down some more and froze at the message I saw.

The doctors had said that he would die... How is this... What?

Soviet Union
I lived bois

19

??? POV

So, Soviet survived his headache. That's a shame, I was really hoping he'd die so Russia and his friends would be unstable. Russia and Third Reich especially would be easy targets if he died. They'd be so weak, and would isolate themselves from everyone else, easy kills.

But since Soviet *isn't* dead, I'll have to think of something else. Perhaps I shouldn't go for Russia and Reich just yet. Somebody else instead.

Perhaps somebody Soviet's known for a long time.

I heard knocking on my door. Great, he has arrived. I walked over and opened it. The country I had told to come was on the other side. Underneath his hood I could tell he was nervous.

"Ah, welcome. Come inside, we must talk." I said, walking away.

Third Person POV

The country behind the door walked inside, closing the door behind him. He was smaller than the female that had opened the door, so he had a bit of trouble keeping up with her as she walked to a more secret part of the base.

The hall they were walking down was a dark gray, almost black. The only light source was coming from the pendant lights on the ceiling. The floor was a bit of a lighter gray, and their shoes made small clicking sounds every time they took a step. Shining metal doors that locked from the outside lined the hall's walls.

A steel door at the end of the hall stood out from everything. This

was their destination.

"You really should get a tighter hoodie."

The smaller country jumped at the female's voice. He hadn't expected her to actually talk while they were walking. "H-huh?"

"You should get a tighter hoodie." The female repeated, opening the steel door with a key. "South Korea saw your chin color."

The smaller country's eyes widened. "H-he did..?"

The female sighed, annoyed. "Yes, he did. It's all over the news, sooner or later you're gonna get us caught." She glared at the smaller country, making him shrink back.

"I'm sorry..." He looked at the ground.

"Whatever. Let's see what *he* has to say about your carelessness."

"I'm disappointed." A voice spoke out.

The female and male country looked into the room. Another country stood in front of them, wearing the same cloak and hoodie as the other two. He was taller than the male with the female, but was shorter than the female all the same.

Now, let's use the nicknames that they call each other. The female is Tall, the one who said 'I'm disappointed' is Middle, and the shortest is Small.

Small had his head down, and was shaking from nervousness. Middle motioned them to come inside the room. "We need to talk about things." He said.

Tall pushed Small into the room. She walked in and closed the door behind them, locking it.

The walls and floor were the same color as the ones in the hallway. The room had desktops, tables, a computer, and a rack with lots and lots of weapons. A triangle table sat in the middle of the room. Three chairs lined the sides, and the trio sat down in their

respectful chairs.

Middle got straight to business. "Small, I am *very* disappointed in you."

Small remained silent and let his leader speak.

"You were careless and allowed South Korea to see part of your flag. You almost got caught by the police. What the heck is wrong with you?!"

Small pushed his nervousness aside and raised his head. "I was indeed being careless, and I'm sorry about that. But I did do the crazy laugh you wanted me to do."

Middle pinched the area between his eyes (For humans, the bridge of their nose). "That doesn't change anything, but good job I guess."

Tall spoke up. "I was among the crowd of countries where South's house was."

"And? I was there too."

Tall nodded. "But did you hear that South is staying with America for a while?"

Middle perked up, smiling. His smile was hard to see however, because he was wearing a black scarf. "That is good news. We can steal some things from South Korea's house and use them to our liking."

Tall nodded, but sighed immediately after. "But the police said they were investigating the area. That could mean they'll be inside South's house, around his house, or in the woods behind his house."

Middle's smile didn't falter. "That won't be a problem. You see, the thing about those certain policemen is if something happens in some *other* place and it requires everyone, then they'll ditch the spot. It won't be until weeks later that they realize, and we will have gotten what we need by then. At some point during this week I will cause something in Spain's neighborhood, that should be far enough for us to do what we need to without the trouble of police."

Small spoke up. "Middle, what's with the doors in the hallway? The ones on Tall and I's way here."

Middle chuckled. "Those doors lead to rooms with cells."

"What is the point of them, sir?"

"They're for prisoners. Simple as that."

Small nodded. Then he, Tall, and Middle pulled out notebooks. "Any new pieces of information?" Middle asked.

"Have you checked your phone recently?" Tall cocked her head to the side.

Middle hissed. "Yes. Soviet hasn't died from his headache. I was hoping he would."

"I was hoping he would, too. Russia and Third Reich would've been easy targets if he had."

Middle nodded. He glanced at Small, who was staring at his notes. Small seemed to be thinking. "What are you thinking about, Small?"

Small flinched, he didn't expect to be called. He glanced back at his notes. "Someone wants to join us."

"Excuse me?" Middle stood up in a flash. He hadn't expected this type of news. He, Tall, and Small had kept all of this a secret. How did anyone know they were the robbers and killers?

"Did you tell anyone?!" Middle shouted, struggling to keep his voice low.

Small flinched. He wasn't sure he should have mentioned it now, he thought Middle would be happy. He gulped, trying to conceal his nervousness. "No, I haven't told anyone. I'm just as surprised as you are that they know about this, about everything."

Middle's confusion was replaced by anger, then his anger was replaced by more confusion, and a hint of fear. His emotions were a rollercoaster right now, and he didn't know how to handle it. He

took a few deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself down. "Do they know who we are..?"

Small hesitated before nodding. "He knows exactly who we are. He knows that you're **[inaudible]**, that Tall is **[inaudible]**..." He sighed, staring at his notes again. "and that I'm **[inaudible]**."

"Who is this?" Tall was angry, a strange emotion in this situation. Depending on what the country's intents are, they all could be sent off to jail, captured and tortured, or killed. At least, that's what Middle was thinking.

Small glanced at his notes again before replying. "**[Inaudible]**."

Middle and Tall shared a glance. "But...what does he want to do with us?" Middle asked. His fear was steadily building up.

"I'm not sure, but he said if you want to know we should call him or invite him here."

Middle thought a bit before talking. "If we call him, it'll be too risky. Anyone can hear our conversation. If we invite him here, it'll be too risky. He'll know where our base is, and if he's a spy he'll tell everyone else!"

Tall set a hand on Middle's shoulder. "Middle, we could use another member. Besides, what if he actually does want to join us?"

Small nodded, agreeing with Tall. "Tall has a point. There's always the possibility that he actually wants to join us, and isn't a spy. I say we invite him here."

"I say we invite him here, too." Tall agreed.

Middle sighed, outnumbered. "Fine. Text him the address, I don't want to be kept waiting."

Time skip

Tall was waiting by the door Small had knocked on. Middle had instructed her to wait until their guest showed up. The chair she was sitting in was made of metal, and was uncomfortable to sit on.

'I'll tell Middle to move this chair to the torture chamber.' Tall thought, standing up and getting ready to leave.

A knock on the door stopped her. She smiled behind the dark gray scarf she wore. 'Good, he has arrived.' She thought.

She walked over and opened the door. There stood **[static]**, a grin upon his face. Tall was taken by surprise, she hadn't expected him to be so enthusiastic about this.

"Hello, good to see you **[static]**. May I come in?" **[inaudible]** greeted. Tall nodded and stepped aside, letting the guest in. She closed and locked the door once he was inside. "By the way **[inaudible]**, we need to keep a low profile, so we call each other nicknames and not our actual names. My nickname is Tall."

The guest nodded, suppressing a snicker, and followed Tall down the hall. It was a while before they reached the steel door, Tall repeating the steps she did before but with the new guest. Middle stood in the center of the room, the triangle table and its chairs gone. Small sat at the computer, typing away and researching important things.

Middle turned around and stared at the guest for a few moments. He cleared his throat. "**[Static]**. I'll be honest, I'm still quite surprised that you want to join us."

[Inaudible] chuckled. "I don't see how this is surprising. But I do have something to say before we get started." His smile disappeared and he crossed his arms behind his back. "I don't want to get my hands dirty, so I'll be putting in requests."

"Requests?" Small turned in the chair he sat in, one hand still on the keyboard. "What do you mean?"

[Inaudible] pulled out a piece of paper with names of countries on it. "Requests. I'll basically be asking you to do certain things to certain countries."

Middle took the paper and examined it. Small remained where he was while Tall looked at the paper as well. Middle looked up at the

guest. "So it's true... You want to join us?"

[Static] nodded, grinning. Middle pulled down his hood and shook hands with the new member. "Great! First things first, we need a nickname for you so we can keep a low profile."

[Inaudible] nodded. Everyone thought for a bit. Small murmered something that Middle couldn't quite hear. "What was that?" Middle turned to Small.

Small glanced at his leader but then turned back to the computer, sighing. "Nothing. It's bad anyways."

"I'll decide if it's bad, let me hear it."

Small hesitated before saying, "I think **[static]** 's nickname should be Buff."

Middle nodded, slightly liking the idea. "And why do you think his nickname should be Buff?"

Small stopped typing and took a deep breath. "Well, all our nicknames have reasoning behind them. **[Inaudible]** 's nickname is Tall because she's the tallest of all of us," he glanced at his leader. "Your nickname is Middle because of us, the original three, you were the size in the center. My nickname is Small because I'm the shortest of all of us."

Small went back to typing but continued speaking. "Buff is a good nickname for our new member because he's the buffest of all of us. I originally thought to name him Tall 2, since him and Tall are the same size, but thought against it."

Middle nodded, smiling. "That's actually a good nickname, and good reasoning."

"Really?" Small accidently knocked his drink onto the floor from his surprise. Everyone ignored it.

Middle nodded. "Yep!" He turned back to the new member. "I like Small's idea. Your nickname is gonna be Buff. Welcome to the crew."

Buff nodded, grinning. He thought all of their nicknames were pretty funny, but didn't comment about it. He shook hands with everyone and then pointed at the paper. "You see the name at the top of the list?"

Middle looked at the paper again. "Yeah, Timor-Leste. What about him?"

"He's been acting a smart butt around my friends and I, and it's really embarrassing. I want you to kidnap him and bring him here. Do whatever you want to him, just don't kill him."

Tall jumped up and down, giggling. "We can finally use those cell rooms! And our torture devices and our weapons! We'll do it!"

Middle nodded. "We'll have him here by Wednesday, maybe Tuesday. That okay?"

Buff smirked. "Yes, just remove him from the school."

Tall and Middle continued talking to Buff. Small however, remained silent and listened to their conversation. He wasn't even typing anymore, what he wanted to do was done. His eyes stared at the screen and his hands sat in his lap.

He shook his head and smiled. Finally, some real work to be done. He got up and walked over to the other three. "I can get Timor-Leste alone," he said when he reached them. "He trusts me ever since I helped him out with something last month. I can get him to a secluded spot and then Tall can come up behind him and make him fall asleep with the chloroform."

Middle clapped, overjoyed. "Great! If things go right, you can get him here by tomorrow. Make sure no one sees you with him, you'll be the first person they question when they realize he's missing."

Small nodded, happy that he was of use for once. Buff said he had to go and Middle gave him spare keys for when he wants to return. Buff left and the original three were alone again.

Middle was giggling here and there, and Small finally got the courage to ask him, "Middle, you alright?"

Completely ignoring the question, Middle instructed, "Small, Tall. Go and prepare the torture chamber, *someone* is gonne be down there soon."

Tall and Small and hurried off to set the torture chambers devices, while Middle sat giggling in the room.

The four of these countries are just getting started.

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North Korea POV

Russia, China, and I were all running to Soviet's hospital room. After Russia checked his phone, he started freaking out over something he saw. He showed me and China Soviet's message and we had sprinted out of his house, his siblings that were there close by us.

Down the hall we went, glancing at doors as we ran to make sure we didn't pass it. When we finally reached it, we all sat down in the chairs and waiting for the doctors inside to come out.

German Empire POV

I was visiting my son at his house. He had invited me over for the night and I had accepted, since I had nothing to do. Russian Empire, Serbia, and Austria-Hungary were all visiting the country Switzerland for a month. They had invited me but I had declined since I wasn't feeling well. I'm better now.

We were watching a horror movie on his couch when his phone got a notification. I continued watching the movie while he checked it. From the edge of my vision, I could see him freeze. I turned to him and saw his face was pale.

"Sohn? Bist du in Ordnung? (Son? Are you okay?)" I asked him.

Without answering me, he jumped up and ran upstairs. Not even two minutes later he was coming back down and was tugging a jacket on in the process. "Ich komme später wieder, Vater, mach dir keine Sorgen um mich! (I'll be back later father don't worry about me!)" He called as he grabbed his keys and raced out the door.

"Okay... ich liebe dich... (Okay... Love you...)" I murmered, staring

at the closed front door. I sighed and turned back to the movie. But I couldn't enjoy it. A feeling of loneliness and something else swept over me, preventing me from enjoying whatever I was doing, and preventing me from smiling.

France POV

Britain was laying on top of me in our bed. He had had an exhausting day at school and finished his stack of homework. He was really tired and wanted company, so here we are.

Britain was sleeping and my arms were wrapped around him. I was about to drift off to sleep as well when both our phones got a notification. Unfortunately, it woke Britain up. But he was groggy and didn't want to move.

"Mm... France check the message.." He murmered, snuggling closer to me.

I smiled. "Sure, mon amour (my love)." I reached for my phone and unlocked it. I checked the message and froze in shock. Britain felt me freeze and tiredly looked at me. "Is something wrong?"

He rolled himself off of me and I sat up. "Bretagne, (Britain,) look." I showed him the message Soviet sent to everyone.

The cute sleepy Britain disappeared in an instant. He was wide awake, and dashed out the door. He ran down the stairs and to the front door. "Be careful l'amour! (Love)" I called after him.

Italian Social Republic POV

My son and I were cooking food together. It's something we both enjoy doing and we were hungry. I was humming a song I used to sing to Italy when he was little while dividing three tablespoons of whole butter.

After we set up the ingredients, we started actually cooking. Italy hummed along with me, sometimes even saying the words aloud while we cooked.

The 40 minutes that it took to make the Risotto felt like 4 minutes.

Italy and I sat down at the table and chatted with each other. "Come state tu e l'Impero giapponese? (How are you and Japanese Empire?)" I asked Italy.

He blushed a little and chuckled. "Papà, quante volte ti devo ricordare che il suo nome è il Giappone adesso? (Dad, how many times must I remind you that his name is Japan now?)"

I laughed. "Giusto, scusa. Come state tu e il *Giappone?* (Right, sorry. How are you and *Japan?)"*

Italy finished the last of his food before replying. "Buona. Tuttavia, la sua ossessione per gli anime è ancora fuori controllo. (Good. His obsession with anime is still out of control, though.)"

"E le sue navi? (What about his ships?)"

"Uno di loro si è avverato poche settimane fa. (One of them came true a few weeks ago.)"

"Deve essere davvero felice. Quale? (He must be really happy. Which one?)"

"Oh, lo è. È molto contento La nave che divenne realtà era la Cina e la Corea del Nord. (Oh, he is. He's very happy. The ship that came true was China and North Korea.)"

Italy got a notification as I took our plates. He immediately jumped up. It caught me by surprise and I almost dropped the plates. "Scusa papà, torno subito, non preoccuparti, sarò al sicuro e ti amo! (Sorry Dad I'll be right back don't worry I'll be safe and I love you!)" Italy said, running to the living room.

He had said it all so fast that I barely caught what he said. But nevertheless, I called back to him before he ran out the door, "Va bene! Ti amo anch'io! (Okay! I love you too!)"

Japan POV

I was watching Attack On Titan in my bed. I was getting ready to scream after Eren's arm got chomped off and he was swallowed when I got a phone call. I groaned and paused the anime. I checked

whoever was calling me and saw it was Italy. I immediately answered. "こんにちは (Hello) Italy-senpai!"

"Hey Japan, did you see his text?" Italy seemed weird, and I was worried.

"What text?" I asked. I had ignored all the notifications I got from my phone while watching Attack On Titan.

Italy sighed. "You must be watching anime or reading a gay manga. Soviet texted."

I almost dropped my phone. My ears went flat. "何? (What?)"

"We can talk more once I pick you up, I'm driving to your house right now." And then Italy hung up. I sat staring at the wall for a good minute before jumping up and putting on my clothes as fast as I could. I rushed downstairs and swung open my door just as Italy pulled into my driveway.

I rushed to his car and hopped inside, pulling the seatbelt on. Italy and I then drove off to the hospital.

North Korea POV

Several minutes had passed and everyone close to Soviet (and for some reason Britain) was there. No one was crying, obviously. But we were waiting anxiously for the doctors to let us in.

Finally, the doctors came out and told us we were allowed to enter. We all went into the room (the rooms are pretty big) and saw Soviet awake in the hospital bed. He waved at us and smiled. "Zdravstvuyte." **(Hello.)**

"Papa!" Russia wailed and hugged him. All of his siblings followed suit.

Soviet hugged Russia back. "How has my little Russian been doing?"

Russia sighed, wiping away some tears. "Decent."

"Ever since you were put in the hospital and Russia took over in

running your country, he was stressed and his mental health was down the drain. Since your capital came back he has been doing *much* better." Belarus explained.

Soviet looked guilty. "Really? I'm sorry you went through that Russia."

"Papa it wasn't your fault, don't blame yourself. Besides, I'm okay now." Russia hugged Soviet tighter.

"Uh...Russ? You're hugging me a little too hard.." Soviet murmered.

Russia backed up. "Sorry."

Everyone started talking with either Soviet or each other. I was chatting with China and Belarus. I saw Britain walk over to Soviet and start talking to him. I stopped talking so I could hear what they were saying.

"You doing alright?" Britain asked, scooting a chair closer to Soviet and sitting down in it.

"Yeah. I barely feel anything now, but it could just be the aspirin."

Britain nodded. "So how is France and the kids?" Soviet asked him.

"Good. Ame built a new gun, Aussie hasn't brought any rodents inside or caught on fire, Kiwi got a new sheep, and Nada started reading biographies and watching documentries."

"Ame? Aussie? Kiwi? Nada?"

Britain was confused for a second. "Oh, you don't use those nicknames for them. Ame is America, Aussie is Australia, Kiwi is New Zealand, and Nada is Canada. Though America sometimes calls Canada 'Maple' or 'Maple Leaf', and Canada sometines calls America 'Meri'."

"Your kids sound happy, what about you?"

Britain smiled. "I've been good. I've been really worried about you."

Soviet chuckled. "You worried about me when I was gone for five minutes."

"Oh, hush up! We were kids!"

Britain and Soviet laughed, catching the attention of everyone. They didn't seem to notice and continued chatting. "I loved when we were kids. So many dumb things happened!" Britain said, laughing.

"Remember when we got chased by that guard dog because you threw a tea bag at it?" Soviet said, trying not to burst out laughing again.

"How could I forget? You were fuming afterwards!"

They burst out laughing again while everyone else in the room looked at them in confusion. "Er...papa?" Russia spoke up.

Britian and Soviet stopped laughing, but were still giggling here and there. "Da, Russia?"

"What are you and Britain talking about? Did you know each other way before this?"

Soviet and Britain shared a glance. "Da. Britain and I have known each other for a long time, actually."

"How long?"

"Since childhood."

My and everyone elses jaws dropped. "Since childhood?! Soviet-kun, are you sure you're alright? Maybe that headache did more damage than you thought." Japan said, setting his hand on Soviet's forehead to check for a fever.

Soviet moved Japan's hand away. "I'm fine, Japan. And I'm telling the truth, right Britain?"

"Correct. Soviet isn't lying. We really have been friends since childhood. If you still don't believe us then ask my parents or Soviet's dad, they'll confirm it." Britain said.

Everyone else was still trying to process what they heard. Well, everyone but Third Reich. "It makes sense. You two never really had the 'I hate you' or 'We're not friends' vibe." He stated.

I closed my mouth and leaned on China since I was getting sleepy. He wrapped his arm around me. Russia got up. "I need to go, papa. I'm really happy that you're okay now." He said, giving Soviet a little hug.

"Alright Russia. It was nice seeing you." Soviet said, returning it.

Russia nodded and left the room. From there, all the countries left one-by-one, and the last ones only leaving because Soviet was getting sleepy.

China picked me up bridal-style since I was also close to falling asleep. It wasn't until he walked past the receptionist was when I drifted off.

China POV

I glanced down at North. He was sleeping soundly in my arms as I carried him. I smiled and blushed a little bit. He looked so cute and peaceful when he slept.

I saw Russia walking ahead and called out to him. "Russia!"

I'm surprised North didn't wake up. Russia turned around and waved at me. He stopped walking and allowed me to catch up. "Hey China, what's up?"

"We're still doing the sleepover, right? My and North's stuff are still there." Russia and I started walking again.

"Yeah, we're still doing it. But we might have to calm down or my siblings will yell at us."

I glanced at North. "Well, North is already asleep so we have to be quiet nonetheless."

Russia glanced at him and chuckled. "It seems so."

We continued chatting as we walked back to Russia's house. At one point, Kazakhstan flew over us with his wings.

We reached his house a few minutes later, and Russia unlocked and opened the door. He let me enter first and then locked the door. "Take North to the guest bedroom by Belarus' room. I'll get his stuff." He said, walking into the living room and asking Kazakhstan something.

I walked up the stairs and found Belarus' room. Her door had her flag on it. I went to the room beside it with no decoration and opened it up. I went to the bed and tucked North in. I kissed his forehead before leaving the room.

Russia was outside the room when I left. He nodded hello. "Hey. I'll join you in a second, okay?" He said, walking inside with North's things.

"Sure. I'll be in your room."

I walked to the door that had Russia's flag on it and walked inside. I went and sat on his bed. I tried looking for something to do while I waited. I looked at the books he had but obviously, they were written in Russian.

Russia came in a few minutes later. "Privet. **(Hey)** What do you wanna do?"

I shrugged. Russia turned on his TV and switched to the fire-stick. "How about we watch a movie?" He suggested.

I nodded. "Sure, what movie?"

Russia smirked and scrolled through the movies on the screen. "I don't know, I was thinking Mulan-"

I snatched the fire-stick from him and quickly found the 1998 movie as Russia laughed. "这将是我第875次观看此影片，但我不在乎. (This will be my 875th time watching this but I don't care.)" I murmered and clicked on it.

I don't need to describe what happened, but I did sing along with

every song. I don't think I should have, because I woke up North Korea. He walked into the room when the movie ended.

Russia and I looked at him as he rubbed his eye and yawned. "Who's singing..?" He muttered sleepily.

Russia cast a smug look in my direction. I chuckled nervously with my hand on the back of my head. "That was me...sorry."

North climbed onto Russia's bed and crawled over to me. He layed down in my lap and smiled. "You have a great voice..."

I blushed. "U-uh...thanks.."

North giggled a little and cuddled closer to me. I held onto him. It wasn't long before he fell asleep again. I looked up at Russia and he had the lenny face.

I would've burst out laughing if confusion didn't sweep over me first. "What?"

"Do you think North is a virgin?" Russia asked, still mantaining the face.

I blushed, a lot. I'm pretty sure I was darker than my flag. Russia slapped his hand over his mouth to keep his laughter from waking up North.

After my shock, my embarassment turned into anger. I would've started shouting if I hadn't felt North's sleeping form. Instead, I just glared at Russia as he caught his breath again.

"你是个傻瓜，你知道吗? (You're a douche, you know that?" I muttered.

Russia wiped away a tear and looked at me, confused. "Uh, what?"

I continued glaring at him and didn't bother translating. If North were awake he'd be eating popcorn and watching, or he'd be trying to calm me down.

Wait, if North was awake he'd be too flustered to say or do

anything.

Russia continued looking at me, expected a translate. "我不给你翻译. (I'm not giving you a fricking translate.)" I spat.

Russia looked shocked at my tone. "Woah, China... It was just a joke." He said.

I rolled my eyes. "Bozhe, ty vedesh' sebya kak rebenok..." **(Jeez, you're acting like a child...)** Russia muttered.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. I then yawned, frick. I don't wanna go to sleep yet!

Russia noticed and smiled. "Let's go to bed, it *is* pretty late. Kazakhstan will be in here any minute to tell us to go to sleep."

Right as he said that Kazakhstan walked in. "We've let you guys stay up long enough. Time for bed."

Russia groaned. "*China* is sleepy, I'm not."

"So? It's a school night."

"You're no fun!"

I chuckled and got off the bed carefully as to not wake North. I walked to the guest bedroom North had his stuff in and went inside it. I tucked North in and then climbed into bed with him.

I snuggled him and then drifted off.

South Korea POV

America and I were watching TV on his flat-screen in his room. Well, *I* was watching, America was on his phone. I was watching a Korean drama and America was probably scrolling through a social media site. I jumped when I heard screaming from downstairs.

"Get it away! *Get it away!!"* I was able to recognize Canada's voice.

"Relax mate, Bertha just wants to say hi!" Australia shouted from

downstairs.

"Australia! Get your spider away from your brother!" A British accent yelled.

"Fine! I'll show Kiwi then!"

"Keep Bertha away from me, Aussie!" New Zealand shouted.

"Don't you want to pet her, though?"

"No!"

Britain interrupted them. "Get that creature out of my house!"

I looked at America. He hadn't even moved from what he was doing, I don't think he even flinched. "Uh.. Ame? Is this normal for you?" I asked.

America nodded. "Wasn't the first time something like that happened."

We then heard screaming again, but I recognized Australia as the one screaming. His screaming was a mix of fear and pain. "America! Get down here, Aussie's on fire again!" Canada called up.

At those words America jumped out of his bed and sprinted downstairs, I followed the best I could. "Australia, go outside so you don't burn the house down. Canada, grab water. New Zealand, grab an ice pack and a pillow." France commanded.

Everyone scrambled to do what they were told, Australia's screams still able to be heard from inside the house. America ran out from another room holding a fire extinguisher. He ran outside with Canada at his heels.

I looked around and saw France getting the couch ready for Australia to sleep on, and Britain was checking for any burn marks on things. I went outside to see how Australia, America, and Canada were.

Australia was running around the front yard, still screaming. He

was waving his arms around in the air and his signature hat had fallen off his head. Countries had come outside their houses to see what was going on.

America and Canada were chasing Australia. "Aussie, You need to stop moving so we can help you!" America shouted.

Australia stopped running and started jumping in place. He was still screaming and I could tell he was crying, but before any tears could crawl down his cheeks they evaporated.

Canada ran up to him and threw the water from the bucket he held onto him. It got rid of most of the fire, but there was still some left somehow. America used the fire extinguisher on Australia, getting rid of the remaining flames.

Once the flames were gone, Australia collapsed onto the ground and started sobbing. His clothes were burnt but there was still a lot on him, not much had burned away. His skin had probably second and third-degree burns. Canada set his bucket down and rushed to him. He picked up Australia and carried him back inside the house. America started walking towards the bucket, still holding the fire extinguisher until I told him, "It's okay, I got it."

I walked to the bucket and picked it up. America nodded gratefully at me. "Can you pick up his hat as well? It's over there," he pointed to a fairly large bush by the front door. "I think he threw it over there so it wouldn't burn. He loves that hat."

America walked inside the house while I walked to the bush. I reached down to grab the hat when I heard a rustle from the bush. I quickly grabbed the hat and backed away, staring at the bush. I wasn't very far from the bush, and I heard a female voice whisper, "Ow! Cut that out!"

"Sorry!" Another voice whispered back.

Before I could process what I heard, a little girl tumbled out of the bush. She looked up at me and froze. Her flag looked like Netherlands' flag, with a symbol in the center. I really don't know how to describe it.

The girl stared up at me with a horrified expression. I smiled and waved to her. "Hi, what country are you?" I asked her.

She scrambled back into the bush. The bush rustled for a bit before stopping. "South! Where are you?" America called from inside.

"Coming!" I walked inside the house. Australia was laying down on the couch, he had multiple ice packs strapped onto his burns. He was wearing new clothes, too. New Zealand was talking to him.

America walked in. "There you are. I'll take the bucket." He took the bucket from my hands and walked off. I walked to Australia and handed him his hat. "You left it outside." I said.

Australia took the hat and set it on his chest. His eyes were half closed. "Thanks, mate..."

"How are you?"

"Everything hurts... But I'm okay..."

I nodded and walked into the kitchen. France and Britain were talking quietly. "Excuse me?"

The older countries turned to me. "Yes, Corée du Sud?" **(South Korea)**

"Will Australia be alright? He told me he'll be fine but I'm still worried."

France sighed. Britain made some tea while she explained. "He should be alright, but he's been going on fire for a while. A whole week to be exact. Normally, he just screams and yells, but he cried this time. We're really worried as well."

"We thought it was over," Britain sighed, a hand on his forehead. "But we were wrong. Now is seems they're getting worse. It takes a lot to make Aussie cry."

I nodded and left the kitchen for the parents to continue talking on their own. I went to America's room to find him playing a game he called Call Of Duty, except I think it was the fourth one. Maybe the

third or second, I don't know.

America didn't glance at me when I opened the door. He knew it was me, though. "Hey South."

"How did you-"

"My family knocks, you don't. Simple."

I shrugged and jumped onto the bed beside him. I watched as he played the match. I always giggled when he fell off the stage or got killed, causing America to cuss loudly.

After the match when his team lost, he rage quit and switched to Minecraft. "You wanna play?" He asked, offering a remote to me.

I agreed since I wanted to get my mind off things. I took the controller and America selected Sweden's server. Every country likes playing on Sweden's server.

Sweden had built a castle and was decorating the inside. America ran inside it and kept placing random wood blocks everywhere, making Sweden frustrated and angry.

Eventually he chased America out of the castle.

Estonia joined the game a few minutes later. "Hey Sweden, is Finland on?" He asked.

"No, but he's in the same room as me. I can get him on if you like." Sweden responded.

"That'd be nice."

After a few minutes of muffled talking on Sweden's mic, Finland came onto the server. "Hei **(Hey)** Esti."

"Tere **(Hi)** Finland!"

They started talking, and eventually the rest of the countries in the server joined the conversation.

We were all having fun and enjoying ourselves when we heard singing from Estonia's mic. It was distant, but it mose certainly was there. "Estonia? Are you singing?" Sweden asked.

"No." Estonia responded.

We all listened a bit more, no one's character moved. After ten seconds, America said, "I recognize the lyrics. They're from Disney's Mulan."

"Wait, then-" Norway was cut off by Estonia.

"Oh, of course! Russia invited North Korea and China over. It must be China singing since Russia doesn't know any of the lyrics to Mulan songs, and I don't think North sings."

'He used to.' I thought in my head. There's no need to say it aloud, they wouldn't believe me anyway.

"Okay, let's continue." Estonia said.

"Wait, I wanna hear China sing." Vietnam said.

"Well, TOO BAD!" America yelled.

Everyone started talking again and playing the game.

Time skip

America, New Zealand, and I all sat on chairs in front of the living room TV. Australia was still laying on the couch, and Canada sat next to him. New Zealand and America had wrapped Australia in a blanket since he started getting cold.

The movie we were watching was Terminator. I told America and his siblings I had never seen it and they freaked. So here we were, watching Terminator.

I was getting bored but didn't show it. I pretended I was interested in the movie. I didn't want to hurt their feelings.

New Zealand suddenly grabbed a pillow and tossed it to Canada.

Canada caught it and then placed it under Australia's head. I noticed Australia looked sleepy. He closed his eyes and got comfortable, and somehow drifted off despite the loud volume of the TV.

Once Terminator ended America turned to me. "So, what did you think?"

To be honest, I didn't really like the movie. But I didn't want to hurt his feelings so I smiled and said, "It was good. Can't believe I didn't watch it sooner."

America beamed and got up. Canada picked up Australia and carried him upstairs. "Do you want something to eat?" America asked.

"Sure, but not McDonalds, or Burger King, or...you know." I chuckled.

America pouted. "Fine, but I can't believe you don't want the miracle life created."

We walked into the kitchen. America reached into the cabinet and pulled out a box. "Mom and Dad don't let us eat anything close to a meal after 7, and it's pretty late. So, we'll have to get a bag of Nilla Wafers each."

"Nilla Wafers?"

"They're small cookies that I eat as a snack. Want some?"

(Low-key, Nilla Wafers are so good. I haven't had them in a while and now I want some.)

"Sure."

America grabbed two plastic bags from another cabinet. He washed his hands and then pulled two handfuls of the cookies into each bag. He handed me mine and then put the box back.

I bowed. "감사합니다. (Thank you.)" I said.

America giggled. "Am I your king now?"

I raised the upper part of my body. "No." I said and then ran to his room.

America laughed as he followed me. I threw myself onto his bed just as America looked inside. He laughed as I started eating the small cookies. "Well you're full of energy." He said as he sat down beside me.

I shrugged and continued eating the cookies. Once America and I finished eating we got ready for bed. America slept in his room while I slept in the guest bedroom near America's room.

Japan POV

Italy was driving me home. He was talking to me but I couldn't hear him because I was deep in my thoughts. What Britain and Soviet had told us still shocked me, and I was probably thinking about it a bit too much.

"Japan?" I snapped out of my thoughts. Italy wasn't looking at me because he was driving, but he did glance.

"Huh?"

"Are you listening to me?" He asked.

"N-no...sorry, Italy-senpai."

He sighed. "It's alright, are you okay?"

I nodded. "Yeah." I turned away and continued looking at the houses we passed by.

A couple minutes of silence go by. I feel a hand on my shoulder and turn back to Italy. He looks worried now, and was probably looking at me more than the actual road. "Are you sure your okay?" He asked me.

I sighed and decided to tell Italy what was on my mind before we got into a car crash. "I was just thinking about how Soviet and

Britain had been friends since childhood. Like, a British guy who is obsessed with tea and a Russian who loves vodka being friends since they were kids? That's a little hard to believe but..."

Italy removed his hand from my shoulder and focused on the road. He sighed. "I was in the same mindset as well, but life is always full of things that are unexpected. My dad raised me that way, so I guess that's why I'm not thinking about it that much."

I nodded. That made sense, life *is* full of surprises. Italy and I started talking the rest of the way to my house. We were having a normal conversation, talking about ships of countries, when he asked me this: "Japan, have you ordered anything on my account?"

I nodded. "Sorry, but I felt too lazy to switch to mine."

Italy nodded. "It's alright, just ask next time. Oh, did you order an anime school girl uniform?"

"うん！(Yeah!)"

"...Why? You're a boy."

"I can cosplay, can't I?"

"Japan, eventually you'll wear the uniform everyday."

"And?"

I could tell by Italy's face he mentally facepalmed. He sighed. "Fine, fine. I won't bother you with the uniform. But don't be embarrassed if I get perverted at first."

*"*何？！*(What?!)"* I stared at Italy with my jaw dropped. I knew I was blushing.

Italy laughed, when he noticed my blush he laughed harder. Luckily, we arrived at my house so he was able to pull into my driveway and lean back laughing with his eyes tightly closed. My ears flattened and I glared at him, my blush still strong. "Why the heck would you say that?!" I shouted.

Italy wiped away tears from laughing so hard. "I'm only telling the truth. And it's not like you to be embarrassed, Japan."

I felt my blush deepen. "黙れ！(Shut up!) You're a different case!"

I angrily got out of the car and stormed to my house. I heard Italy get out as well and follow me. I unlocked the door to my house and before I could slam it in Italy's face he snuck inside. "Don't be mad, Jap, I was just warning you."

I rolled my eyes. "Whatever. When does my uniform get to your house?"

"Tomorrow morning, why?"

"Can you drive it over to my house when you get it? I really want to wear it to school."

"You sure you wanna wear that uniform to school, Jap? I don't want you getting bullied."

"I don't care what the other countries think. *I* like the outfit, and if it bothers them they can frick off."

Italy chuckled at my determination to wear the outfit. "Well, alright. I'm still not leaving your side, though."

I rolled my eyes. "そして、私たちがすべてのクラスを一緒に持っているという事実は助けにはなりません。(And the fact that we have every class together doesn't help.)"

Italy got behind me and wrapped his arms around me. I blushed for a split second. "私が日本語を話せるのを忘れたと思います。覚えてる？(I think you forgot I can speak Japanese. You taught me, remember?)" He murmered into my ear.

I chuckled. "Hey, sorry about getting mad earlier. I don't like being embarrassed."

Italy shrugged. "It's alright, I knew you still loved me."

He let go of me and kissed my cheek. "I have to go, my dad's

waiting. Ti amo. (I love you.)"

"Okay, 私もあなたを愛してます。(I love you too.)"

Italy left my house. At the sound of the door closing I sighed. I've always wondered what it's like to have parents, to have a Dad, a Mom... someone to take care of you as you grow up. Someone to look up to, someone who you strive to impress, someone you can confide to in your darkest moments, someone to ask for advice.

I never had someone to take care of me. 3,000 years ago my people created the Japanese flag, and I just started existed right there as a toddler. Because I was nervous about showing myself to my people, I raised myself in hiding. I finally met them and started being who I was created to be when I stumbled into a village, but I never had parents.

I shook my head to clear my thoughts and went upstairs to my room. I always try to not think about it, or else I get jealous of countries who do have parents, and then I go into a fit of rage that it is impossible to calm me down from.

...You don't want to know what happened the last time...

I went inside my room and turned off my TV. It was getting dark out so I changed into my pajamas. I did a backflip onto my bed and then pulled the covers up to my chin. Although it took a while, I drifted off to sleep.

I feel like this chapter was anti-climatic in a lot of things. Also, I probably won't update for a while because I have no inspiration, motivation, or ideas. But who knows, maybe my mind will fill up with ideas as soon as I post this, it's happened before.

Aight, see ya later.

21

[image]

(I hate the way I drew Sparkle, NO ONE'S BOOBS ARE THAT HIGH UNLESS THEY GOT PLASTIC SURGERY-)

Wonder (Me): *Says I won't upload for a while*
Three days later
Wonder: *Starts working on 21*
Sparkle: But you said-
Wonder: ShUt iT!

(I have to thank my bestie though, if she hadn't suggested the POV I would still be sitting around trying to figure out what to do lol)

Russia POV

I awoke to the sound of my alarm clock in my ear. I groaned and moved to turn it off, resisting the urge to throw it out my window. I slid out of bed and checked my phone. I had gotten a few new texts last night from the group chat; everyone who had texted was screaming about how Soviet lived.

I left my room and headed for the stairs. On my way, Uzbekistan passed me and said good morning. I went downstairs and into the dining room to see if Kazakhstan made breakfast already. Belarus and Estonia sat at the table eating kasha, and occasionally I could catch a glimpse of Kazakhstan's feathers in the kitchen.

"Добрай раніцы (Good morning) Russia," Belarus waved to me, "How are you?"

"Tired and hungry." I responded, sitting next to her and yawning.

"Kazakhstan should be finishing your bowl of kasha, Russ," Estonia

said.

Kazakhstan walked into the room a minute later, holding two bowls of kasha in his hands and balancing the other two on his wings. He placed one bowl in front of me and one across from me, he then took the remaining two bowls off his wings and set them in front of two empty seats. "Maybe you shouldn't have stayed up that late, Russ, you look drained." He said, sitting down across from me.

"Well duh. I have a test for math today as well, I didn't study once." I grumbled, taking bites of my kasha. "I saw Uzbekistan walk pass me, do you guys know where he was going?"

"Kaza sent him to wake up China and North Korea. We really should put an alarm in the guest bedrooms, huh?" Belarus responded.

Estonia nodded. Uzbekistan walked in, China and North Korea following him. They sat down and the Chinese and Northern Korean stared at the food. "What's this?" China asked.

"Kasha. It's a common breakfast dish in Central and Eastern Europe." I replied.

"Does it have buckwheat in it?" North asked, poking at it.

Kazakhstan raised a brow. "It's basically made from it, why?"

I gasped and stood up. "I totally forgot, North's allergic to buckwheat! I'll go make him some cereal."

"Russia, finish your dish, I'll make North some cereal." Uzbekistan said, standing up and walking into the kitchen.

I sat back down and continued eating. "Sorry, I didn't know." Kazakhstan apologized.

"It's fine, there's a lot of things countries don't know about me." North shrugged.

China was already five spoonfuls into his kasha. North glanced at him. "You're gonna have to wash your mouth before we go to school. But if you choose not to, then you can't kiss me for the rest

of the day."

China froze. He slowly looked towards North Korea, who had a smug look on his face. "Okay... Only for you."

North giggled as Uzbekistan came into the room, holding a bowl of cereal. He set the bowl in front of North and took the kasha, setting it in front of him in his seat. "Uzbek, didn't you already eat with the others?" Estonia asked him.

Uzbekistan nodded. "Yeah, but I can never turn down some kasha."

We all chuckled at that. We continued eating breakfast with the occasional comment and short conversations, but overall we ate in comfortable silence. Kazakhstan collected our dishes and sent us upstairs to get dressed. China was giving North a piggyback ride the whole way.

I chuckled at the two as we went up the stairs. My room isn't far from the staircase, so I reached it in no time. I went inside and closed my door. I set my ushanka on my dresser and walked to the closet. I picked out a white T-shirt with blue stripes (I have multiple pairs of this shirt) and some blue jeans.

I changed from my pajamas and into my clothes. My bandages on my arms were starting to feel irritated, so I made my way to my bathroom and locked the door.

-Slight warning of self harm scars-

I unwrapped the old bandages and stared at the scars. They kinda blended in with my red skin, but only a little. Their pink color will forever remind me of the period when I took that blade and drew it across my skin on multiple occasions. I can still vividly remember the crimson blood running down, and how I covered it up and somehow kept it a secret for years.

I shook my head and opened the cabinet-mirror **(or mirror-cabinet?)**, searching for more bandages. I took them and wrapped them around my arms. Every country knows how I used to cut myself, and thankfully none of them pick on me for it. Probably

because Soviet is around, but I'm glad they don't pick on me.

I finished wrapping the bandages and washed my hands.

-Aight, you good-

I left the bathroom and walked to my shoes that were sitting beside my bed. I pulled them on and pulled my ushanka back on. I left my room and went downstairs. Kazakhstan handed me my lunchbox. "You forgot to make your lunch last night you манекен. (dummy)."

I glanced at my lunchbox and then back to my eldest brother. "But you packed it, didn't you?" I smirked.

Kazakhstan rolled his eyes and gave me a noogie. "Don't forget to make it next time, you dork."

He let go of me and smiled. We heard yelling from upstairs. "Bel I'm sorry! I gave them back!" That was Armenia's voice.

"You take my potatoes, you *pay!"* Belarus yelled.

We heard a thud and then screaming. Armenia was begging Belarus not to do something. I went to the staircase, followed by Kazakhstan, and looked up the stairs. I saw Belarus's back and she was struggling against something. She then whipped around and tossed Armenia down the stairs.

Kazakhstan pulled me to the side as we watched Armenia tumble down and eventually hit the bottom. It's a wonder he didn't break his neck. He struggled to sit up and glared at the top of the stairs, where Belarus stood smirking. "I'll get you back for this! You and Lithuania!" Armenia shouted.

Belarus rolled her eyes. She disappeared as she walked back down the hallway. Armenia stood up and limped to the couch. "I don't think I can go to school, thanks to Bel." He grumbled, flopping onto the couch and switching the TV on.

"Alright, just take care of yourself." Kazakhstan said. He then turned to the stairs. "Hurry up! We're gonna be late!" He repeated what he said in Lithuanian for Lithuania.

We heard what sounded like running and then saw a crowd of my siblings and my two best friends hurrying down the stairs at the same time. Lithuania almost tripped but Estonia held her up. When they reached the bottom of the stairs Kazakhstan flew above us and counted flags.

"China, North Korea, Belarus, Lithuania, Estonia, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Latvia, Georgia, and Russia. Armenia is staying home." He flew back to the ground and walked outside, the rest of us following.

We all walked to school together, chatting like there was no tomorrow. We picked up some more of my siblings along the way. I noticed North wasn't nervous at all and was talking to everyone, and everyone was having a good time. Well, everyone but Ukraine; he still didn't like North.

When we reached the school there was a crowd of countries surrounding something, or someone. North looked at the crowd. "Oh, Philippines' brother must be here."

Italy POV

(Around the time Russia woke up)

I was driving to Japan's house with his outfit in my lap. I was blushing. I had looked at the outfit and blushed madly. I couldn't believe Japan wanted to *wear* this! It was a Japanese school *girl* outfit!

I sighed and tried to ignore certain thoughts trying to enter my head. I drove until I reached Japan's driveway and pulled in. I grabbed the outfit and got out of the car. I walked to Japan's door and didn't even get a chance to knock on it, because he flung it open when my hand was an inch away. He squealed when he saw the outfit in my hands, and he took it and ran off.

I entered his house and closed the door. I went to his couch and sat down in it, waiting for him to come downstairs. I was looking at one of his anime posters when I heard footsteps coming downstairs. I turned to the staircase and saw Japan at the bottom already. He

did the peace sign, smiling wide. "How do I look?" He asked.

The outfit fit him perfectly. I blushed and looked away. "You look great..." I murmered.

Japan giggled and sat next to me. He hugged me. "ありがとうございました (Thank you) Italy-senpai! I'm really happy it fits."

I hugged him back. "Devo abituarmi a vederlo in questo vestito rapidamente. (I need to get used to seeing him in this outfit quickly.)" I murmered to myself.

"What did you say, Italy-senpai?" Japan asked.

Good thing I never taught Japan Italian. I shook my head and sighed. "I didn't say anything. Let's go to school."

Japan jumped up and followed me to my car. "I can't wait to show the other countries this, I'm so excited!"

I smiled and started the car. "I'm glad you're happy, just don't jump around too often."

Japan nodded, already knowing the reason I said that, and sat down in the passengers seat. I pulled out of his driveway and drove to school. I parked in the parking lot for students and walked with Japan to the area the rest of the countries were at.

I noticed a crowd of countries surrounding something. "Hey, Japan? Do you know what that's about?" I asked.

Japan glanced over at the crowd. "Oh, don't you remember? Philippines-kun said his brother is going to attend our school today."

"Oh, right. Who do you think his brother is?"

"I'm not sure, but I have a feeling I've met him before."

Canada POV

I had finished making pancakes for my family in the kitchen. I

grabbed Australia's plate and headed upstairs to his room to give it to him. The fire he went through was worst than the others, so it's taking a while for him to fully recover. I knocked on his door and I heard his raspy voice, "Come in."

I opened the door and looked at the poor form of the younger Australian. He lay underneath the thick covers Britain ordered us to take to him. Everytime he has a fire, afterwards he feels really cold. "Hey, Aussie," I greeted. "How you doing?"

"A little better..." He sighed.

"How long have you been awake?" I asked.

"A little before five AM." Australia responded.

"Five AM?! Aussie, you need to get your rest!" I couldn't help raising my voice.

Australia chuckled. "I know, I know. I just couldn't get back to sleep, mate." He looked at the pancakes. "Are those for me?"

I smiled and nodded. "Made three each for the whole family, thought I'd give you yours first."

Australia smiled. "Thank you, mate. I was starting to get hungry." He sat up and took the plate, placing it in his lap. He started to eat the pancakes, slower than he usually would, but at least he's eating. "These are good, as always."

"Thank you, I can get you some maple syrup if you want." I suggested.

Australia shook his head. "Thanks, but no thank you, Nada." He set his fork down. "You should wake America up and get ready for school."

I nodded and told him I loved him before closing the door. I went to America's room and I could hear the alarm from outside his door. I opened the door and saw America, lying in bed, still fast asleep despite his alarm going off right next to him.

I sighed and shook my head, smiling. This happens every morning, and America can somehow sleep through alarms. I went over to his alarm clock and shut it off, I then shook him until he groaned. "Ame, we have to go to school today. Get up."

"Give me an hour..." America muttered.

"Eh? School *starts* in an hour! Ame, get up."

America rolled to his other side, ignoring me. I rolled my eyes and grabbed him by his feet. His eyes shot open, good, that seemed to wake him up. "Nada no-"

Before he could say another word I dragged him out of his bed and into the hallway. He managed to break free from my grasp and stood up. "Glad to see you're awake, Ame! Breakfast is on the table." I said before heading downstairs.

When I reached the dining table I saw Mom, Dad, and New Zealand had already sat down and were eating. "Good morning!" I waved, sitting down with them.

"Bonjour Canada, how are you?" France asked.

"Good, I just woke Ame up. Kiwi, can you pass me the maple syrup?" New Zealand grabbed the syrup from his side of the table and slid it down to me. "Thank you."

"America is always sleeping in, how does the fellow sleep through that darn alarm clock? We could put it as loud as a megaphone and he wouldn't wake up." Britain shook his head.

New Zealand gagged as I drenched my pancakes in maple syrup. "Nada, maybe you should not, drench whatever you are eating in maple syrup."

"You're just jealous that I produce 80% of the world's maple syrup." I said, biting into my pancake.

New Zealand rolled his eyes and continued eating. America came down a moment later, adjusting his shades. "Sup everyone," he looked at us, "Well, almost everyone."

He slid into his seat and began eating, humming a song I didn't recognize. "Ame, how to you sleep through alarm clocks?" Britain asked the younger American.

America shrugged. He continued humming whatever he was humming. "Amérique, what are you humming?" France asked.

"AMERICA, FRICK YEAH!" America shouted while leaning back.

We all jumped, that was sure unexpected. America turned to Britain like nothing happened. "I'm gonna bring the new gun I made to school."

"America, no-"

"America, *yes.* Yes, I know you're worried about me shooting up the school, but that's not what my gun is for."

"Let me guess, to show off and self-defense?" New Zealand asked.

America nodded. "Mainly the first one but yes!"

"Wait a minute, America, where is South Korea?" I asked him.

"He woke up early and went outside. Talking about finding some little girl he saw-" America dropped his fork. "I think he saw one of the states, I have to go, see ya!" He dashed out the house.

Time skip

South Korea POV

I walking around town. I knew I had school today but for some reason I was focused on finding the little girl I saw yesterday. I went into stores, alleyways, bars, I couldn't find her.

I probably looked so sketchy to so many people, haha.

I checked the time and was about to turn around and head to school but then I heard an accent I've never heard before. "You've yee'd your last haw, partner!"

Before I could look up to see who it was I was shoved into an alleyway and hit my head. I was in a daze and just layed there on the ground. I heard a Russian voice scolding the other, and I think another person was there, too. "Russia..?"

I groaned when I struggled to sit up. I heard the voices quiet down and then footsteps in my direction. "Sir, are you okay?" I heard a male voice, which sounded like a kid.

"Minne- brother, get back here!" I heard the Russian accent again, but since my daze had cleared a little bit I knew it wasn't Russia or Soviet.

"Wha... Who are you..?" I asked the kid. My vision had cleared and I could see the kid's flag. **(I looked up description of the flag and it kept saying seal of the state, so I'll just say the word part.)** ----------, there were red words reading 'Minnesota'.

"Dad says we can't tell our names to anyone." 'Minnesota' Word Boy said.

"He also said we shouldn't talk to any countries! Get back over here so we can get back to the others!" The Russian accent boy hissed.

I looked at the kid with the Russian accent. He was really tall and was wearing a ushanka. His flag was a dark blue background with eight gold stars, the stars formed the Big Dipper and Polaris.

There was another kid next to him. He was shorter than him, but not by much. He was wearing a cowboy hat and his flag was basically Chile's, except the star and blue line went all the way down.

"Who are you guys? Are you territories? Colonies? Who's your father? Why can't you mingle with countries?" I asked them, standing up with the help of 'Minnesota' Word Boy.

"We can't answer that. But I *can* tell you that those two are my brothers. We have other siblings, too." 'Minnesota' Word Boy said.

"How many siblings do you have?" I asked.

"More than ya can shake a stick at!" Cowboy Hat Boy said.

Ushanka Boy rushed forward and grabbed 'Minnesota' Word Boy's arm. He then rushed back to where he was standing. *"Great!* Just go and tell a country our personal buisness, he's *totally* not gonna stalk and kill us all when we go home!" Ushanka Boy scowled at me.

"Calm yer horses, partner. We don't need ya gettin' all bowed up. Ah'm sure this here country is nice." Cowboy Hat Boy said.

Ushanka boy scoffed and grabbed Cowboy Hat Boy's arm as well. "YA odin iz samykh molodykh shtatov, no u menya tol'ko odin smysl." **(I'm one of the youngest states yet I'm the only one with sense.)** He muttered as he walked away, dragging the others along.

I left the alleyway and watched as the kids walked away. I called out to them. "I was walking around here looking for a girl! Maybe you know her?"

'Minnesota' Word Boy pulled his arm free of Ushanka Boy and ran back to me. He looked up at me. "Maybe we do, describe her flag."

Ushanka Boy whipped around, his face flushing red from what I assume was frustration. I guess he was so angry he forgot to conceal their names. "Minnesota! Убери отсюда, прежде чем я скажу папе, что ты делаешь! **(Get the frick back here before I tell Dad what you're doing!)**

I looked down at the kid in front of me. "Is Minnesota your name?" I asked.

He nodded. "I guess there's no point in concealing our names now." He pointed to the two males behing him. "The one in the cowboy hat is Texas," Texas waved, "and the red faced one wearing the ushanka is Alaska."

Alaska widened his eyes and let go of Texas's hand. Texas ran back over to us. "So who's this girl ya lookin' for? She might be one of our sisters." He said.

"Well, I saw her yesterday. Did any of your sisters leave your house yesterday?"

Minnesota and Texas nodded. "Yeah, we do. Missouri and California actually left yesterday to get something from our Dad, but they returned earlier than expected. Missouri might be who you saw." Minnesota explained.

"Missouri... Thank you for the...tip..." I saw Alaska curl up beside the building. "Hey- is he okay?" I pointed to him.

Minnesota and Texas looked at him. Once they did, Texas sprinted back to him. "Minnesota, what's going on?" I asked.

Minnesota looked at me with a worried look. "Lately, Alaska has been having some mental problems."

I looked back at Alaska and Texas. Alaska was staring at the ground while Texas rubbed his back and murmered things to him. I was gonna walk over and help but Minnesota stopped me. He shook his head. "No, he doesn't trust countries. In fact, he's scared of them. It's best you leave."

I was reluctant to leave but I eventually did. I kept glancing back at the kids the entire way until I rounded a corner.

Time skip

I was at school now, and I was late, as I expected. I walked to the office to get my late slip. The principle sat there, and without any words and wrote down the slip and handed me it. I checked the time and went to get my --- book.

Time skip

It was lunchtime. I had heard throughout the day of countries talking about Philippines' twin brother, Martial Law. I had also heard a few times how Philippines introduced his brother to North Korea first, and they seemed to get along throughout the whole day.

I decided I wanted to be alone and eat outside. I was looking for a spot in the shade when I saw Timor-Leste talking to Canada. I didn't think much of it and sat down underneath a tree I knew North liked. I ate my lunch in silence, deep in my thoughts. I was thinking about the kids I met, and decided to talk to America about it later.

Earlier

North Korea POV

I walked with China and Russia to the school, completely ignoring the crowd. Russia's siblings had went over to the it. I knew Philippines was gonna introduce me to his brother, so I wasn't surprised when I heard his voice before I reached the stairs. "Hey, North Korea!"

I turned in his direction and raised a brow. Philippines was holding the hand of someone that was his exact size, they were wearing a hoodie and were covering their face. He pulled them forwards, whispering encouraging words each time. When he reached me he murmered something to the person and they took their hood off.

The boy's flag was Philippines' flag, except the blue and red were switched. "North Korea, this is my twin brother, Martial Law."

Martial Law did a tiny wave. "Hi... You can just call me Martial."

I waved back at him. "Hey."

"I was thinking, can you show my kapatid **(brother)** around the school? You guys could get to know each other better." Philippines suggested, smiling wide.

"Bakit hindi mo ako maipakita sa paligid, Phil?" **(Why can't you show me around, Phil?)**

"Kung nais mong mabuhay, kailangan mong magkaroon ng mga kaibigan." **(If you want to survive, you need to have friends.)** Philippines looked at Martial with a eerie look. Martial looked horrified at whatever Philippines said, and then Philippines laughed. "Oh, I'm just kidding! I just want you to get to know the countries. Bye!" Philippines walked away.

It was silent for a few moments. Then Russia cleared his throat. "Hello, Martial. My name is Russia." Russia stuck his hand out in a handshake.

Martial shook his hand, still obviously nervous. "Hi Russia..."

China put his hand out to shake. "And I'm China, North Korea's boyfriend."

Martial shook China's hand as well. "Hi China..."

"Let's get started with the tour, da?" Russia asked.

Martial shyly nodded. He followed us inside the school and followed us as we showed him everything in the school. I was silent the whole time.

You might think I don't like Martial, but that's not the case. I don't have an opinion on him right now. He's quiet, nervous, and he listens, that's about it. He doesn't seem annoying, but I'll have to get to know him in order to decide my opinion, and whether or not I wanna be friends with him.

Eventually Martial tapped my shoulder when we were walking to where his locker was. I looked at him and raised a brow. He seemed intimidated for a second but calmed down. "H-hey...um... So, Phil has told me about the rumors about you. One of them is that you enjoy watching others in pain, is this true?"

I frowned and shook my head. "There are always rumors going around about me, and a lot of them aren't true. I'm sick of it."

Martial nodded and smiled at me. "We may have not known each other for long but...I'm glad Phil introduced me to you, Russia, and China first."

I couldn't help but smile back. "Thanks. Not many countries like me."

"Well, I do. I can't wait to get to know you."

"You're gonna have to get passed his shell first." China said.

Martial chuckled. "I'm up for the challenge."

We reached his locker not long after that. "This is your locker, Martial, right next to your brother's. Do you remember your code?" I asked him.

He nodded. "Itay **(Dad)** made me practice all night."

"Itay?" Russia asked.

"Itay is Filipino for Dad." Martial explained.

"Garenteed I'll forget that later." I said.

We all laughed at my comment. We waved goodbye to Martial and headed to our own lockers.

Time skip to Social Studies

I was sitting at my desk, bored out of mind. Even though the last thing I wanted to do was pay attention to Ms. Ginger as she rambled on about what she was teaching, I payed attention anyway. I glanced around the room and saw that a few other countries were bored as well. Denmark was secretly playing on his phone underneath the desk.

I turned back to Ms. Ginger right as she looked at me. She smirked. "North Korea, what was the capital of the Aztec Empire?"

Without missing a beat I responded, "Tenochtitlán."

Her smirk disappeared and she frowned. She huffed and turned away. "Correct..." She muttered.

I was confused for a second. Did she want me to get it wrong? I shook my head and forced myself to pay attention to the lesson.

For some reason, throughout the entire lesson, no matter the question, she would always call on me. Other countries would have their hands raised and I wouldn't, yet she would still call on me. I always said the correct answer, though, so the only problem was that I was getting annoyed and the constant attention.

Eventually, a crumbled up piece of paper landed on my desk. I ignored it and continued to be called on. 'Jeez, what does this women want?' I thought bitterly as I answered a 33rd question.

"Do you somehow know all the answers to everything?!" She

shouted, her face turning red.

"No, I'm just paying attention," I snapped. "Call on someone else before your tomato head explodes."

Countries in the classroom either oohed or laughed. Denmark got up from his seat and snatched the crumbled up paper on my desk away. I looked at him confused, and he mouthed, "It said teacher's pet."

I rolled my eyes and looked back at Ms. Ginger. She was fuming, but took a deep breath and started teaching the lesson again. She didn't call on me for the rest of the lesson.

The dismissal bell rung a few minutes later. Countries got up but Ms. Ginger forced then to sit back down, saying some bullcrap like: "The bell doesn't dismiss you, I do."

Finland ignored what she said. He got up, gathered his things, and then left the class.

The rest of us stared at the door, and then glanced at each other. "Oh no, you pricks better not leave this dang classroom." Ms. Ginger growled. "I will write you up if you do."

We all copied what Finland did, ignoring her threats. I walked to my locker and put my books away. I grabbed my lunchbox and closed my locker. "Hey North."

I turned and saw China. He was putting his code into the lock. "How was Social Studies?" He asked me, opening his locker.

I shrugged. "Fine, I guess. Ms. Ginger has it out for me."

"You think so?" China grabbed his lunchbox and closed his locker. "Why?"

"She kept calling on me throughout class, and then got mad when I knew the answer." I replied.

China chuckled. "Come on, Russia said he'd meet up with us in the cafeteria. He went to get Martial."

I nodded. China and I had a conversation the whole way there. China opened the doors and I thanked him. We walked to our regular lunch table. Iran, Netherlands, Russia, and Martial Law were already there. They waved at me and China.

China and I sat in our spots. I turned to Martial. "Have you been to any other schools?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Hindi, **(No,)** my parents homeschooled me. They used to homeschool Phil as well, but then he persuaded them to let him attend school."

"And now?"

"I just wanted to give an actual school a try. For a week, and then I'd decide if I want to stay or not. But so far, it seems nice here."

I shook my head and sighed. "That's because you've met nice people. Trust me, not every country is gonna like you. Some will even try to ruin your life."

Martial looked at me, confused. "But everyone was smiling and crowding me this morning."

"That's because we haven't had a new student in years. They were just surprised that a new person actually came. Once they warm up to you, you'll see what I mean."

Martial nodded. "Can you give me some more information? About how countries treat each other?"

I nodded and thought for a moment. "Well, like normal high schools for humans, popularity and reputation also play a role in your relationships with others, but it cannot at the same time. It just depends on you, I guess. America, for example, he's really popular and his reputation is really good. A lot of countries like him, they see him as a good friend and ally. Although, he does have the reputation of skipping class, having bad grades, and not doing his homework, but that doesn't affect his social life."

Martial nodded. "So what I'm getting is that if you want it to, your reputation and popularity control your social life. But if you don't

then it doesn't effect anything."

I nodded. "There's probably more to it, and a few other things, but I don't know because-"

"Hey, North Korea!"

I turned around and saw Zambia looking at me from his table. "Is it true you called Ms. Ginger a tomato head? Everyone says it is!"

Even though it was true, I turned back around. "I'll take that as a yes!" Zambia shouted.

"Wait, did he say you called Ms. Ginger a tomato head?" Netherlands asked.

I nodded. "Wait, why?" Iran asked.

"She was ticking me off, kept calling on me even though my hand wasn't raised, and then got mad when I knew the answer." I explained.

"I met Ms. Ginger. She seemed nice." Martial said.

"That's because you're new. Ms. Ginger is a high school mean girl in a teacher's body. She's always talking about us behind our backs, she chooses favorites, and she makes sure that a student she hates has the worst life *ever* in her class." Netherlands explained, shaking his head sadly.

"I think she may have it out for Finland and me then." I said.

"Wait, Finland? Why him?" China asked.

"When the dismissal bell rang she said 'the bell doesn't dismiss you, I do.' Finland ignored that and left the classroom anyway, the rest of us followed." I said, giggling a little bit.

My table laughed. "Classic Finland. He doesn't give a crap about what the teacher says, or what anyone says in that matter." Iran said.

"I'm gonna tell papa when I visit him today." Russia said.

"Papa?" Martial asked.

"Oh, right. Soviet Union is Russia's Dad. He goes here too, but he's in the hospital at the moment." I explained.

"What happened to him?" Martial asked.

"Not sure if you've heard of them, but he got the Sov Headache. It's basically a headache that only the people who live in the Soviet Union get." Netherlands said, "It got bad."

"Wait, why do the people of the Soviet Union only get it?" Martial questioned.

"The islands have different bacteria and germs than the rest of the world. Therefore they have different sicknesses than we do." China explained.

"Let's say Bahamas visited the Soviet Union and caught the Sov Flu. In her country, she wouldn't be able to be cured and it would be deemed a new sickness. But she would be able to get cured in the Soviet Union because they have to proper medicine to cure it." Russia explained.

"And if Soviet visited the Bahamas and caught the *flu,* in his country he can't be cured, but in others he can." China added.

Martial nodded in understanding. "I get it. But there's probably a lot I need to learn, right?"

Iran chuckled. "Probably. Hopefully Philippines can explain most of it to you."

All of a sudden we heard the Iranian national anthem. Iran pulled his phone out and answered it. "سلام؟" **(Hello?)**

We heard another Iranian accent through the phone, so I assumed it was Iran's capital, Tehran, speaking. "سلام ایران ، من تهران هستم." **(Hey Iran, it's me, Tehran.)**

"تهران ، چرا در حالی که من در مدرسه هستم با من تماس گرفتی؟"
(Tehran, why did you call me while I'm at school?)

اعتراض دیگری وجود دارد ، و دست از کار می کند. شهروندان از ترك خودداری می کنند.
(There's another protest, and it's getting out of hand. The citizens are refusing to leave.)

Iran sighed. "مدتهاست که آنجا هستند؟" **(How long have they been there for?)**

"حدوداً دو ساعت ، شاید سه."
(About two hours, maybe three.)

"من کمی در آنجا خواهم بود."
(I'll be there in a little bit.)

Iran hung up and sighed. "I have to go; my citizens are protesting and it's getting out of control." He closed his lunchbox and hurried out of the cafeteria through the doors that led to the parking lot.

We all stared after him for a bit but then turned back around. It was silent for a few moments. I cleared my throat and turned to Martial. "Is there anything about yourself you want to tell us?"

Martial nodded. "Well, you guys already know that I'm Philippines' twin brother. We have an older brother who's in college; his name is Del Pilar, but we call him Del. My father's name is Katipunan and my mother's name is Perla. I'm also second in command for the Philippines."

"Do you hate anyone? From like, history." Netherlands asked.

Martial shrugged. "I was mad at Spain, America, and Japan for a while, but then I thought about it. Spain's *dad* colonized the Philippines, so it wasn't his fault. America was probably under the influence of something, because he'd always hide stuff, and Japan is really sorry."

We nodded. "China, what about you?" Martial asked.

China looked surprised to be asked a question. "There's nothing

really interesting about me..." He murmered.

"What are you talking about? Of course there is! I can name a bunch of things right now!" I said.

"Come on, China. I'm sure you're very interesting, every country is." Martial said.

"Well, okay. I have an older brother named Taiwan, he sits over there-" China motioned where Taiwan was sitting with Belarus and a few others, "We don't really get along, but our relationship is getting better. Oh, I also have three pet dragons."

"What?! Three pet dragons? Where are they?" I shouted, jumping up and then sitting right back down again.

"Two of them live with me and Taiwan, you just never went to the part of the house where they always hang out. The third one lives near our mansion." China responded.

"Why does the third one live alone near you mansion?" I asked.

"Because she's bigger than the other two, a *lot* bigger. She made her roost in a nearby mountain that Taiwan and I can see from the mansion's backyard. She visits us at our normal house once in a blue moon." He explained.

"That's so cool, I thought dragons weren't real." Russia said.

"Well, you thought wrong." China chuckled.

"Bangladesh also thought wrong. She owes me one hundred euros now." Netherlands smirked. He turned towards Bangladesh's table and cupped his hands. "Bangladesh!"

Bangladesh turned around and raised a brow. "What is it, Netherlands?" She called back.

"Remember that bet we made a month ago?"

"Yeah."

"I win! I'll collect my money after school."

"Dya phirka!" **(Frick!)** Bangladesh screeched and turned back around.

Netherlands laughed and turned back around. "Can I see them sometime, China? Please?" I begged him.

"I don't know..." China trailed off.

"Pleeeaaassseee?"

China sighed. "You're lucky you're so cute. Fine, you can see them."

I cheered. Martial was about to say something when Philippines called his name. "Martial! Come here!"

"Bye guys." Martial waved.

We all said bye as he walked to Philippines' table.

Martial Law POV

When I reached Philippines he motioned for me to sit down next to him. I did so. "Phil? What do you need?"

My brother smiled brightly. "I'm introducing you to my friends who are sitting here right now. But first, how was it with North and his friends?"

"Great! They were really nice and told me about themselves. They're very welcoming." I said.

"I knew you guys would get along!" Philippines turned to the three other countries at the table. "Alright, introduce yourselves."

A country whose flag was red on top and white on bottom spoke first. He was wearing a black hat. "Hei, I'm Indonesia." He greeted.

A female country to the left of him spoke second. Her flag was blue, red, and blue, from the top down. What looked like a castle was in the middle of the her flag. "Chomreabsuor, **(Hello)** I'm Cambodia."

To the right of Indonesia sat a country that reminded me of America because his flag was similar to his, only instead of 50 stars he had a yellow moon with a 14-point star. "Halo, **(Hello,)** I'm Malaysia." He waved.

"Hello Indonesia, Cambodia, Malaysia." I greeted, smiling. I may have stared at Malaysia for a bit...

"These are only a few of my friends," Philippines said, "the rest are eating somewhere else."

"Who are the rest of your friends?" I asked.

"ASEAN. And others, but I mainly hang out with ASEAN members. However..." My brother turned to me, placing his hands on my shoulders. He was frowning at me, but it was more of a 'Listen To Me' frown. "Under *no* circumstances are you to approach Vietnam. Don't say hi to him, don't even make eye-contact. If he comes to you then get away from him *fast."*

I was surprised by this, Phil never told me to not approach someone. In fact, he'd always say the exact opposite. "Who's Vietnam?" I asked.

"His flag is a red background with a single yellow star in the middle. He always wears a leaf hat and a sweater with the colors yellow and red, from the top down. *Stay away from him."*

I quickly nodded and he released my shoulders. He turned to his friends and started talking to them as if nothing had happened. I looked at them and they gave me a confused look as well, they hadn't known what that was about either.

I looked around the cafeteria at the countries. There were so many countries and things I didn't know.

I turned around and sighed. There's a lot I need to learn.

??? POV

I looked around the lunchroom. Timor-Leste was nowhere in sight, good. This morning, I had slid him a note in class saying I wanted

to meet up with him during lunch and talk about something. Knowing him, he was probably restless all day, and he most likely rushed outside and to the spot I asked him to meet me at.

I turned back to the countries I was sitting with. I tugged on Qatar's sleeve. He turned to me and raised a brow. "Qatar, I need to go. I want to talk to Norway." I said.

He nodded and turned back to the others, telling them what I said as I got up and left. Norway was eating on the roof, so right after Tall and I knocked out Timor-Leste, I'll go up and talk to him, so my story will seem true later on if the police do an investigation.

I walked in the direction of the stairs for a while. I was just being cautious if anyone was following me. After a while, I did a detour and out into the front of the school, making sure I wasn't seen by any wandering countries or teachers. I was silently thankful that Soviet was in the hospital, because he usually finishes lunch early and just blindly walks the halls. Despite the boots he wears, it's surprisingly close to impossible to hear him.

I walked to the overgrown hedges near the flower tree. Quiet countries like Soviet and North Korea usually go here and read, since no one can see you. But now, this will become our kidnapping spot.

Timor-Leste (Or East Timor) POV

I was waiting in the overgrown hedges for my friend. He passed a note to me asking me to meet him here this morning so he can tell me something.

I'm known for being impatient along with being sarcastic. However, I wasn't impatient right now, I was more excited. I wanted to know what he wanted to tell me, he even seemed nervous when he handed me the note. If it was an embarrassing secret, I want him to know I'm there for him and that I wouldn't judge him.

I heard rustling behind me and turned around. I backed up a little bit. Sure enough, **[inaudible]** emerged from the hedges. He nervously smiled at me and fiddled with his hands. "H-Hey East..."

My name is Timor-Leste but I also go by East Timor. Most countries call me East Timor, or East. I waved. "Hey, what did you want to talk about?"

I heard rustling behind me and I glanced in that direction. "**[Inaudible]**, did you hear that?"

He nodded. "Probably just a squirrel or something, this school is full of them."

I nodded, my nervousness subsiding. I don't know why, but I felt like something was wrong. "Alright, what were you saying?" I said, turning back to him.

[Inaudible] took a deep breath and sighed. He looked up at me. "Alright so...no other country knows this but..."

I knew it. An embarrassing secret. I listened intently, all outside sounds non-existent.

He played with his fingers and was sweating. "We've been friends for a while, and we're close so I think you should know..."

I nodded. "I'm listening. I won't judge you."

[Inaudible] nodded. He smirked at me. "Tall, *now!"*

"Wha-" I felt what I think was a rag cover my mouth and nose. I struggled to break free from the grasp of whoever was holding onto me. I knew there was a substance on the rag, and I tried to not breathe it in. My panic made me breathe faster however, so the effects starting happening in no time at all.

Tiredness gripped me tightly, and I felt my energy slip away from me. I eventually stopped struggling and helplessly looked into the eyes of who I thought was my friend. "I'm sorry, East, but our client wants you gone." He said.

I felt tears slide down my cheeks as unconsciousness took over me.

Time skip

I woke up on the ground. It was cold, and felt hard and rough. I looked at it and saw it was stone. I looked around the room I was in. I was shocked to find out that I was inside of a cage that covered half of the room, so I guess it was more of a cell.

The cell didn't even have a bed. It was empty except for me, sitting on the cold floor. There was a steel door on the other side of the room, so if I somehow escape this cell I can make a run for it. There was a button right next to the door, I wonder if it opens the cell I'm in. On the left wall hung weapons and ropes, and a cabinet was underneath it.

I stood up and found that my body ached, really bad. It ached so bad it hurt. I held back a hiss of pain and forced myself to stretch. It was then I noticed that the floor passed the cell wasn't stone; it was metal.

I stopped stretching when I heard the handle of the door turn. I walked up to the bars and gripped them. The door opened and one figure entered the room. They were definitely taller than **[inaudible]**, so it wasn't him. They also seemed to be female.

"Where am I?" I snapped.

The female chuckled. "In our secret base."

"Our?"

"Yes, I work with two others. Three if you include our client. I assume you already know who one of them I work with is?"

I whipped around and refrained from shedding tears. That bastard betrayed me, he doesn't care about me, so I shouldn't care about him. The female laughed. "Well, so long. I"m going back to school."

I clenched my fists as I heard the steel door close. I frantically looked around my cell for something to bust me out of here. I felt along the floor, which was the only uneven thing here. I tugged at the pieces and found one was loose.

I kept tugging on it. Although it kept getting looser, it still barely became looser and I was draining my energy. It was then I realized

I was scared. My breaths came quick, I was sweating, I was shaking, and my eyes stung with the desire to cry.

I became too tired to continue pulling on the loose piece of stone, so I crawled into a corner and curled up into a ball. The room was cold, and although I hadn't noticed at first, it was starting to affect me now.

I closed my eyes and hoped that my brother and sister will be alright, that those bastards will leave them alone.

22

Changed a few things, Mr. Lucas is not a math teacher anymore.

North Korea Schedule:

Math

Algebra

History

Social Studies

Lunch

English

Chemistry

P.E.

China Schedule:

History

Algebra

Math

Social Studies

Lunch

Chemistry

English

P.E.

Soviet Union POV

I lay in my hospital bed staring at the ceiling. I wish I could fall asleep but the desire for tiredness never came to me. I didn't know what my children or friends were doing, and it's only so often that they can actually visit. It's really lonely here.

I looked to my right and saw my phone laying down on the table they brought me. The doctors say I can use my phone for thirty minutes, tops, but I only use it for ten. I was thinking about grabbing it and playing some games, since everyone is in school right now. I was about to reach for it when one of my doctors, Dr. Volkov, entered the room smiling at me. "Good news, Soviet, you're getting released early." He said, writing something down on his paper attached to the clipboard.

I couldn't believe my nonexistent ears. "What? Did I hear you correctly?"

Dr. Volkov chuckled. "Yes, you heard me correctly. You're recovery is outstanding and you're healthy enough to leave the hospital. Я уверен, что вы хотите покинуть это место, не так ли? (I'm sure you want to leave this place, don't you?)"

I nodded. "Is there a catch?"

"Not really, but you'll have to take this prescription medicine everyday. One in the morning, and one when you go to sleep. Once you run out, come back and we'll run some more tests to see if you are cured."

I cheered in my head and smiled. "School is today, do I have to go?"

Dr. Volkov shook his head. "You can just head home and surprise

your kids."

My heart leaped at the thought of seeing my kids again, especially Russia. My smile grew wider as Dr. Volkov laughed. He let me sit up and handed me my prescription, along with the instructions.

Time skip

The feeling of the sunlight beaming down on me never felt so good. The fresh air and the soft breeze from the wind made me happier as well. As I was walking, I took a deep breath and let it out. I smiled brightly.

Being cooped up in that hospital made me realize how much I actually like the sunlight, the fresh air, the wind, basically just the outside world in general. I carried my pills and instructions in both hands.

My walk home took a while, mainly because I got lost a few times. I didn't remember how I got to the hospital, and even if I did I was *inside* the vehicle, and I couldn't see anything outside. It wasn't all bad though, I got to look at the scenery.

When I finally reached my and Russia's house, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my keys. I unlocked the door and went inside, closing it. I looked around the place and took in how it looked. It was still the way it was when I was taken away.

"Հայրիկ? (Dad?)"

I knew that accent from anywhere. I turned to my left and saw my eighth oldest child, Armenia, sitting on the couch. His jaw was dropped and he stared at me for a while. I smiled at him warmly and waved. "Привет, Армения. (Hey Armenia.)"

Armenia jumped up from the couch and ran to me as fast as he could. I noticed he was limping and then he crashed into me and hugged me. "Հայրիկ! You have no idea how much I and everyone else missed you!" He hugged me tightly.

I chuckled and hugged him back. "Come on, I wasn't missed *that* much."

Armenia looked up at me and frowned playfully. "You are stupid, of course you were! Everyone missed you!"

I would scold Armenia for calling me stupid, but I shook my head instead. "Don't call me that, but thanks."

The Armenian nodded and started limping back to the couch. "Wait, Armenia." He turned back around and looked at me, raising a brow. "Why are you still at home? And why are you limping, I thought school was today?" I cocked my head to the side.

"School is today, Belarus just threw me down the stairs." Armenia answered casually. He looked at the clock. "Հայրիկ?"

"Да?"

"Do you wanna help make dinner with me? The others will be home soon."

"I'll make dinner, you just relax and heal up." I started walking to the kitchen.

"Okay. But hey, Dad?"

I stopped short of the door and turned to Armenia. "Yeah?"

Armenia had sat down on the couch and turned around. He was smiling at me. "I'm really happy you're back."

I returned the smile. "I'm happy, too."

Armenia POV

Soviet turned back around and walked into the kitchen. I sighed, smiling, and turned back to the TV. I grabbed my phone and typed in the group chat with all of my siblings.

Hey guys, when school gets out come home as fast as you can. It's really important.

Turkmenistan
Wait, why? Is everything alright Armenia?

Just come home as fast as you can.

I put my phone back on the table and continued watching TV. My siblings are in for surprise when they get back.

North Korea POV

The bell that signalled lunch was over rung. Me and the other countries got up and threw our trash away, we then walked into the hallway. China grabbed my hand and took me to our lockers. I put in the combo and put my lunchbox inside.

I feel like this school is mocking me. I *have* to go to English class even though I can't read the language. Most of the homework in that class is just a bunch of essays, too.

China kissed my forehead and hugged me. "See you in PE."

"See you."

He walked off in the opposite direction to Chemistry, while I had to walk up two flights of stairs to get to my English class.

Time skip brought to you by an angry Sparkle 'cause Wonder stole her cookies

Yay... English...

That's probably what the other countries were thinking. I however was sat in the back in a corner with Poland. Mrs. Ferndale knows that we can't read or write English, so she sat us at a table in a back to do whatever we want while the others had to pay attention and do the lesson.

Lucky us.

Poland was reading a Polish book while I drew in my notebook. I held it in a position where no one can see what I was drawing. I was invested in my sketch, but I did notice Poland glance at me a few times. He eventually put the book down and leaned toward me. "Korea Północna, **(North Korea,)** what are you drawing?" He whispered.

I flinched. I glanced at him and then back at my notebook. "Nothing that's your concern."

Surprisingly, Poland didn't get offended, annoyed, or anything. He just smiled. "Please? Can I see?" He extended his wings, it looked like he was stretching them.

A few countries glanced back but that was it. I shook my head and studied my sketch. It was a picture of Russia, Soviet, China, and me. I was working on myself when Poland asked about my drawing, I hadn't even drawn my eyepatch yet.

"Pleeeaaassseee?" Poland begged, raising his voice a little. A few countries stopped what they were doing and started watching us.

I could feel their gazes and I immediately felt uncomfortable. Poland noticed and shot a look at the others. They turned back around. Poland turned back to me. "I promise I won't show anyone, can I see?"

I looked at him doubtfully. His smile was genuine, and his eyes didn't give anything away. He was telling the truth. I looked at my sketch nervously. I had never shown anyone my drawings, not even China. No one even knows that I draw.

I took a deep breath. I slowly handed Poland my notebook, making sure the other countries couldn't see the drawing. Poland took the notebook and examined it. I was tense as I watched him. He smiled at me, his eyes wide. "This is really good! Your anatomy is on point!"

I frantically reached for my notebook. Poland quickly handed me it back and continued talking. "Have you ever thought about joining art class?"

"A-art class?" I mentally cussed at myself for stuttering.

Poland nodded. "I heard the teachers talking about it when I was walking past their lounge yesterday, they're planning on opening an art room one floor from the roof. They just need to find a teacher for it and get it prepared."

I thought about it for a moment. "How many people are gonna join?" I murmered.

Poland shrugged. "No one but me and you know. If you like, I can join too when they open it."

I stared at my unfinished drawing. Poland seemed to like it, and he thought it was so good that he wanted me to join art class when it opened.

I hugged it tight to my chest. "I'll think about it..." I murmered.

Poland smiled wide and went back to reading his book written in Polish. I stared at my drawing some more. I didn't like my drawings, I thought that they were bad. I also thought that everyone else would find some way to pick on me for it, they always do.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the bell ring. Countries started packing up their stuff and leaving; I followed them.

Time skip brought to you by a terrified Wonder hiding under the bed

I was walking to Chemistry when someone bumped into me, causing me to drop my book and notes. "Ah, lo siento! **(Sorry!)**" I heard them say.

I didn't bother turning around to see who it was and just picked up my stuff. When I stood up again that's when I turned around. Spain stood behind me with a smile. "Hola, you are North Korea, right?" He waved.

I nodded. Spain smiled more. "I've heard and seen you, but we've never talked, have we?" He asked.

I nodded and turned back around to start walking to class again. Spain walked beside me. "So, what class are you going to?" He asked me.

I almost pointed to my chemistry book when I remembered it was in Korean. "Chemistry." I responded.

"Oh, I'm heading there, too! Do you like Chemi-"

"Why are you being nice to me?" I cut him off.

"Huh?" Spain raised a brow at me.

"Why are you being nice to me? Surely you've heard the rumours or something. Surely you hate me, why are you being so nice?"

Spain sighed. "North, I don't hate you. Si, I've heard the rumours and si, I've seen how others treat you. But rumours and what others think are nothing compared to your actual personality. Si, you're cold to everyone, but I'm sure that you're actually a really nice and good person underneath."

I thought about what Spain said for the rest of our walk to Chemistry. He offered to sit next to me but I declined, telling him that I already sat by Russia. We entered the classroom and found our seats. Russia tapped my shoulder. "What were you and Spain talking about in the hallway?" He asked.

"Spain gave me some advice, actually. Do you think I can be friends with him? He was nice to me on our walk." I told Russia.

Russia smiled and nodded. He clapped silently. "Yay! North is making more friends on his own!" He whisper-shouted.

I smiled and rolled my eyes. I started talking to Russia. In Chemistry, I sit next to Russia and Soviet, but since Soviet is in the hospital it's just Russia right now.

Mr. Ferndale stood up and loudly clapped his hands. "Alright, alright, settle down. I know it's almost time to go home but we still have to learn."

The countries in the room stopped talking and turned to him. "We're gonna pick up where we left off—the Periodic table. I will show it on the board, but a less fortunate can look in his book."

Russia hissed while others giggled. Spain raised his hand. "Mr. Ferndale, I don't see how not being able to read English is funny." He stated.

Mr. Ferndale rolled his eyes and turned to the board. "Well he has to learn."

I sighed and turned to the page with the Periodic table in my book. Russia tapped my shoulder and I turned to him. He gave me a reassuring smile. I guess Kazakhstan was right about Russia's smiles, because I couldn't help but smile back.

Time skip, Sparkle is about to murder Wonder if she doesn't give her back her cookies-

I was at my locker, alone. China had texted me that he was released early and had tried to wait for me, but the gym teacher ushered him to go to PE. I was about to grab my gym clothes when I heard a familiar snicker from behind me.

I turned around and froze. Panama, Sweden, and Greece were standing in front me. I gulped. "Long time no see, North Korea." Panama smirked.

I didn't respond. I would sprint to gym but I would get into trouble because I wouldn't have the proper clothes, thanks a lot dress code. Besides, fear had taken over any other thought, and I was frozen in place.

Greece examined my locker. "Hmm, it seems this locker is big enough for a certain *someone* to be inside..."

Sweden laughed. "Greece is right!"

Panama nodded, laughing. "Have fun!"

He shoved me into my locker and then slammed the door shut. I started banging on the door and screaming for help, while Panama, Sweden, and Greece walked away, laughing. There were other countries in the halls that saw this, but they laughed as they walked passed my locker.

In no time at all, the hall was empty. I leaned back and cried silently, wishing that my life wasn't so crummy.

China POV

I want to fricking go home. Mr. Hound made us run five laps, do fifty jumping-jacks, twenty push-ups, and eighty sit-ups. I didn't mind any of this, I just wanted to go home already.

I looked around for my boyfriend. He hadn't shown up and I was worried. Mr. Hound had allowed us to do free time, and I was sitting on the grass talking to Third Reich. Reich noticed my worry and asked, "China, who are you looking for?"

"North," I responded. "He's supposed to be here, I'm worried something happened."

Reich thought for a moment. "North wouldn't miss a class if you're in it. Maybe something did."

I looked down at the ground and took a deep breath. "Hopefully he's not hurt..."

Time skip

I was walking to my locker through the crowded hallway. Once I reached it, I put my code in and grabbed my backpack. I closed it and took two steps when I heard North's voice. "Ch-China..?"

I looked around. I didn't see him anywhere. "China...the locker..."

I was standing in front of North Korea's locker. I looked at it. "P-Panama pushed me inside... Please h-help m-me..."

Luckily, North told me his code when he got it, so I was able to unlock the locker. When I opened it he tumbled out into my arms and started crying. Other countries in the hall looked at us as I comforted him.

Eventually, Russia came running over with Canada behind him. "What happened?" Russia asked when he reached us.

"Panama shoved him into the locker." I replied.

Canada was silent. He reached up and grabbed North Korea's lunch box and backpack, he then closed the locker. I picked up the still crying Korean bridal-style. "Come on, let's leave this place." I

murmered.

Russia and Canada walked beside me as I carried North out of the school. Some of my other friends saw us and ran over, asking what happened. South Korea rushed over as well, pushing his way through the crowd until he was in the front. "What happened to my brother?" He asked.

"Panama shoved him into his locker." I said, still trying to soothe North.

South scowled and muttered some cuss words. I walked over to a bench and sat down, rocking back and forth to stop North from crying.

Eventually, North calmed down and snuggled up against me. "Your house or my house?" I asked him.

"Your house, China..." North murmered.

I nodded and waved to South. He came over and hugged North Korea. "North's sleeping at my house, is that okay?" I said.

South nodded. "Just take care of him."

"You know I will."

South gave North back to me. I stood up and began walking home.

Time skip

North was holding onto my hand tightly and walked with me around the house. It was cute, but I was also worried at the same time. I sighed. "Babe, is something wrong?"

North shook his head and gripped my hand tighter. I pulled him into a hug. "North, I have to go do my chores before Taiwan gets home; I can't with you hanging onto me."

North hugged tighter. "I don't care..." He murmered.

I sighed but then brightened up. "Do you want to meet my

dragons?"

North looked up at me with a smile on his face. "괜찮아. (Okay.)"

I took his hand and guided him to the area of the house where the two troublemakers were. I stopped at a big door with two dragon faces on it. "This is where they are, ready?" I asked.

North nodded, giggling and jumping up and down. "Ready!"

I couldn't help but blush at North's cuteness. I chuckled and kissed his cheek. I then reached to the door and opened it.

Immediately, two big whelps jumped out and tackled me. "Calm it, Azure and Yellow!" I laughed.

Azure and Yellow are their names, short for what type of Chinese dragons they are. They're both male.

Azure and Yellow got off of me and stared at North. I chuckled and glanced back at the Korean. Before, he was excited, now he looked nervous. "They're a lot bigger than I imagined them." He nervously chuckled.

Yellow suddenly jumped up and tackled North to the ground. Azure joined Yellow in playing with North. I smiled as I watched the three of them. I stood up and started walking away. "Have fun!" I called.

"Okay!" North called back.

South Korea POV

After China walked away, Papua New Guinea came up to me with Indonesia. "South Korea?"

"Hm?" I raised a brow.

"Have you seen Timor-Leste? He was supposed to meet up with us ten minutes ago but he hadn't come, he also won't answer our calls." Papua New Guinea explained, her eyes wide with worry and fear.

I sighed and shook my head. "Sorry, but I haven't seen him. Maybe

Canada knows?"

"Why Canada?" Indonesia asked.

"I saw East talking to him earlier."

The two countries walked away to go find Canada. I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around to see New Zealand. He waved and smiled at me. "Hey, South Korea. Have you seen East Timor? I want to ask him something."

I shook my head. "No, sorry. You should ask Canada, I saw him talking to him earlier."

New Zealand nodded and walked away to find his brother. I couldn't help but stare after him. Three countries looking for Timor-Leste at the same time, that's new.

Then I felt another tap on my shoulder.

I turned around and saw Syria standing there. "Hey South, do you-"

"Know where Timor-Leste is?" I finished for him. "No, I do not. But I saw him talking to Canada earlier so go ask him."

Syria awkwardly thanked me and walked away. I felt another tap on my other shoulder and turned in that direction. Denmark smiled at me. I mentally groaned as he said, "Hej **(Hello)** South Korea! Do you know where East Timor is?"

'I might as well be wearing a sign that says *Hey! I have no idea where East is but ask me anyway.*' I thought as I took a deep breath. "No, ask Canada."

"Why-"

"Stop."

Denmark looked at me, confused, and then walked away. Then I saw Canada walking up to me in the distance. He was sprinting and reached me in no time. "안녕하세요 (Hi) Canada." I greeted.

"South, why do you keep sending countries to me?" Canada asked after he caught his breath.

"Because you're the last country I saw East with; it only makes sense."

"Yes, it does, but I'm kinda getting annoyed with the same question." Canada rubbed his eyes.

"Yeah, well, I am, too."

"I'm gonna look for him so countries can stop bothering me." Canada said and walked away.

'Good idea, I'll find America.' I thought and started looking for the American.

I eventually found America talking to Russia—or...*trying* to talk to Russia. America kept trying to get him to stay, and then whining when Russia declined. "Ame, I'm sorry, but Armenia said to rush home. I'll hang out with you tomorrow, da?" Russia pulled his arm out of America's grip.

America pouted. "Fine... Bye Russie."

Russia chuckled. He kissed America's forehead. "I love you, Ame."

"Russia! Let's go!" Ukraine called from the exit of the school.

The two quickly hugged and then Russia rushed away to join his siblings. They didn't waste any time and they started beelining it to their house. I walked to America and smiled. "Hey Ame, wanna walk home?"

America nodded. "Sure."

We started walking home while talking. Eventually, halfway through our walk I mentioned Texas, Alaska, and Minnesota. "I met three kids today. Their names were Texas, Alaska, and Minnesota."

America stiffened as I continued. "I asked about a little girl I had seen yesterday, and they said I had saw their sister, Missouri. Do

you know what all of that was about?"

America nervously chuckled. "Hah, no. Actually, I need to take care of something, can you continue walking home, alone?"

I shrugged. "Sure."

America rushed off in the opposite direction as I continued to his house. I was humming softly to myself for about five minutes when I heard running footsteps behind me. I ignored it, assuming it was a country that wanted to get home quickly.

I suddenly felt a burning pain in my side. It was so sudden and so painful I gasped. I looked down at my side and saw a knife had been stabbed through it. Blood had already begun to seep through my clothes. "Don't ignore your surroundings next time." I heard someone whisper in my ear.

The person then ripped the knife out, the force causing me to scream. I stumbled a bit, my body wanting to fall to the ground and lay there, but I refused to. I grabbed my side to try and stop the bleeding and then forced myself to run. "Oh, you wanna make this a game?! So be it!" The person yelled.

As I ran, I could hear them counting up. When they reached ten they shouted, "Ready or not, here I come!"

I cursed under my breath and forced myself to run faster. I risked a glance behind me and saw them running towards me, clutching the knife tightly. I turned back around and continued running to America's house.

My eyes widened when I remembered that Australia was there. He was in no condition to help me fight this person off! I begrudgingly made a detour to try and lose this person, and then go to America's.

The person followed me as I kept taking paths I never used. I eventually reached the neighborhood I knew Spain was in. I remembered that he always got home before the other countries, so I hoped to get a good distance away from this person and then get the Spanish country's attention somehow.

"Caught you!"

I felt a shove in my side that was stabbed. I tumbled into an alleyway and fell down. I tried to get up but the stinging pain was too much to bear. I turned onto my back and sat up using my elbows.

I looked at the person standing in front of me. They were giggling, and were caressing the bloodied knife with their free hand. "It's such a shame," they said. "I actually liked you."

I recognized the voice; it was that same female voice I heard on the phone! She started walking towards me slowly. I struggled to crawl backwards, the pain in my side growing with everything I did. My vision started to get blurry and my eyes burned as tears pricked their corners. "You're a really nice person, you know that? Yeah, sometimes your temper gets the better of you, but overall you're nice." She swung the knife around. "A lot of countries like you, I wonder what their reactions will be when they learn you were murdered in an alleyway."

I felt a wall up against my back. I hissed in pain as I tried to stand up. I could hear my attacker mocking me in my attempts to get on my feet. When I was standing, I clutched my wounded side and glared at the woman. "Get away from me..." I growled.

She started laughing. She was laughing so hard that it was visible she was having a hard time trying to continue standing. I used that as my chance and rushed towards her. I shoved her into a wall and ran out of the alleyway.

I could hear her cursing at me and then her running footsteps. My vision continued to get more blurry with every passing second, and the pain in my side was growing to heights of pain I never thought I'd experience.

I *need* to keep running. I *have* to keep running.

My life depends on it.

23

[image]

I got bored and just decided to draw the picture up top.

America POV

It took a while to get there, but I eventually reached one of my mansions. I have two mansions; the one I'm at and the other is somewhere else. The mansion I'm at right now is deep in the woods in a clearing. This is where my states live.

My other mansion is nowhere near here. That one is for when countries want to visit, but they wanna hang out in my mansion. I take them there, so they have no idea about the states.

Anyway, my anger was through the roof. I quickly got my keys and unlocked the door. I slammed it open and glared at the states there. Georgia, New York, Mississippi, Arizona, and Iowa stared at me.

"Hey, Dad..." Arizona nervously smiled.

I slammed the door shut and locked it. I turned back to the five states, trying to not yell at them. "Where are Texas, Alaska, Minnesota, and Missouri?" I growled.

Iowa pointed up the stairs. "In their rooms. Alaska's with Hawaii and Minnesota is with Montana."

I nodded at him and then went up the stairs. I heard a smack and then Georgia scream out and Florida's laughter. This is normal.

I decided to go to Alaska's room first, since his is closer. I was about to open his bedroom door when I felt a tug on my pant leg. I looked down and saw my smallest state, Rhode Island, staring up at me. "Colorado stole my necklace." He whined.

I smiled at the small state. Although he was one of the oldest states,

he sometimes would act like the youngest state, Hawaii. Though, only sometimes. He is mature, sometimes he even has more sense than the eldest state, Delaware. The other states pick on him a lot for being small.

I crouched down and patted his head. "I'm busy right now, can you tell Delaware?"

Rhode Island frowned. "That's the thing, I told him and he just laughed at me and walked away!"

I sighed. "I'll get your necklace and talk to Delaware after I'm done, okay?"

Rhode Island smiled and skipped away to his room. I chuckled and stood up again. My frown returned when I remembered what I was here for. Without knocking, I opened Alaska's door. He and Hawaii were talking on his bed, and turned to me when I opened the door.

Alaska's face was one of frustration, but when he saw the look on *my* face, his expression turned to nervousness. Hawaii smiled. "Aloha, Dad!"

"Aloha, Hawaii. I need to talk to Alaska." I said.

Hawaii looked from me to Alaska, and then back to me again. "Why? What's going on?" She asked.

"I just need to talk to Alaska."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"If you want, but Alaska's coming to my room."

Hawaii nodded and turned Alaska's TV on. Alaska stared at me, nervous. "Come on." I said.

Alaska hesitantly stood up. He followed me into the hallway. I closed his bedroom door as he stared at me. "Go to my room and wait. I'll be there in a moment." I told him.

Alaska started walking to my room. I continued down the hallway

to Minnesota's room. Once again, I opened the door without knocking. Minnesota and Montana were playing a game on Minnesota's xbox, both wearing headphones.

I guess Montana's volume wasn't that loud, because he turned and looked at me when I opened the door. He took his headphones off and then took off Minnesota's. Minnesota glanced at Montana and then to the door. He smiled. "Hi, Dad! It's been a while."

"Hello, and yes, it has," I greeted. "Minnesota, go to my room and wait with Alaska there, I need to get two more states."

Minnesota looked at me in confusion. Montana giggled. "Ooh you're in trouble!" He teased.

Minnesota hit Montana on the head, but that didn't stop the Montanan from continuing to laugh. "Shut up, Montana! Besides, I'm sure it's nothing." Minnesota stood up and walked into the hallway and towards my room.

I closed his bedroom door and then walked to Missouri's room, which was only two rooms away. All the state's rooms are in alphabetical order. I opened her door to see her reading. She looked up at me and smiled. "Hi, Dad."

"Hi, Missouri. Go to my room."

Missouri set her book down and went to my room without any questions. I then walked to Texas' room. I noticed that my anger had been steadily growing the whole time I had been collecting the states. Now my hands were clenched into fists and I was scowling.

I kicked Texas' door open, causing him to jump and spin towards me. He was about to say something but I grabbed his arm and dragged him to my room. He was shouted at me the whole time. "Ya hurtin' mah arm!"

I open my door and ushered Texas inside. "Tell me if your arm gets worse." I said as I closed the door.

Texas nodded and sat beside Alaska. I turned to the states sat on my bed. Alaska was the only one who had a nervous and panicked look

on his face. Texas set a hand on his arm and he calmed down a little bit. Just a little.

"Do you know why you're here?" I asked them, leaning onto my dresser.

They all looked at each other. Everyone but Alaska shrugged. Alaska mumbled something I couldn't hear. "Repeat that, Alaska?" I asked.

"Мы здесь, потому что мы разговаривали со страной... (We're here because we were talking to the country...)" He said louder.

"In English for the others."

He repeated what he said in English. Every state in the room looked nervous now. Missouri quickly spoke up, "Dad, I didn't talk to him. California and I were coming to your house to ask you for something, but he pushed me out of the bush and he saw me! It wasn't my fault, it was the stupid Californian's! I got back into the bush as fast as I could and then we rushed back home!"

Without a word, I poked my head into the hallway. I saw Kansas walking past my room. "Oh, hey, Dad!" He greeted. He was holding a blue popsicle.

"Hi, Kansas, can you do me a favor?" I asked him.

"Sure, what is it?"

"Go and find California, I need to talk to him."

Kansas nodded and walked away. Ten minutes later, California entered the room. He sat down beside Minnesota. "What did you want to talk to me about, Dad?" He asked.

"Did you push Missouri out of the bush, causing her to be seen by South Korea?"

California looked surprised. "What? No! It was an accident! I was trying to make room for her!"

"No, you weren't," Missouri retorted. "You were trying to find a good way to push me out, which you did!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Eres mentirosa! (You're a liar!)" California shouted.

"Je n'ai aucune idée de ce que tu as dit mais je sais que j'ai raison! J'ai senti que tu me poussais, stupide Californien! (I have no idea what you said but I know I'm right! I felt you shove me you stupid Californian!)"

"That's enough!" I shouted. Missouri and California went silent and stared at me. I pushed my shades up slightly and pinched the area between my eyes. "Since you both can't agree who's really at fault, then you both are getting punished." I grumbled.

Missouri and California glared at each other. If Minnesota hadn't been sitting in between them, they probably would be at each others throats. I told them to sit outside my room; they complied. I turned my attention to the last three states in the room. "Minnesota, Alaska, and Texas."

The states whose names were called looked at me. I put my hands on my hips. "Why were you even walking around town in the first place? You've heard what I said."

Alaska turned his face towards the ground. Texas cleared his throat. "Ah saw Minnesota leavin' the mansion, so Ah followed him to get him back. But then he threw mah Whataburger on the ground so Ah chased him."

I turned towards Alaska. "Alaska, you?"

Alaska looked up at me. "I saw Texas leaving so I went to get him back. Then I realized Minnesota had left as well. I was trying to get

them to come back but they ignored me. Then out of anger Minnesota slapped Texas' Whataburger to the ground, and Texas chased him. They ran into South Korea, and I got scared. I shoved him into an alleyway but they still stayed..."

I turned to Minnesota. "It seems the only reason these two left was because *you* left. Why?"

Minnesota crossed his arms. "I was getting tired of the mansion. I understand why you don't want us to leave but I wanted to get some fresh air for once. The reason I ignored Alaska was because the outside world was so interesting, and I didn't want to leave."

"Same with me," Texas said. "Ah liked it out there, didn't wanna leave."

"The reason I smacked Texas' Whataburger to the ground was because he was teasing me, and I got annoyed." Minnesota explained.

My anger disappeared and was replaced with sympathy. I sighed. "I understand where you guys are coming from. Okay, maybe I can talk with DC and and original thirteen colonies about letting you guys play in the clearing, and sometimes the forest."

Texas and Minnesota cheered while Alaska smiled. I smiled and shook my head. "Might I say, you three are very lucky."

The three of them looked at me, confused. "What d'ya mean?" Texas asked.

I chuckled. "South Korea is very friendly. He would get to know someone the best he could and then make an opinion on them. And even if he knew that you're my states, he's a good friend of mine, so he wouldn't hurt you."

Minnesota grinned. "Does that mean we can visit South Korea?"

"No. He doesn't know you're my states, does he?"

"Нет. (No.)" Alaska said.

"You may leave, and tell Missouri and California that they can't have any dessert, video games, or animal friends for a month. Then tell DC and the OG Thirteen."

They all nodded and scurried out of my room. I could hear California and Missouri groan from the hall. I laughed to myself. I heard my phone go off from my back jeans pocket, so I picked it up and looked at who was calling me.

It was Australia. I smiled and answered. "Hey, Aussie! How are y-"

"AMERICA, I NEED HELP!" He screamed.

I flinched. "Aussie? What's going on?"

"IT'S SOUTH KOREA! HE- HE- HE WAS STABBED! I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

I almost dropped my phone. Tears pricked the corners of my eyes. I shook my head. I'll cry later, my little brother needs help right now. I sprinted out of my room, down the stairs, and out the door. I heard DC calling my name as I ran.

"Australia, call Mom. She'll tell you what to do until I get there. I'll text Dad, Nada, and Kiwi."

I heard Australia sniffle. "O-okay..."

He hung up. I went to our family group chat and texted this:

~~

Everyone hurry home. South was stabbed and Aussie doesn't know what to do. Once you read this, don't text back, just hurry home.

~~

I shoved my phone back into my pocket. I whistled. My bald eagle, Jeffrey, came swooping down. I whistled in a pattern and lifted my arms into the air. Jeffrey used his talons to lift me up and into the air.

"I need to get home, quickly." I said to him.

Jeffrey called. He carried me to my house, which didn't take long. He set me down and then flew away. I ran up to the front door and quickly unlocked it.

To my surprise, France was already home. She was treating South Korea on the couch. South was unconscious, but France was calm. "Bonjour, Ameriqué. (Hello, America.)"

"Hi, Mom. Is he gonna be okay?" I asked anxiously.

France smiled reassuringly. "He'll be fine. I just so happened to be across the street when Aussie called."

I sighed in relief. "Speaking of Aussie," France continued, "he's still hysterical. He's in his room, go calm him down."

I nodded and went up the stairs. I walked to Australia's room and I could hear sniffles through the closed door. I opened it and Australia turned to me. "A-Ame..."

I sat on his bed and hugged him. He cried as he hugged me back. "I-I was so scared..." He stuttered.

"I know, I know..." I murmered.

While I was comforting Australia, I heard Britain, Canada, and New Zealand enter the house. I could hear Britain freaking out downstairs and multiple footsteps rushing up the stairs.

Canada and New Zealand slammed Australia's door open, causing the poor Australian to shriek. "Sorry, Aussie!" Canada said, sitting down beside me.

New Zealand sat beside Australia and rubbed his back. "It's okay, Aussie." He murmered.

Australia eventually calmed down, and was sniffling from time to time. "Can you tell us what happened?" Canada asked.

Australia nodded. "I-I was on the couch watching TV when I heard a

lot of knocking on the door. I opened it and South tumbled in... I-I managed to get him to the couch but I-I panicked... That's when I called you, Ame.."

Canada, New Zealand, and I all nodded. We heard footsteps coming up the stairs, I assumed it was Britain.

Sure enough, we heard Britain's voice in the hallway. "Aussie! Are you alright?"

"I'm alright, Dad!" Australia called back.

Britain entered the room and sighed in relief. "Can you tell me what happened?"

New Zealand told Britain what Australia told us. Britain nodded. "I'll go tell France, make sure Aussie is okay, boys." Britain walked out of the room and then back downstairs.

Australia sighed and put his head in his hands. Canada moved his blankets back. "Why don't you get some sleep, Aussie?"

Australia nodded and got under the covers. Canada tucked him in while New Zealand and I watched. Once Canada finished, he said, "Kiwi, can you stay here with him?"

New Zealand nodded. "Sure. I wanted to stay, anyways."

I turned off the light and Canada and I left. Canada closed the door, quietly. I sighed, deciding I could let the tears shed now. "Ame!"

Canada took off my shades and wiped the tears away. "Are you okay?" He asked.

I shook my head. Canada hugged me and I returned it. "He'll be okay, America. Mom is tending to him."

"I know, I'm just worried." I murmered.

Canada sighed. "I am, too. Let's just hope it doesn't get worse from here."

Middle POV

"It worked, Middle. Those police officers are all in Spain's neighborhood. We can get what we need from South Korea's house." Tall said over the phone.

"Good, good. Who did you attack, and did you kill them?"

"South Korea, and no, he managed to get away. That kid's strong."

"Well, it doesn't matter if he's alive or not. We got the police away from his house."

"Yeah. I have to go, Middle."

"Alright, goodbye, Tall."

Tall hung up. I set my phone down and smiled to myself.

Now we can get to buisness.

Russia POV

My siblings and I entered the house and saw Armenia sitting on the couch. He looked at us with a huge grin on his face. "Well, what is it, Armenia?" I asked him.

He chuckled and looked back at the TV. "Typical, Armenia just wastes our time." Kyrgyzstan growled.

Armenia laughed. "Don't be ridiculous! Look at the table."

Kyrgyzstan fixed a strap on her dress and then followed the rest of us to the dining table. "What so special about it?" She grunted.

"Just look at the food." Armenia called.

On the table sat fifteen bowls of traditional Russian Shchi. My siblings and I looked at it in confusion. "But...Armenia doesn't know how to cook Shchi." Belarus murmered.

We all heard footsteps coming down the stairs and walked back to the living room. Once again, Armenia looked at us with a huge grin.

"Armenia! Are your siblings home? I heard voices." A familiar Russian accent called from the staircase.

Soviet appeared when he turned the corner from the steps. He smiled at us and waved. "Hey, I got released early."

We all stared at him, standing completely still. It was completely silent in the house for a few seconds.

Then, we all shouted Soviet's name and rushed at him at the same time. We tackled him to the ground and hugged him. Soviet laughed and asked us to get off of him since we were squishing him. We all got off and stood up.

I hugged Soviet a second time and he pat my head, causing my ushanka to fall over my eyes. I moved it back up and giggled. "Welcome home, папа!" I said.

Soviet chuckled. We all walked to the dining room table; Lithuania helped Armenia there. We all sat down and began eating and chatting. "You have a lot of homework to make up." Kazakhstan said.

Soviet groaned. "I thought I would."

We laughed and continued eating.

North Korea POV

Time skip, three weeks later, Wednesday

BEEP BEEP BEEP

I growled and sat up in my bed. I turned to my annoying alarm clock and scowled. I grabbed the wire and snapped it, immediately turning the stupid thing off.

I sighed and layed back down in bed. I didn't want to go to school. Over the three weeks the bullying had gotten worse and worse. Countries would be late to class, or just ignore something they had to do just to pick on me.

Yesterday, I was carrying my homework and was in a hurry. It was quite a lot of papers to do, and I didn't want to drop it all. My backpack was already full with my books and lunchbox, so I couldn't fit my papers inside it.

I was minding my own buisness when I suddenly tripped. My papers sprawled out across the floor and countries in the hallway laughed at me. I had looked up at the country who tripped me and saw it was Portugal. He was laughing as well.

When I tried to collect my papers, countries kept dragging them away and throwing them around. I had been in that hallway for thirty minutes because of them.

I started to tear up thinking about that. My mental state had been in the dumps, and yesterday had made it worse. I now only wear big, baggy, sweaters that are dark colors, and dark colored pants. I always, *always,* wear the hoodie.

You have no idea how many nights I've cried myself to sleep.

Apart from my brutal bullying, countries have been going missing. Timor-Leste was deemed missing a day after his brother and sister asked everyone if they've seen him. Indonesia and Papua New Guinea were hysterical, and now are just depressed.

Other countries that went missing were Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Guam, Marshall Islands, Cook Islands, Nauru, Norfolk Island, Niue, Pakistan, India, Cambodia, Oman, Belgium, Malta, and Botswana.

I shook my head and decided to get up. The only good thing that happened was that Soviet came back three weeks ago. Countries surrounded him, and with Soviet, being the tall tree with legs and the anti-social country he is, he panicked and Italy, Japan, and Third Reich had to drag him out of the crowd. Russia's siblings moved back into their own houses a week later.

Oh, and ASEAN finally came back. Turns out he was using anything as an excuse to not come to school, so he took paperwork from countries in his organisation and did it for them. Eventually, they forced him to come go school, but he skips most of his classes and

doesn't give a crap about what happens among the countries unless they're ASEAN members.

I went downstairs and ate breakfast. I went back upstairs and brushed my teeth, I then took a shower. I dried off and got dressed. I went back downstairs and got my backpack, I then left my house.

I was walking by myself. I knew China would come eventually so I wasn't that worried. I suddenly felt a hard shove on my back. I collapsed to the ground and scratched my cheek on the cement.

I looked behind me and saw the brothers, Austria and Hungary. Of course, they were laughing at me.

"Hey! Get away from him!"

Austria and Hungary looked behind them and then took off towards to the school. China ran up to me and helped me up. "Are you alright, Northy?"

I nodded and wiped away a tear. "I-I'm fine..."

"North, your cheek..." China reached to touch it.

I gently moved his hand away. "D-don't...i-it stings..."

China looked at me, worried. He kissed my forehead and grabbed my hand. "Come on, if we hurry we can meet up with Taiwan at my house."

As we ran back to his house, I asked, "How is Taiwan gonna help?"

"He's taking medical classes, he should know what to do with your cheek."

Once we reached China's house, he unlocked and opened the door. Taiwan was walking to it and was surprised to see us. "China? What are you doing here?"

China gently nudged me forward. "Austria pushed North down and he scratched his cheek. Can you help?"

Taiwan looked at my cheek. "It doesn't look bad, but it just so happens that I have a lesson on this type of thing today. Ask Japan, France, or the nurse when we get to school."

China nodded. He picked me up bridal-style and then sprinted to the school. "China, I'm fine. Taiwan even said that it's not bad." I told him.

China slowed down and set me on the ground. He pouted. "I'm just worried..."

I chuckled and gave him a peck on the cheek. "You're such a child."

"I mean, I technically am one."

I giggled. Recently, China, Russia, and Soviet are the only ones who can make me laugh. China held my hand as we walked to school. Immediately, countries started whispering about me. The smile I had disappeared.

Soviet and Russia walked up to China and I. "Zdravstvuy, **(Hi)** guys." Russia said.

"I assume you said 'hi' or something. 여보세요. (Hello.)" I greeted.

"How have you guys been?" Soviet asked.

"My life is awful." I scoffed.

China hugged me. "My case isn't exactly North's, but I've been better."

"That reminds me, are Azure and Yellow alright?" Soviet asked after giving me a pat on the head.

China nodded. "Yellow's cured and Azure is only a little sick. Since it's highly contagious among dragons we quarantined Azure in a certain part of the house so Yellow doesn't get sick again."

Azure contradicted a disease that only dragons get two weeks ago. Four days later, Yellow got it.

Russia looked at all the countries going inside. "We should head to homeroom."

"Yeah, but North and I are going to the nurse's office first." China replied.

We all walked inside the school. I just know this day is gonna be awful.

Time skip

I had a feeling this day would be terrible, turns out I was right. The first punch in my gut from Sweden proved it right at the start.

Now it's lunchtime, and I just wanna collapse onto the ground and cry. I had to run through the halls to the lunchroom in order to not be harassed.

China was waiting for me by the doors. His smile disappeared when he saw me. "North, are you okay?"

"L-let's just go inside..." I said.

China hugged me and then opened the doors. He led me to our usual table and we sat down. Iran, Netherlands, Russia, Martial Law, and Soviet Union were already there. "Hey, guys." China greeted.

"Hey." They all said in unison.

China and I sat down. "Russia, don't you usually sit with America?" I asked.

"Da. But I wanted to sit over here today. However, I had to promise that we'll hang out after school is over." Russia responded.

"Soviet, you?"

"Reich is sick, Japan's taking care of him, and Italy is dealing with things in his country." Soviet replied, taking a bite out of what looked like a sandwich afterwards.

"So you're all alone today, huh?" Iran asked.

Soviet froze for a second. "I'm not all alone! I have you guys...and Britain."

"Then why aren't you with Britain?" Netherlands asked.

"Can you please stop asking questions..." Soviet grumbled.

We all started laughing. I saw a little blush on Soviet's cheeks as he frowned at the table. Russia caught his breath. "M-maybe...maybe we shouldn't tease my papa about this," he said.

"Thank you, Rus-"

"We should nag him about it all day long."

Soviet looked at Russia in disbelief. Russia started howling with laughter. Soviet grumbled and continued eating.

We continued eating lunch, joking around. Soviet finished early and got up to walk around the school, but Russia made him sit back down.

"Sit down, papa." Russia said, grabbing Soviet's arm.

"I'm gonna walk around the school, you'll see me in Chemistry." Soviet replied, trying to tug his arm free.

It seemed Russia has a strong grip, because no matter how hard Soviet tugged, Russia held on. "Ostavaysya zdes'." **(Stay here.)** Russia said.

"Rossiya, pozhaluysta, otpusti. YA khochu pogulyat'." **(Russia, please, let go. I wanna walk around.)**

"Vy mozhete gulyat' cherez mesyats, sidet'." **(You can walk around in a month, sit.)**

"Mesyats?! Rossiya-" **(A month?! Russia-)**

Russia frowned. "YA slushayu tebya vse vremya, razve ty ne

mozhesh' slushat' menya khot' raz?" **(I listen to you all the time, can't you listen to me for once?)**

Soviet sat back down in his seat with a huff. "What was that all about?" Martial asked.

"Nothing. It was nothing." Soviet replied.

We shrugged and continued eating. I was about go bite into my Yakgwa, a Korean honey cookie, when I stopped. I noticed bits and pieces of something I know I didn't put in it. I took a closer look and recognized it as buckwheat.

I sighed. "Is something wrong, bǎobèi? **(babe)**" China asked me.

"My cookie has buckwheat in it, I never baked buckwheat into it." I said, disappointed.

"Probably one of the other country's ideas." Iran growled.

"But how did they get into his locker?" Netherlands asked.

Iran shrugged. Soviet looked angry, his hands were clenched on the table. China looked at me in sympathy. "I know how much you love that cookie. Yakgwa, was it? A Korean honey cookie."

I nodded. "I don't want to waste it, but I can't eat it, I'm allergic."

"I can," Russia said. "You can give it to me, if you want."

I handed Russia my cookie, and he ate it in one bite. "I guess I can eat one of the others when I get home, I have plenty." I said, closing my lunch box.

I felt a cold substance splash all over me. I let out a shriek. My clothes and skin were wet; I clutched my arms and started shivering.

I heard laughter behind me. I turned around and saw Bolivia. He was holding an empty bucket, so I assume he poured water on me. A lot of other countries in the lunchroom were laughing and pointing at me.

I felt tears starting to come and quickly turned back around. I just started to cry and China pulled me into a hug, yelling at Bolivia.

All of a sudden, the laughing stopped. I stopped crying but tears still ran down. I heard what sounded like Bolivia getting beat up. Instinctively, I turned to where Soviet was sitting, expecting him to be gone. But Soviet was still sat there, staring at where Bolivia had been standing behind me with his jaw dropped.

Confused, I turned around. I saw Bolivia on the ground getting beat up by Iran and Netherlands. All the countries in the lunch room stared at what was going on. Eventually, America, UN, EU, and NATO rushed forward and pulled the countries apart.

Netherlands didn't struggle against them while Iran did. "Iran, chill." Netherlands told him.

Iran hesitantly listened, grumbling. "What the heck happened?" NATO asked.

"I thought you'd have saw." Iran snapped.

NATO shook his head. "I just entered the lunchroom and saw you guys fighting."

"Same with me and UN. The three of you will have to explain to us later." EU said.

Netherlands rolled his eyes. Once America and NATO let go of him, he started walking towards the parking lot exit. "Where are you going?" UN asked.

"To have a smoke. I'll be right back." Netherlands replied, leaving the lunchroom.

Iran walked back to our table while America helped Bolivia up. "That really wasn't cool, man." I heard him say as they walked away.

UN, EU, and NATO then walked over to me. "North, do you have a change of clothes?" UN asked.

"J-J-Just m-my g-g-gym clothes..." I replied, still shivering.

China hugged me tighter. "Alright, go dry off and change into them." UN said. The three of them then walked away.

China helped me out of my seat. He grabbed my and his lunchbox with one hand, and held my hand with the other. "Come on, let's get you changed before lunch ends."

I nodded. We waved bye to the countries sitting at our table and then walked out of the lunchroom.

I shakingly sighed as we walked. "W-What did I-I ever do to them..?" I asked, sadly. I could feel more tears coming up.

China didn't say anything. He let go of my hand and pulled me close to him. After a couple moments of silence, he spoke up. "It'll get better over time..."

"You said that *last* week, and the week before that! It's not getting better, it's getting worse..." I let out a sob.

China dropped our lunchboxes and hugged me, despite the fact that I was wetting his shirt with the water I was drenched in and my tears. I hugged him back and forced myself not to cry.

I guess a few tears still managed to escape, because when China and I pulled apart he wiped them away with his thumb. He gave me a soothing smile. My chest felt warm looking at him. I couldn't help but smile back.

China picked up our lunchboxes and we continued walking to our lockers. Once we reached them, we opened them up and grabbed our gym clothes, swapping them for our lunchboxes. "Why are you grabbing your gym clothes?" I asked China, closing my locker.

China closed his locker. "My shirt's wet, and this school doesn't allow you to wear any part of your gym clothes without the full set. Stupid rule if you ask me."

I nodded. We started walking to the changing room. Once we got there, we separated and went into our own little changing stalls

with benches and changed.

Have I ever described the uniform for gym? The shirt is a white t-shirt, and depending on what you chose, red shorts or red sweatpants. You probably don't know what I'm talking about. During the summer, everyone got to choose between having shorts or sweatpants for gym. Every country that had red skin chose sweatpants, while everyone else chose between the two.

I don't know how many chose shorts or sweatpants, but excluding countries with red skin, there were others that also chose sweatpants. I was among the countries (or nations) that chose shorts.

Why am I talking about this?

China and I left our changing stalls. China looked me up and down and smirked. "What?" I asked.

A faint blush had appeared on China's cheeks. His smirk turned into a soft smile and he hugged me. "You look good." He murmered.

My face heated up. "I-I... Th-Thank you..." I smiled.

From being insulted about everything I like, do, and insults about my looks for the past few weeks, China's compliment meant a lot to me. I hesitantly pulled away from the hug. "Come on, we should do something about our wet clothes." I said.

China nodded. As soon as he turned away I felt myself tense up after realizing that I can't wear my hoodie. I tried to hide it while gathering my wet clothes, which had dried off a little bit.

I'm honestly not surprised if this is true, but I must be horrible at hiding how I'm feeling now, because soon enough China suddenly hugged me from behind. I let out a squeak and dropped my wet clothes. "Are you okay, babe?" China asked, his voice soft.

I shook my head. China hugged me tighter. "I'm worried about you, Northie... I want to stop the bullying, but I can't... I feel like I failed you..." He murmered sadly.

The sound of his voice along with what he said broke my heart. I turned around and hugged him back. "You're a great boyfriend, and you haven't failed me at all in any way. You're trying your best and that's all I can ask for."

China rubbed the back of my head. "Heh, you remind me of my mom in a way. She always gave the best advice..."

I looked up at China. He had a distant look on his face, as if he was remembering memories. He sighed and shook his head. "Does Taiwan give you advice?" I asked him.

China shrugged. "He used to when we were younger...and closer..."

I nodded and pulled away from the hug. I gave China a peck on the cheek. "Let's go to class."

China nodded, smiling. "See you in gym?"

I chuckled. "Yeah, see you in gym."

'Hopefully.' I thought to myself.

Russia POV

Soviet and I were talking. Iran was playing rock-paper-scissors with Martial Law. Us four were the only ones left after Netherlands left for a smoke, and North and China left to change.

"Папа?" I asked.

"Да, Russia?"

"Can I see messages that you and Britain sent each other from a while ago?"

"Um...why?"

"Just curious."

Soviet shrugged and handed me his phone. I opened the message app and picked Britain's contact. I began scrolling up, and stopped

when I saw a funny text Soviet texted. I scrolled up to see the full conversation.

~

Britain
So, uh, turns out Hungary was pretending to be my friend to get benefits from my country and military. He stole a few things from me thirty minutes ago.

HOLD ON I'M COMING JUST GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO BUY A SHOTGUN, A SHOVEL, AND A COFFIN

Soviet, no!!

I don't want you going to jail!

I'll buy you biscuits and a lot of tea on the way?

Deal.

~

I burst out laughing. Soviet, Iran, and Martial had been talking to each other while I was scrolling through the messages, and they turned to me when I started laughing. "What is it, Russia?" Iran asked.

"I- he- Britain- Soviet-" I wheezed.

Countries from other tables turned and looked at us. "Rossiya, nima kulgili? (Russia, what's so funny?)" Uzbekistan called from his table.

I calmed down a little bit, and then I burst out laughing again.

In fact I'm laughing to hard to continue narrating-

South Korea POV

I stared at Russia as he howled with laughter. America and I both exchanged confused glances. Bolivia had been taken to the nurse's office, courtesy of Peru. I was sitting with America, Poland, Canada,

Ukraine, and Denmark. Before Russia started laughing, Poland had been telling us facts about having wings.

Now, our entire table stared at the table Russia sat at. Iran, Soviet Union, and Martial Law were there as well. "What happened over there that's making Russia laugh like that? He's also the only one." Poland commented.

"Not sure." Denmark replied.

"Martial, Iran, and Soviet also looked confused, so maybe it was something Russia saw?" Canada said.

I shrugged and went back to eating my salad.

Time skip, wait, SPARKLE NO-

I was about to find America so we could walk home when I heard NATO call my name, "South!"

I turned towards him and he was running towards me, with UN, EU, and Iran behind him. "What is it, NATO?" I asked when he reached me.

NATO caught his breath before replying. "Have you- have you seen Netherlands? He was supposed to come back from his smoke after lunch."

I shrugged. "Sorry, I don't know. Maybe-"

"South! We have to go!"

I turned and saw America waving to me. I glanced back at NATO. "I need to go, hope you find him!" I called as I ran to America.

NATO POV

I heard UN sigh behind me. I turned towards him. He had a grim expression on his face. "What's wrong, UN?" I asked him.

"I just...I having a feeling something is wrong. Really wrong."

Third Person POV

Earlier

Netherlands stomped on the cigarette butt on the ground. He didn't give a crap if it was against school rules to smoke on the property, he was stressed and needed to smoke for just a minute. Although he would like to stay out here longer, he wanted to get back inside and check if his friends were alright.

Netherlands stuffed his hands into his pockets. His scarf blew in the wind and he sighed. He gazed at the parking lot. He was about to walk to the lunchroom doors and head inside, but then he saw a flicker of movement just in between two cars.

Netherlands stared at the spot he saw the flicker. He told himself it was probably just a squirrel and turned away.

There it was again.

Netherlands whipped his head back to the spot. "Hello?" He called.

He was met back with silence. The consistent blowing of the wind echoed in his nonexistent ears. Ignoring his better judgement, Netherlands started slowly walking to the area of the parking lot where he saw the flicker.

His heart must've been beating a million miles a second. He was unsure of his choice, or why he was ignoring his screaming urge to run back to the lunchroom. The wind had stopped blowing, and he could hear his quick and unsteady breathing.

Netherlands forced himself to take deep breaths, calming down. Why was he so freaked out? Surely it's just an animal, right? Then why is he checking it out?

These were the questions Netherlands was asking himself while he slowly crept towards the two vehicles. "Is...anyone there?" He called out again.

Just like last time, he was met with silence. He finally reached the spot where he saw flicker, and he looked between the two cars.

There wasn't anything there.

Netherlands scolded himself for being scared. He shook his head and sighed. "Probably just a dang squirrel..." He muttered.

He straightened himself up and turned to walk back to the lunchroom doors. Suddenly, a cloth covered his mouth and he was being held still. Netherlands fought against the grip, and managed to get himself free, but unfortunately he had breathed in a bad amount of the substance.

He spun around and noticed that his vision was steadily growing more blurry. A figure stood in front of him, a female, it looked like. She was wearing clothes that covered every part of her body, so Netherlands couldn't see who is was.

The woman made a grab for Netherlands again. Netherlands smacked her hand away and tried running back to the school building. The effect from the substance on the cloth was going through Netherlands body quickly. When he was running, his legs were wobbly and he felt lightweight.

The woman easily caught up to Netherlands and knocked him to the ground. Netherlands was now too tired to put up any kind of struggle if he tried. "Help! Somebody help! Please..! Somebody...help..."

Netherlands slowly drifted off to sleep. The woman crouched down and picked him up. She carried him away, smiling to herself. "I have a nice cell for you..." She said.

24 - Trapped and Tortured

Seventeen countries sat spread out in a single room. All of them were huddled in little groups together, either for warmth or talking amongst themselves. No happiness was in the air, only misery and sadness.

"I-I wanna go home..." Pakistan cried into India's chest.

India rubbed his sister's back. "We all do, Paki." He murmered.

Every country in the room had visible bruises and cuts on their bodies. From their necks to their ankles, cuts and bruises covered a majority of their body. And if you're wondering, no, none of them were touched or...the other more extreme one, only tortured.

The reason the countries were all in the same room was because there is something the three mysterious kidnappers did once a week. Every Wednesday, they gather the countries they have and put them into this room.

The reason they do this is not known, but eventually one of them comes in and drags a random country out to torture them. After the torture is finished, they throw the poor victim back inside the room. After a few hours, they take all the countries and put them back into their cells.

Timor-Leste was the victim last time. Speaking of him, he was the only one not in a group. He was in a corner all by himself, lost in his thoughts. He was shivering from the cold of the room, but he didn't care. Tear marks stained his cheeks, he had cried from the torture that is delivered to him everyday, and another reason he cried was because he missed his family.

A doorknob turning made all conversations stop and all thoughts interrupted. The countries in the room looked fearfully at the door

as it slowly opened. It must be one of their captors. Who is getting tortured now?

"Stop fighting!" A female voice shouted, followed by a loud hit. The countries in the room stared at Tall as she dragged in an injured Netherlands.

Tall threw Netherlands into the center of the room. "Enjoy the company while it lasts," she spat and closed the door.

The other countries looked at Netherlands as he layed on the floor. He wasn't as damaged as the rest of them; he only had a bruise on both of his arms and a cut on his head.

After a few moments, Netherlands groaned and sat up. He sat on his knees and stared at the ground. "Where...where am I..?" He asked as he looked around.

His eyes widened when he saw the missing countries. They all were here, he couldn't believe it! His thoughts were cut off when he heard Timor-Leste say, "Your worst nightmare."

Netherlands turned in the direction of the small country. Timor-Leste was giving Netherlands a look of sympathy. Netherlands noticed all the bruises, cuts, and wounds Timor had, and then looked at the others. They also had many cuts, wounds, and bruises. "What happened to you guys..?" He asked.

"The same thing that'll happen to you..." Fiji said, her voice strained.

Netherlands went quiet. He stood up and began walking to the door. He wasn't that far away from it before he felt someone grab his arm. "Don't."

Netherlands turned around and saw Samoa standing in front of him. She was struggling to stand up from her legs being whipped earlier. She was clutching Netherlands' arm and looked at him with desperation in her eyes. "If you try to escape they'll punish all of us..." She said.

"It's true," India spoke up, "I tried getting out of here when I first got

here. I failed and we all got...tortured..."

"It's impossible to escape..." Nauru murmered, walking up to Samoa and Netherlands.

Samoa let go of Netherlands and started falling to the ground. Nauru caught her before she hit the floor and helped her to the corner they both were previously at.

Netherlands stared after them for a bit. He sighed. "The other countries will find us." He said.

"Netherlands, those three know what they're doing. They know how to not leave any evidence behind, and if they do it's very vague to the point that the countries nor police can do anything with it. We all lost hope in getting out of here..." Marshall Islands said.

Netherlands sighed and walked over to Timor-Leste's corner. "Can I sit here?" He asked.

"Don't care."

Netherlands sat down beside Timor-Leste. "How long have you been here..?" He asked, hesitantly.

"I honestly don't know anymore. There's no calenders. I was the first one here, though." Timor-Leste said. He looked up at Netherlands. "Indonesia and Papua New Guinea, do they miss me? I miss them..."

Netherlands nodded. "They were hysterical when you were deemed missing. They want you back."

Timor-Leste managed a tiny smile. He turned away and continued staring at the floor. Netherlands went silent. He raised his knees to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. He buried his face in his knees and closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, Tall was waiting on Middle, Small, and Buff in their meeting room. When she had first knocked out Netherlands, she carried him away and hid him in a bush. She pressed the cloth with the chloroform up against his face and sat there for a few minutes. Once she was sure he had breathed in enough chloroform to keep

him asleep through the school day, she took off her outfit and put on her regular clothes, then she rushed back inside the school.

When school was dismissed, she walked all the way home and entered her house. She changed into her disguise or whatever and then climbed out of her first floor window, making sure she wasn't being watched. She snuck back to the school and dragged Netherlands' body out of the bush.

She carried Netherlands to their hideout and was walking to where the other countries were when she got an alert from her watch. Someone was going to her house.

Tall quickly went to an empty cell room and tossed Netherlands into the cell. She locked the cell and the door and rushed back home. Once again, she climbed through the window and changed her clothes, hiding her disguise in a vault in her basement.

She went into the her living room and turned on her TV, pretending to watch it. Soon enough, her doorbell rang. She went and opened it and saw Jamaica standing on the other side. "Hey, are you done fixing my new shoes yet?" He asked.

Tall had nodded and went back inside her house. She grabbed Jamaica's shoes and went to him. She handed him the shoes. "There you go."

"Thenk yuh." Jamaica had thanked Tall, his Jamaican accent coming out. He skipped away happily while Tall closed her door. She breathed a sigh of relief and went into the basement, unlocked the vault, switched clothes, and then went back to the secret hideout.

By the time she had gotten back to Netherlands in his cell, he was awake and trying to get out. Key word: *trying*.

Tall had unlocked his cell and grabbed his arms. She dragged him to the room the other countries were at while he struggled against her, unusually quiet. When they reached the door Netherlands was struggling harder, and Tall was having a hard time holding onto him. "Stop fighting!"

She grabbed Netherlands' head and slammed it against the wall. This allowed her to throw him into the room. You know what happens from there.

Tall looked at the door as it opened. Middle, Small, and Buff entered. She removed her hoodie and smiled. "Took you long enough." She teased.

"Oh, shut it. Small forgot something halfway so we had to go back." Middle said, taking off his hoodie.

Small and Buff also took off their hoodies. They all sat down at the table. "Tall, were you successful in kidnapping Netherlands?" Middle asked.

Tall nodded. "He put up a somewhat fight, but I got him. He's in the room with the other countries."

Middle clapped. "Great! You really have a knack for this."

Buff cleared his throat. "Middle, why are we gathered here?"

"Oh, one of the reasons we're here is to discuss who we should torture horribly now."

"Then why am I here? I don't get my hands dirty."

"You're part of the team, Buff. Tall, any ideas?"

Tall shrugged. "Malta, maybe?"

"No, we should let her body heal up. We put her through what we did last time she'll die."

"I thought you liked killing people, Middle?" Small asked.

"I do, but I don't want to kill any countries just yet. Any more ideas?"

Everyone thought for a moment. Small snapped his fingers. "I have an idea! How about we do Netherlands?"

"But he's a newcomer." Buff commented.

"Exactly! Therefore he learns we mean business and doesn't try anything. Great thinking, Small!" Middle said. He turned to Tall. "Go and collect Netherlands from the others. Small and I will be waiting in the room."

Tall nodded and stood up. She put her hoodie back on and left the room, walking in the direction of where the other countries were. Middle and Small stood up and left, also putting their hoodies on. Buff continued sitting at the table, reading a book. He knew they'd come back and then discuss the other topic.

"Buff."

Buff turned around and saw Middle at the door. "You can come if you want, you can see how the torture works, and maybe give us some tips."

Buff smiled and put on his hoodie. He stood up and began walking towards Middle. "Sure. I always wanted to see them scream and cry."

Buff followed Middle to the torture room. Small was already there and waved to them when they entered. Buff all of a sudden stopped moving and turned around. "Netherlands is a strong country, Tall might need help with him."

Middle nodded. "Go and help her, the quicker Netherlands gets here the better."

Buff rushed off to help Tall. Speaking of Tall, she was trying to force Netherlands to come with her. He was resisting roughly, and was even fighting back a little. "Let me go!" He yelled.

The countries in the room stared fearfully at the two fighting figures. Tall had a tight grip on one of Netherlands' arms, and Netherlands was struggling to pull it free. He was kicking and punching Tall.

Buff walked into the room. When the other countries saw him they held their breath fearfully. Buff stormed over to Netherlands and

grabbed his free arm. Tall and Buff dragged a kicking and shouting Netherlands out of the room while the others watched. Of course, they locked the door when they left.

An hour later, the countries in the room were covering their nonexistent ears and most were shedding tears. Why were they doing this? They were doing this because they could hear Netherlands' screams of pain while he was being tortured.

Let's not go into detail about it, because I'll suck at that, so let's skip to when they're done.

Buff threw Netherlands back inside the room. He slammed the door shut. A few countries left where they were sitting and crawled over to Netherlands. He was curled up on the ground, shaking uncontrollably and crying silently.

"N-Netherlands..?" Belgium was the first to reach him. When Netherlands didn't answer, Belgium carefully pulled him close to him and into a hug. "I-I know...it's awful."

"All of us go through it..." Malta sighed. She crawled up and hugged Netherlands along with Belgium. "Belgium, let's take him with us."

Belgium nodded. He helped Netherlands up and to the corner he Malta, Marshall Islands, and Niue were at. Belgium sat down and had Netherlands lay onto his lap. He rubbed his back and sighed. "I'm sorry you have to go through this, brother..."

Alright, back to the jerks. The four of them were laughing at their meeting table. They were making fun of Netherlands from when they were torturing him. "I loved how he wiggled and squirmed when I was choking him with his scarf!" Tall laughed.

Small's laughs were more nervous than what the others were doing, but they were laughing too hard to notice. "Anyway, what's the other reason we're here, Middle?" Small asked, hoping to change the subject.

Middle calmed himself down. "The other reason is...oh! Buff, any requests?"

Buff thought for a moment. "Not really. Are there any countries you guys want to do something too?"

The room went silent. A minute later, Middle cleared his throat. "Actually...yes."

"Me too." Tall added.

They all looked at Small. He shrugged. "Not really. There are countries I'm mad at but I just want to avoid them."

"Middle, who do you want to capture, torture, or murder?" Buff asked.

"Britain." Middle sneered.

"Britain? Why him? Isn't he nice?" Small asked.

Middle scoffed. "Sure, *Britain* is nice, but his family isn't."

"France, America, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia?"

"No, not them. It's a long story, anyway. Goes back generations, way before Britain was born."

"Then why-"

"Stop asking questions! I'll tell you later when we have time."

Small flinched. Buff looked at his watch. "I'm gonna go home. It'll be time for dinner soon."

"Yeah, me too." Tall said.

They all got up and left the room. They went to the room that the countries were in, and they put them all back into their cells. They left the hideout and headed for their houses.

April Fools Day Chapter

What do you know? It's April 1st! You know the countries are gonna get on each others nerves today! I also decided to add to the chapter, so I had my OC, Sparkle, be in here, too!

At the sound of Sparkle's name Norway sprinted in the opposite direction. That was weird, oh well. Let's start already.

(Btw, once again I didn't lead up to the day in the story so let's go to another timeline.)

Soviet was walking to Italy's mansion with some snacks he bought in his country. Italy had invited all the countries to his mansion because everyone had been very busy lately, and he thought it would be nice for everyone to be together again. Not only did he just invite the countries, but he also invited someone who isn't a country, but is good friends with a lot of them.

This non-country is Sparkle. Her favourite weapon is an axe, and though she doesn't carry it around everywhere she can summon it by just putting her hand behind her back. She also has a family but we're not gonna talk about them.

Soviet arrived at Italy's mansion and rung the doorbell using his elbow. Belgium opened the door. "Hallo, Soviet!" He greeted, moving out of the way.

"Привет, (Hi,) Belgium. How's Netherlands?" Soviet walked into the house. He turned to Belgium as the shorter male closed the door.

"Good. His smoking addiction has gotten better. He only smokes two times a week now." Belgium replied, smiling brightly.

"Italy! Soviet's here!" Jamaica had started walking to the room when he heard the doorbell. He just got to it. It was his job to tell

Italy who arrived since he was the first guest.

Italy rushed into the room. "Soviet! There you are! I was started to think you wouldn't come."

Soviet chuckled. "I told you I was coming. I decided to go to my country and get some quick snacks. Sorry if I worried you."

Italy shrugged. "It's alright."

Sparkle came rushing in. She smiled brightly when she saw Soviet. Soviet went to wave but almost dropped his snacks so he didn't. Belgium took his snacks. "I'll bring them to the kitchen. That's where everyone else's snacks are." He said and walked away.

Sparkle went over and poked Soviet's non-existent nose, knowing he hated it when she did that. "Third Reich is in the living room chatting with Japan and North Korea."

"So, that's where North is! I've been looking for him for a while." Jamaica said and went to walk to the living room.

All of a sudden, an axe flew an inch away from his face and stuck to the wall. Jamaica froze in fear and shock. Him, Italy, and Soviet stared at Sparkle as she glared at Jamaica intensely. "Don't you fricking go near him..."

"W-Why..." Jamaica stuttered.

"Because your a jerk to him in Repair-" Sparkle's voice disappeared, courtesy of Wonder, aka me, who was relaxing in her mind (I'll explain more about this if you want).

"What are you talking about? I've never hurt North before, we've been friends for a good while." Jamaica said, confused.

In this timeline Jamaica, Panama, Sweden, Greece, Turkey, and others are nice to North, and some are even friends with him. Of course, North is still a smol bean and MUST BE PROTECTED-

Ehm...anyway...as you might've guessed, Sparkle was teleported from *Repairing Our Relationship*'s world to this one. And though

these countries are nice to North she doesn't trust them.

Yes, Wonder and Sparkle are in Repairing Our Relationship. They're invisible and watch what's happening. And of course, Sparkle always gets mad when Wonder tells her she can't intervene and protect the countries she likes.

Yeah, Wonder gets strangled a lot-

But Sparkle also gets smacked a lot for trying to intervene anyway! And I'm about to slap her again if she talks about any other universe and tries breaking the fourth wall-

Jamaica walked away while Wonder kept Sparkle in place. Once he was gone, Wonder talked sense into Sparkle and managed to convince her to not kill this world's Jamaica.

Sparkle grabbed her axe and made it disappear. Don't worry, the countries think she's weird but they like her anyway. "I'm gonna find Finland." She said and walked away, her tail swinging side-to-side.

Soviet followed Italy into the dining room, where a few other countries were. "Have you ever wondered why Sparkle doesn't have pupils?" Soviet asked the Italian.

Italy nodded. "Many times. But I wouldn't dare ask her."

Liberia started laughing at a joke Botswana made. Soviet glanced over at them and then back to the slightly taller Italian. "Where's your bathroom? I drank a little too much water on the way here."

Italy pointed to a 'closed' door. "Down that hallway, fifth door to the left."

Soviet thanked him and walked over to the door. When he opened it and started walking into the hallway he got drenched in water, on top of that a bucket landed on his head. Soviet took the bucket off and threw it on the floor, whipping around to glare at his friend.

Italy, meanwhile, was laughing at him, along with all the other countries in the room. "Italy, I'm gonna kill you!" Soviet shouted.

"No, you're not!" Italy said in between laughs.

"Da, I am!"

"What happened to going to the bathroom?"

Soviet scowled and rushed off down the hallway. He swung the bathroom door open and walked into the bathroom. Everyone could hear a shrill scream. "ICE?!"

"Congrats! You have completed the ice bucket challenge!" Italy shouted. Everyone heard Soviet slam the door shut.

Japan and Third Reich walked in. "Italy-senpai, can you stop torturing Soviet-kun?" Japan said with a giggle.

"It's only pranks, bambino. (Babe)" Italy wrapped his arm around Japan's hips. Japan rolled his eyes, smiling.

"WHY WON'T THE TOILET SEAT FRICKING OPEN??!!"

Everyone burst out laughing again. Soviet opened the door and rushed to Italy. "Where's another bathroom?!"

Italy smirked. "I don't know, let me think..."

"Italy, pleeaaassseeeeee..!" Soviet begged. He was jumping up and down a little bit.

Third Reich sighed. "There's a bathroom upstairs, sixth room to your right."

Soviet rushed off, shouting, "Спасибо, (Thank you,) love!"

"Bitte! (You're welcome!)" Reich called after him.

"Reich, you ruined the fun!" Italy complained.

"If I hadn't told him he would've peed himself. Was that your goal?" Reich raised a brow.

Italy shrugged. "I mean, sorta."

Reich playfully punched Italy's shoulder. "Stupid Italian."

"No fun German."

"Kinky Japanese!"

Everyone stared at Japan. Japan tilted his head. "What? I just wanted to join in."

Uh...let's go to North Korea, shall we?
North was being given a piggyback ride, courtesy of his boyfriend, China. North was giggling and it was making China blush.

Stop being cute, North.

China eventually dropped North Korea onto the couch. North whined and reached up for the Chinese. "I'm tired, North. But we can cuddle if you like?" China suggested.

North nodded and China sat down on the couch. North practically tackled him into a laying down position. North layed on his chest and buried his face in his neck, smiling. China chuckled and wrapped his arms around the Northern Korean's waist.

Belarus, Lithuania, and Sparkle were fangirling in the background. I mean, North and China are already together but it's still cute!

Let's go to poor Soviet. He had just finished using the bathroom and walked out. He had decided against killing Italy, smacking him will do. His clothes were still wet, and he should be cold. But he's not, because he's used to being cold. Instead, his clothes sticking to him was bothering him a lot.

Soviet sighed as he walked down the hallway. Italy's a good friend and all, but Soviet would really appreciate it if he didn't prank him so much. Yeah, sometimes it's funny, but there was a time where Italy actually made him cry.

"Папа."

Soviet turned around and saw his youngest son, Russia, standing there. Russia gave him a smile and showed him some spare clothes

he had brought. "I thought Italy would prank you today, it is April 1st after all."

"What does April 1st have to do with the pranks?" Soviet asked.

Russia rolled his eyes and chuckled at his father. "I swear, you live under a rock. Today is April Fools Day, does that ring a bell?"

Soviet was confused for a moment. He then facepalmed. "Darn it, I'm such an idiot."

Russia laughed. "If these get wet I have extra." He handed his father the spare clothes.

Soviet smiled. "Спасибо, (thank you) Russia."

Russia nodded. "I'll try convincing Italy to not pick on you so much." He waved and walked away.

Soviet went back inside the bathroom and changed. He went to a window in one of the rooms and opened it. He dropped his wet clothes and watched them fall.

A Russian bear came and caught them. It looked up at Soviet. The communist waved and then joined everyone else downstairs.

Sure enough, when Soviet found Italy he slapped him. To be specific, he slapped him eight times. Japan and Reich watched, amused.

Somewhere else in the mansion America had replaced Canada's maple syrup with lime drizzle. When Canada poured his 'maple syrup' on a snack he was eating he immediately spit the snack out. He looked at his 'maple syurp' sadly and sighed. "I'm sorry, but for some reason I don't like the way you taste."

America, who was sitting next to him, burst out laughing. "Nada! That's not maple syrup!" He laughed.

Canada looked at his younger brother, confused. "What are you talking about?"

"I replaced your maple syrup with lime drizzle! The look on your face was priceless!"

Canada's eye twitched. He set his bottle down calmly. "Ame, I apologize for what I am about to do."

America stopped laughing. "Huh?"

Canada then tackled America and proceeded to beat the crap out of him. Mexico walked in on it and then walked back out. "Frick no." He said.

France pranked Britain by replacing his tea with colored water. He was upset at first, but then France pulled out his other tea cup with actual tea, so no hard feelings.

Britain couldn't think of a way to prank France. The only way he could think of was stealing and getting rid of her baguettes, but that would end in his death. Since he couldn't come up with a prank he got her flowers instead. Although she was hesitant to take them because of the day, she took the flowers and thanked Britain.

Australia and New Zealand pranked each other, and it honestly was pretty funny for the both of them. Australia decided to pretend to be New Zealand, and New Zealand decided to pretend to be Australia. This was easy to do since they're both males, the exact same height, and have similar flags.

When they saw each other they cracked up laughing at the irony. They still continued to pretend to be the other.

Philippines brought both his twin and his older brother to the mansion. He and Del Pilar teamed up to prank Martial Law. If you're wondering what the prank was, Philippines made Martial torta and Del Pilar put a fake centipede into it. Martial already ate half of his food before he realized it and screamed.

Philippines and Del started laughing. Martial immediately realized what they did and smacked both of them angrily.

I'm starting to get lazy, sorry. Sweden pranked Finland, and Denmark pranked Norway. I'll tell you this, Sweden got a hard slap

from the outcome of his prank.

Norway stomped away in anger while Denmark laughed. A few minutes later, Sparkle came into the room. "Hey, Denmark."

Denmark turned to Sparkle. "Oh, hey, Sparkle!"

"Do you know where Norway is?"

"Last I saw him he left through there." Denmark pointed to a doorway.

Sparkle nodded in thanks. When she opened the door she saw Norway talking to Luxembourg and Madagascar. She summoned her axe and then rushed at the Norwegian.

Luckily, Norway saw her before she got to close and dodged the first swing. He screamed and ran away, with Sparkle closely following him.

Wait- Sparkle is...

Oh my god SPARKLE WTF NO!!!

I have to go! Hope you enjoyed the April Fools Day chapter!

SPARKLE WHAT HAVE I SAID ABOUT TRYING TO KILL NORWAY??!!

25

[image]

I can't draw hands :')

As you can see, I tried a different lighting thing for the bottom of the eyes. I don't like it :'3

Sorry if there is two April Fools chapters. Idk what happened and it only shows one when I try to fix it :/

Also, why do I get ideas and motivation at fricking *night?!*

North Korea POV

I lay in my bed staring up at the ceiling. I didn't want to do anything when I had gotten home, so I threw my backpack on the floor and flopped onto my bed.

I knew I had homework to do, but right now I don't give a frick if I complete it or not. My stomach grumbled. I sighed and sat up. I really didn't want to eat right now but my body says otherwise.

I slid off my bed and walked into the hallway and down the stairs. On my way through the living room, my doorbell rang. I was confused for a moment, but then assumed it was probably Soviet Union, Russia, China, Martial Law, Indonesia, or South Korea. They're the only ones besides the organisations who know where I live. At least, I think.

I walked over to my door and opened it. I was expecting to see one of my friends or my brother, but instead I saw Panama smirking down at me. I widened my eye and froze. "Hello, North Korea. Happy to see me?" His smirk grew wider.

"H-How did you find my house..?" I stuttered.

Panama chuckled. "Well, North, it's really simple. We already knew

where South lives so we just knocked on the doors of the houses next to him. Just so happens this is the first one we came to."

"We..?"

Panama stepped aside to show Sweden and Honduras. "Nice to see you again, North." Sweden grinned.

I quickly tried to slam my door but Panama shoved it open before I could. Honduras handed him something. "Hold him down." Panama commanded.

Sweden rushed forward and forced me to the floor. I struggled on the ground, trying to get free. To no one's surprise it didn't work. Panama crouched down next to me. "Honduras, come on," he motioned Honduras crouch down next to him.

Honduras listened. "What are you going to do with that? It's just some cookie with buckwheat I added in." She said.

I stiffened at the sound of buckwheat. "Exactly! Bolivia told me after school that North here is allergic to buckwheat." Panama responded.

"Aren't you worried about the consequences?" Honduras asked after a pause.

"What do you mean?"

"About the severity of his allergic reaction. You don't know how he'll react to it. I've heard stories where bullies did this exact thing and the poor kid ended up dying."

"If he dies it'll be good. No one wants him here anyway."

"I-I don't wanna die..." I cried. Tears had formed and were running down my cheeks. I didn't know if I'll die or not, my family found out I was allergic when I was a toddler. My mom told me that it'll get worse as I get older. Since I've always avoided eating buckwheat, I don't know what my reaction will be.

"No one cares what you want!" Panama shouted.

I started crying louder. Honduras looked really guilty and started reaching for me. Panama smacked her hand away. "Don't touch him."

Panama turned to Sweden. "Open his mouth," he turned to Honduras, "hold him down."

Honduras hesitantly took Sweden's spot in holding me down. She mouthed, "I'm sorry," to me. Sweden opened my mouth **(ew, unsanitary)** while I tried moving my head away.

Panama dropped the cookie into my mouth. It was super small, I'm not sure if I can consider it a cookie, but I could easily swallow it. "Don't worry, it's just a small amount of buckwheat. We want to see what happens." Panama said as Sweden closed my mouth.

I resisted swallowing the tiny 'cookie'. My hungry stomach didn't help at all. After a while of me visibly not swallowing the 'cookie', Sweden got annoyed and shook me. "Swallow it already!" He shouted.

During that I accidently swallowed it. Honduras immediately let go off me while Sweden and Panama smiled brightly.

It didn't take long for the effects to start happening. I started coughing and tears streamed down my cheeks. My throat felt like it was being strangled and felt dry, it hurt when I coughed. I tried talking but only made choking sounds. My body felt weak and I couldn't stand up.

Honduras stared at me, horrified. Panama and Sweden burst out laughing and left my house, slamming the door behind them. My coughing kept getting worst and worst. Eventually, I felt like throwing up. Since I couldn't move I tried to prevent it, but every time it came back up again it was stronger each time.

I felt myself getting picked up. Whoever picked me up rushed to the bathroom and set me down beside the toilet. I leaned over it and started throwing up.

Have you ever thrown up without anything in your stomach? If you

have, you know it fricking *hurts.*

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry!" I heard Honduras sobbing somewhere in the bathroom. "I-I'll call your brother and China..."

I heard her leave the bathroom and hurry away. I continued throwing up with my burning throat and stinging eye. My stomach felt like it was gonna collapse in on itself.

Honduras POV

Frick frick frick frick frick!

Where is it?! Where's my phone?!

I scrambled all around North Korea's living room searching for my phone. I swear, it was here! I set it down on the table, where did it go?! I need to find it! North is in trouble!

I grabbed one of his pillows and yanked it off the couch. I found my phone in the spot the pillow had been. Quickly assuming Panama or Sweden had hid it there while I stared at North, I grabbed it and went to the country group chat. Texting South and China one-on-one would take too long, and I don't even have China's number.

~~

South Korea, China, come on North Korea's house quickly! No time to explain!

America
Wait, what's going on, Honduras? If you're wondering, South just dashed out of the house.

Taiwan
China did, too. What's wrong with North?

Panama
Honduras?

~~

I turned my phone off after seeing Panama's contact. He's gonna be so mad at me...

I rushed back to North and saw him still hunched over the toilet and vomiting. He was sobbing at the same time now, too. I was about to go over to him when I heard quick knocking on the door. I rushed to the front door and yanked it open. China and South Korea stood there with worried expressions.

I moved out of the way and let them come inside. "Where's No-" South stopped talking when we all heard North hurl. We rushed upstairs to where North Korea was.

China was the first to enter the bathroom, then South, then me.

North Korea POV

My strength was getting weaker and weaker. I finished throwing up and now I'm just hovering over the toilet and sobbing while feeling sorry for myself. I still couldn't breath all that well, my throat still felt clenched and dry, it hurt to try and take a deep breath in. My eye was tightly shut while I sobbed, it stung and I felt hot. I was probably getting sick, lucky me.

I heard footsteps rush into the room. Someone grabbed me and gently picked me up bridal-style. "Hold on, Northie." That was China's voice.

I heard South Korea giving orders to Honduras while China carried my sobbing self out of the bathroom. I found myself downing a pill with water and being wrapped up in a blanket.

I had stopped crying but I was still breathing pretty quick. I heard China, South Korea, and Honduras talking on the other couch. "Okay, why is he wrapped up in the blanket?" Honduras asked.

"The pill will fight off the allergic reaction, but a side-effect causes him to become really cold." South answered.

Right as he said that I became extremely cold and started shivering, though I wasn't as cold as I would have been without the blanket. "Ch-Ch-Chin-na..." I weakly called.

China quickly got up and rushed over to me. He sat on the couch I was on and pulled me into his lap. He held onto me protectively and close to him. I started warming up and buried my face in his chest. China sighed. "Honduras, what happened..?"

I heard Honduras start sobbing again. "I-I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

I turned my head enough to see what was going on. South was hugging Honduras and rubbing her back. "What are you talking about?" He asked.

After a while, Honduras calmed down and pulled away. She sniffled and wiped her tears away. "Okay, can you tell us what happened now?" South asked.

Honduras nodded. She took a deep breath before beginning. "So...Bolivia overheard what North said about being allergic to buckwheat at lunch. He told Panama and Sweden after school. They came to my house and asked if I could bake a small cookie with a small amount of buckwheat in it. I...I-I made the cookie..."

Honduras paused. She shook her head and continued, "Sweden told me to follow them, so I did. They came here. Panama rang the doorbell and North opened it... I gave the cookie to Panama. Then Panama had Sweden tackle North and hold him down...

"I tried convincing him to not give North the cookie, but he didn't care. He told me to take Sweden's spot in holding North down..."

"...Did you..?" China asked, hesitantly.

"Y-Yes..."

"Why?"

More tears trickled down Honduras' cheeks. "I-I was scared of what they would do to me i-if I didn't..."

China went silent and allowed Honduras to continue. "Sweden opened his mouth while I held him down, and Panama dropped the cookie into his mouth. When Sweden shook North, North swallowed

the cookie and started having his allergic reaction. I brought him to the bathroom and he started throwing up...that's when I texted in the group chat..."

It was silent. I could hear my own heart beating. I buried my face back in China chest. I started to feel drowsy and my eye felt hot. China hugged me tighter. "South...tell Russia what happened."

"벌써. (Already on it.)" South replied.

China pushed me away a little bit, just enough to remove my head from his chest. I whined in protest. China put his hand over my forehead. His face formed a worried frown. "Hey, South? Honduras?"

"Yeah?" South replied.

"North's forehead is hot, and his face is red." China removed his hand from my forehead. I buried my face in his chest and whined a little bit. My eye and forehead were burning.

South sighed. "He must be sick."

"I don't think it's a good idea to leave him here alone. He's sick and lives by himself." Honduras said.

"We can take him to America's house. There are three countries I can name that will help care for him while he's there." South said.

"That'll work. Lead the way, South." China said.

"I'm gonna go home, see you guys later." Honduras said. I heard her leave the house.

China grabbed another blanket and wrapped it around me. He set me on the couch while saying to South, "Let me get my jacket, I left it upstairs."

He began walking away but I reached out and grabbed his arm. "Noooo....staaay...." I whined.

China turned to me and sighed. "Northie, I'm going to get my jacket.

South will stay with you until I'm done."

I whined again. South sighed and removed my hand from China's arm. I kept whining and whimpering as I tried to reach out for China as he walked away. "He's gonna be right back, North. He'll only be gone for a minute." South murmered.

I started crying and calling for China. Not even a minute later, China rushed back in his jacket and hugged me. I immediately stopped crying and smiled, snuggling into him. China sighed. "Hey, South? Does North get clingy when he's sick?" He asked my brother.

"Very." South replied.

"That explains it..." China picked me up bridal-style. "Looks like I'm staying with you guys for a while. I just have to tell Taiwan what's going on."

South nodded and opened the door, letting China leave first. "Xièxiè." **(Thank you.)** China said.

South nodded and closed the door behind him, locking it with his extra key. They walked to America's house, chatting the whole way.

South Korea POV

"Russia had told me he was coming, so I told him we were going to America's," I told China. "I hope that's okay. He also said he was bringing his father."

"That'll be nice for Britain..." China murmered.

"What?"

China glanced at me and then back to America's house, which wasn't that far away now. "Oh, right, you don't know. Britain and Soviet are childhood friends. Suuuper close." He said, drawing out the u.

"I...didn't know that. That's interesting."

China nodded. "Not many countries know, only Soviet's friends and

family, and you now."

"Are you allowed to just tell countries willynilly?" I asked.

China shrugged. "They..never said anything about telling others, so I don't. I trust you're good at keeping secrets though, shì?" **(yes?)**

I nodded and pointed to my head. "This brain is storing a lot of secrets other countries have told me." I laughed.

China chuckled. "Really, now? Can you tell me some?"

"Nope! This here Korean has sworn to keep any secrets he is told secret!" I pressed my hand over my heart. "They're called secrets for a reason." I added before removing my hand from my chest.

China laughed. "Okay, okay." He pretended to be upset. "But I really wanted to know something about someone others didn't!"

"Well, too bad!"

We burst out laughing, and I heard a few giggles from North Korea, too. I was glad we could have a happy moment even in the events that had previously occured.

We were given another reminder when we saw two furious Russians and a nonchalant French standing at America's front door. "Bonjour, how is he?" France greeted when we reached them.

"He took his pill so he's not suffering from his allergy anymore. However, he's sick now." China explained.

"Oh, and how did you know we were coming?" I asked.

"Mon amour came downstairs and just yanked the door open. Russie et Soviétique were standing here and explained what happened, I've been waiting here ever since." France answered.

"Hold up, why did Britain just yank the door open? Did you guys hear a knock or a doorbell or something?" I asked.

France shrugged. "Non, we didn't hear a doorbell or knocking. He

just came downstairs, walked to the door, and yanked it open without a word."

During this conversation with France, Russia and Soviet had been muttering Russian curse words in a visible attempt to calm down. It wasn't working well but they kept their mouths shut.

"Let's get North inside so he doesn't get worse." China said.

France nodded and let the five of us inside. She tried to take North from China's arms so she could bring him to a guest room, but North protested and clung onto China. France chuckled at the sight, amused. "That reminds me when Ameriqué was a baby. He wasn't sick, but he was very clingy to Britain. He refused to be out of his father's arms for long."

"Mom! Are you telling countries my baby stories again?" America called from the kitchen.

"Oui, mon fils!" **(Yes, my son!)** France called back.

Whatever she said made America call back, annoyed. "We've talked about this! You're gonna embarrass me!"

"Oh, please, you're still clingy as ever, though you've toned it down. You just switched from Britain to Russia, and everyone can see how you always want ton amour **(your love)** around!"

We didn't hear America respond. Russia went to the kitchen and I could tell he was still a little upset from the earlier news. I assume America will help calm him down.

"Boo!"

China and I flinched. France looked amused and Soviet let out a shriek. Soviet whipped around and there stood a giggling Britain. "Gosh, that always works on ya, lad!" He giggled.

"Oh, I'll show you something to giggle about." Soviet said and took a step towards Britain.

"You can't tickle me if you can't catch me!" Britain shouted and

leaped over the couch and sprinted down a hallway.

Soviet sprinted after him. "I'm one of the fastest runners! You can't outrun me!"

France chuckled and shook her head. "I swear, those two become kids again when they're together."

China and I laughed. China followed France upstairs while I walked into the kitchen. I saw Russia and America making out. Deciding to be annoying, I crossed my arms and leaned on the door frame. I smirked and called out, "Don't take it too far and have baby! We're still in highschool, you know."

Russia and America immediately stopped and pulled away from each other. They were both beet-red as they stared at me. "Wh-What the f-frick, South!" America shouted when he regained his voice.

I shrugged. "Just given ya a tip. Anyway, Russia, are you calmed down, now?"

Russia nodded, avoiding eye-contact. He must be embarrassed about what I saw and said. "What do you guys wanna talk about?" I asked, walking into the kitchen.

They shrugged. America picked up his shades from the counter and put them on. "I gotta continue doing the dishes." He said, walking back over to the sink and turning on the faucet.

"How is my papa?" Russia asked.

"He seems fine. He's chasing Britain around the house right now trying to tickle him." I chuckled.

Russia rolled his eyes. "Papa has a knack for acting like a child and not getting judged for it. You wanna check on North?"

I nodded. "확실한. (Sure.)"

Russia and I said bye to America and walked to and up the stairs. We stopped at the top. "Frick, which one is North in?" Russia

muttered, staring at all the rooms in the hallway.

I looked at each door. The first five rooms had flags on them. "Let's go to the first two doors without flags, those must be the guest rooms." I told the Russian.

"That's a lot of guest rooms." Russia and I walked to the doors. "You get one, I get the other."

I nodded and opened the door to my right. No one was inside. "South."

I turned around and saw Russia beckoning me over. "They're in here."

I speed walked to the door. Russia let me go in first. I thanked him in Korean and went inside. "Is he okay?" I asked France.

I heard Russia come inside as France responded. "He'll be fine. It's just a bad cold." She gave me a reassuring smile.

"Mom!" I heard Canada's voice.

"Oui, mon fils?" **(Yes, my son?)** France called back.

"I heard the door and voices! Who's visiting?"

"South and North Korea, Russia, Soviet, and China. North is sick."

I heard quick footsteps. Canada was standing in the doorway and entered the room. He waved at us and then looked at North. "Are you hungry?" He asked.

North feebly nodded and attempted to pull China down so he could lay next to him. China smiled and let himself get pulled down. North snuggled closer to him and sighed. Canada awed and then rushed off. "I'll get you some soup!" He called.

France smiled. She took a nearby chair and placed it next to the bed. She sat in it and sighed. "South and Russia, can you check on Britain and Soviet?"

Russia and I nodded and left the room. We went downstairs and to the kitchen. "Ame should know where they are," Russia said. "Hey, Ame."

America had finished doing the dishes. He was on his phone leaning against the counter when Russia called him. "Oh, hey babe. Hey South." He greeted.

"Hey. France asked us to check on your father and Soviet, do you happen to know where they are?" I asked.

America shrugged. "Sorry, but I have no clue. I could help y'all look for them, though."

I glanced to Canada, who was preparing chicken noodle soup.

"That would be great!" Russia replied.

America smiled and turned off his phone. He followed us out of the kitchen. "Alright, where to first?" America asked.

I pointed to the hallway Soviet and Britain had ran down. "They ran down there. Let's check in that direction first."

Russia and America agreed with me. We walked down the hallway and I got ready to check the first room. "Oh, I forgot to mention," America gently moved my hand away from the handle. "All the doors in this hallway are everyone in my family's offices. We don't go inside them unless we have work to do."

I nodded and we continued down the hallway.

(I'm getting lazy so...minor timeskip)

I heard a Russian and British voice behind a closed door. They were talking quietly, and I could hear the concern in their voices. Although I couldn't catch everything of what they said, I somehow managed to hear this:

"Are you done?" I heard Britain ask. There was a hint of concern in his voice.

"Da," Soviet sounded really nervous. "Are they okay?"

Soviet's voice had been further away, but Britain's sounded like I was standing right next to him. Britain must be up against the door. I didn't make any noise as I heard Britain speak. "They look fine to me. You should hide them, now. Remember what your father said."

"I know, Britain."

I decided to enter the room. I turned the knob but found I couldn't open the door. I tried pushing it open but it kept closing. "Who is it?!" Britain called, his voice panicky.

"It's South Korea-" America and Russia came over. "Er...it's South Korea, America, and Russia. Is everything okay?" I called through the door.

"Everything is fine." Britain opened the door with Soviet at his side.

"What were you talking about? I kinda eavesdropped..." I admitted.

Soviet and Britain tensed up. "How much did you hear, lad?" Britain asked.

"I heard you ask if something was okay and so on." I responded.

Soviet and Britain calmed down. "Uh...something fell, we were making sure it was okay..." Soviet said.

"Then why was Britain holding the door close-"

"WHO WANTS BISCUITS?!" Britain suddenly shouted, his eyes widening.

Both America and Russia shouted 'me' while Soviet nodded. I thought it was strange that Britain completely shot down my question by shouting that, but I decided to put it on hold until later. I shrugged. "Sure, I'm kinda hungry."

"DID I HEAR BISCUITS?!" Australia shouted from upstairs.

"I WANT BISCUITS!!" New Zealand also shouted.

"COUNT ME IN!!" Canada added.

We could hear multiple footsteps rushing down the stairs. Britain chuckled. "Soviet, do you remember how to make Jaffa Cakes?"

"Da. They're the best!"

"Well, you wanna make some with me?"

"You betcha!"

Honduras POV

I was sitting at a table in my favourite coffee shop in town. I was sipping my coffee while reading a book I rented from the nearby library. The area of town I was in wasn't really busy, so it was very quiet and peaceful most of the time. This is why I liked coming here. Besides, I came here so often that the employees and store owners of the shops in the area know me personally now, and we sometimes hang out when they're off work and when I'm not busy.

The employee here at the moment, Isabelle, had went into the backroom. I had hung out with Isabelle just yesterday. We had traveled to my country and I let her see many things there. I paid for the food, hotel, and many other things. She eventually convinced me not to buy everything for her, saying she felt bad and that she had her own money.

I was surprised when I heard the bell of the front door ring, indicating someone came in. I didn't expect anyone to come here. There was a popular coffee shop in the center of town where everyone went to, so I was pretty surprised to hear the bell.

If you're wondering why I don't go to the more popular one, it's because the manager and employees are complete jerks, and their coffee is way overpriced. This one has a kind manager and sweet employees, and though the coffee doesn't cost much, I always give them extra money knowing not many people or countries came here. The quality of the coffee here is better than there, too.

I placed a bookmark in my book and closed it. I glanced upwards toward the door to see who the person was. My eyes widened when

I saw it was Panama.

We locked eyes for a couple seconds. He started walking over to me. I got up from my seat and stood by the table. I tried to look brave but I'm sure he could tell I was nervous.

"Hola Honduras." He greeted.

"...Hola Panama." I hesitantly returned the greeting. I knew he wasn't here for a regular conversation.

Panama glanced to the front counter, where Isabelle would usually be standing. "Where's the worker?"

"Backroom." I replied codly. I wanted him to go away.

"Gee, no wonder no one comes here. Can't even stay at the front counter to serve customers." Panama muttered with a smirk.

I clenched my fists. "This shop is better than the mine field in town square. Everything about this place is better. The workers, the manager, the coffee, *everything!* Just because she left to check something doesn't mean this place is bad!"

"Jeez, no need to get so defensive." Panama rolled his eyes. His facial expression turned to serious. "Anyway, that's not why I came here."

I glared at him as he continued. "Why the heck did you tell South and China to go there?"

"Because North would still be in pain if it weren't for them, he might've even died!" I shouted.

"If he died it would've been better for everything and everyone!"

"North is a good person!"

"He's a freak!"

I pushed Panama. He stumbled backwards and regained his balance. He scowled at me. He opened his mouth to speak but I cut him off.

"Shut up! Just shut up!" I grabbed the collar of his shirt and yanked him closer to me. Panama let out a surprised yelp.

I would tell you what I had yelled at him, but I regret saying all that to him. He looked upset but was trying to hide it. He struggled free from my grip and ran out of the door. "Honduras..?"

I turned around and saw Isabelle standing by the front counter. She was staring at me with a worried look. She glanced from me to the door and back. "Is everything okay?" She asked.

I sighed. "Not really. Just a jerk that came inside."

Isabelle nodded. She went back around the counter. "Would you like a snack? I brought some for Paul and I but he called in sick."

I nodded and walked over to her. She handed me a bag of Chips Ahoy and a granola bar. She pulled up a chair from the corner and sat down in it. I also got a chair from the table I was sitting at and brought it over to the counter. I also grabbed my book in the process.

I sat down in the chair and chatted with Isabelle for a good while. Halfway through our conversation, I decided to tell her what I had did to North, and why Panama had come into the store.

"Hey, Isabelle?"

"Yeah?" Isabelle bit into her sandwhich.

"I uh...I need to tell you something. Something I feel guilty about."

Isabelle's eyes widened in curiosity. "What is it?"

Narrator POV

It was night time now. Ecuador was walking through town on his way home. He had been hanging out with Thailand and both countries had lost track of time. Thailand had told him he could spend the night, but Ecuador declined, saying he promised his brother and sister that he'd be back.

Thailand still tried to convince his friend to stay the night. He was worried about how countries were going missing, and that the organisations nor police had any lead on what was going on. Still, even with Thailand telling him all of that, Ecuador insisted that he go home.

Ecuador was staring at his phone. He had headphones on and was playing music, so he wasn't paying attention to his surroundings. He was walking slowly so he wouldn't bump into anything.

Nobody was out at this time. No one was walking on the sidewalks, or driving in the street. All the shops-except for one-were closed. There were a lot of streetlights, but 95% of them had blown bulbs.

As you can imagine, it was very dark out. The only light came from Ecuador's phone and the remaining 5% of streetlights, which were far away from each other and their own bulbs were dimming.

Ecuador knew all this, and on top of that he also knew about the kidnappings and crimes. For some reason, he didn't give a crap about it. He doubted that anyone would be out and about at this time. He turned up the volume of his music.

Because the Ecuadorian's volume was so high, he didn't hear someone coming up behind him. The person shoved him, knocking him to the ground. Ecuador removed his headphones and turned to glare at the person who shoved him. His eyes widened when he recognized the disguise from the news.

Ecuador tried to get up but the person, Tall, quickly held him down. He started screaming, sobbing, and calling for his siblings, much to Tall's annoyance. She couldn't cover his mouth because she was already using both arms to hold the South American country down.

Middle came out from behind her and pressed the cloth with chloroform on it onto Ecuador's nonexistent nose. In Ecuador's panic-and from screaming and sobbing-he took in a deep breath, inhaling a bad amount-for him-of chloroform.

In no time at all, Ecuador was feeling sleepy. He lost consciousness not long after.

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.
.

"You know...he could be having a sleepover with Thailand and forgot to tell us." Colombia said, trying to defend the youngest sibling.

"He fricking promised he'd be back!" Venezuela yelled. "I'm sick and tired of dealing with his crap! Text him that he needs to get his lying butt back to the house and that I am *not* going to fricking pick him up!"

Venezuela stomped off to his room, muttering cuss words. Colombia sighed and pulled out her phone. She couldn't blame the Venezuelan for being more annoyed than usual. His country had fallen on hard times, the school was assigning more homework than usual, and he had to take care of his younger siblings.

Colombia picked Ecuador's contact and texted him.

~

Hey little bro, you on your way home yet? Venezuela is angrier than usual, he's already busy enough, please don't make him have to look for you, too.

~

Colombia heard a door slam from upstairs. She sighed and lowered her head between her arms on the table. A few tears fell from her misty eyes. 'Why can't things be the way they were before..?' She sadly thought to herself. Tears continued to fall from her eyes until she was eventually crying softly.

After a few minutes of crying, she sat up and wiped her tears away. She felt immensely tired. She realized she hadn't slept for two whole nights.

Colombia shook her head. She was going to wait at this table until her little brother got home.

Unbeknownst to her, this would be another sleepless night. Added with a nightmare in the morning.

26

[image]

UN POV

I stood in the meeting room leaning against the wall. I had just called the countries to come. EU walked inside carrying two bottles of water. ASEAN and NATO were right behind him. "UN, you okay?" EU asked.

"No, I'm not fricking okay. I have to report two new missing cases to the countries. Who knows what Ecuador's siblings will say?" I let out an exasperated sigh.

EU handed a bottle of water to me. "If it cheers you up, I called the principle and told him what was happening and that nobody was going to school today." NATO said.

"Being super late to school is the least of our worries, NATO." ASEAN said, rolling his eyes.

NATO opened his mouth to retort, but EU glared at them. "Don't. We already have enough going on, we don't need you two imbeciles arguing."

I opened the water bottle EU gave me and took a few gulps from it. EU also drank some of his water. "Wow, none for us?" NATO said.

"NATO, you drank a gallon of water before we even got here, I believe you're good." ASEAN said.

"Fine then, what about you?"

ASEAN smirked and crossed his arms. "I drank water before I left my house this morning."

NATO scoffed. "Bet it wasn't a gallon."

"And that was good."

"Why, exactly?"

"Because I don't have to go to the bathroom right now."

NATO's face turned to one of realization. "U-Uh...gotta go!" He rushed out of the room.

EU looked as if he mentally facepalmed. "We need to do something about you two..." He muttered, setting his and my water bottle down on a nearby table.

"What? I didn't do anything." ASEAN said. "Besides, it was NATO being...well...NATO."

"Still, you both argue way too much."

Their conversation was cut short when we heard a door open. We turned to the far side of the room and watched as the countries flooded in and took their respectful seats. The rest of the organisations also came in. As always, BRICS was wearing a bag over his head.

If you're wondering why BRICS is wearing a bag over his head, the reason is fairly simple. Since BRICS doesn't have an official flag for his organisation, his face is constantly changing from one of his members' flags to the next. Brazil, Russia, India, China, South Africa, repeat.

A while ago, countries kept complaining about how when talking to BRICS, the constant changing of flags gave them a headache. The whole wearing a bag idea was supposed to be a joke by ASEAN, but BRICS took it seriously and he wears it everyday now.

Anyway, back to the meeting. The countries were all oddly silent. Normally when they first arrive everyone is talking to everyone, but I guess because of the current situation no one wanted to talk.

Everyone was looking at me. I noticed Bangladesh was the only country who wasn't. She had her head in between her arms, and I didn't blame her. Both her older brother and younger sister were

missing.

Looking around, I noticed both North Korea and France weren't there. Assuming the worst, I was hesitant to ask, "Where is France and North Korea?"

"They're at home, UN." Britain answered. "North has gotten sick and France is taking care of him."

"Surprised he isn't taking care of himself..." I heard someone mutter. Unfortunately, I couldn't catch who it was.

Relieved that two more countries didn't go missing, I let out a sigh of relief. Now onto the worst part of this meeting. "As you all know, I have called you here for an important announcement."

The countries murmered to themselves for a few seconds. I felt my wings twitching, and they wanted to droop but I wouldn't let them. I took a deep breath. "Venezuela and Colombia, Ecuador didn't come home last night, did he?"

The two countries were among the ones that were sat closer to me. They both nodded. I opened my mouth to tell them but I couldn't find my voice. I had told the families of every country that had gone missing so far, and seeing their emotions afterwards tore me up inside.

"We're sorry, but," EU stepped up beside me, "he's been kidnapped..."

Silence. Pure silence for a full minute. A minute full of my nervous sweating, and my wings slowly drooping even more.

The silence was pierced by a shrill scream. Colombia collapsed onto the floor and started sobbing. Venezuela stared at the table as tears streamed down his cheeks. A little bit later, he started crying, too.

A few countries got up and walked over to the two. They comforted them and helped Colombia back into her seat. "Wait, how do you know he was kidnapped?" Denmark asked.

BRICS reached over and turned the screen on. It showed security

camera footage of a liquor store that was nearby the kidnapping spot. We watched the whole sequence of Ecuador getting kidnapped. Audio was included, so we all heard as he screamed and cried for his siblings. BRICS paused it when Ecuador's screams stopped.

Venezuela stared at the screen wide-eyed. "I-I was so mad him... I was so m-mad... He was calling for me but I..." He started crying again.

We waited until a Guatemala calmed Venezuela down again and then continued. "Yes, Ecuador was indeed kidnapped," ASEAN began, "But that wasn't the only kidnapping that night. BRICS?"

BRICS nodded and resumed the footage. We saw the one of the kidnappers hoist Ecuador over their shoulder. We heard them talking, but it was too faint to make out voices or what they were saying.

We eventually saw another country come into view. We saw her freeze at the sight of what she saw.

We recognized Palau.

The shorter of the two kidnappers rushed forward and tackled Palau to the ground. He pressed what looked like a cloth up against her face and I could see she passed out. The taller of the two kidnappers then hoisted Palau over their shoulders, and both of them walked away, grabbing almost every piece of evidence.

BRICS turned the footage off. We turned to the rest of the countries. "Based off this footage, we have reason to believe that all the other missing countries were kidnapped as well." League of Nations said.

"But...where do we start?" Russia asked.

"Well, we could gather up what information we have right now and give it to police. We could also work on this case ourselves at the same time." BRICS suggested.

"I think BRICS has a good idea." LON said.

"South Korea, you were attacked a few weeks ago, am I correct?" I asked the Korean.

South Korea nodded.

"Did you catch anything?"

South thought for a moment. "I remember that they laughed, but I was in too much of a panic and was so scared that I don't remember what their voice sounded like. However, I caught a glimpse of their flag."

"And..?" NATO leaned forward a little. Oh, yeah, he's back.

"The bottom of their flag was black, as I recall."

Everyone stared at the countries who had black at the bottom of their flag. They fidgeted uncomfortably in their seats. "Hey, it's only one of us..." Egypt said.

"But we don't know which, so you're all suspects." NATO said, narrowing his eyes.

"Everyone with black at the bottom of your flag, stand up." ASEAN commanded.

The countries with that feature did so. "Alright, now LON and I will guide you to a room where we will ask you questions."

"So you're going to interrogate us?!" Sudan shouted.

Egypt slapped him. "Can't you see it's necessary?!"

"Enough!" EU shouted. "You will allow LON and ASEAN to escort you to the room. Once this meeting is over the rest of us will come in."

The countries went silent and followed ASEAN and LON. After the group was gone BRICS closed the door they left through. EU turned to the remaining countries. "There were two people in those cameras, so that means one of them is still here. We could tell it was a female, and that she was taller than the other one there."

The male countries all looked at the female countries. Kazakhstan translated what EU said to Lithuanian for Lithuania. Lithuania immediately hugged Kazakhstan when she realized why she was getting stared at. Kazakhstan hugged her back.

"Alright, everyone, stop staring." I said.

The male countries reluctantly stopped staring at the female countries and turned towards me. A lot of them looked scared. "So, you're saying that they could be among us right now..?" Vietnam asked.

I sighed and nodded. "We're not sure exactly who they are, but we'll find and arrest them."

"We also believe there is a third person as well." NATO said.

To make a long time short, we questioned the countries in the room. Here's one of them:

"Honduras, what were you doing yesterday at about **(insert time)**?" EU asked.

"I was at my favourite coffee shop." Honduras answered.

"Did anything happen after that?"

"Si. Panama came in and we argued."

Every country turned and stared at Panama, who looked very uncomfortable. They were all giving him suspicious looks. Sweden noticed the looks they were giving him and hugged him. "Panama, what happened after the argument?" NATO asked.

"I-I went to Sweden's house..." Panama responded.

"Sweden, is this true?"

Sweden nodded. "Ja. (Yes.) You guys can stop staring at him now!" He glared at the other countries.

The other countries stopped staring at Panama, but still cast him

glances. NATO didn't seem to believe Sweden or Panama still. He turned to other Nordics. "Norway, Finland, Denmark, is what Panama and Sweden are saying true?"

The three of them nodded. "Panama actually stayed the night." Åland Islands added.

NATO nodded. "Thank you."

"Alright, before we dismiss this meeting, is there anything else one of you would like to talk about?" I asked.

Soviet raised his hand. "I would like to speak to you, UN."

"Okay. Meeting dismissed."

The countries stood up and immediately began talking amongst themselves. I noticed Panama was shaking a little and Sweden, Jamaica, and Romania helped him out of the building, all talking to him.

Soon enough, the only countries remaining were Britain, Soviet, and Reich. Britain and Reich were talking quietly to Soviet. Reich eventually kissed Soviet and left. Britain remained for a little longer until he eventually left.

Soviet stood up and walked over to me. "It's not important...but my people are getting annoyed and worried so I felt I needed to talk about it."

I nodded. I told the other organisations to interrogate the countries with black at the bottom of their flag. They left and it was just me and Soviet in the room. I grabbed two chairs and brought them to the front. I sat in one of them and Soviet sat in the other. "So, what is it that you wanted to talk about?" I asked.

Soviet pulled out pieces of paper, maps, and printed screenshots. He handed them all to me. "Please, look at them." He said.

I examined the maps first. They all seemed to be printed as well. They had what looked like digital marker that circled Soviet's islands, and then pointing to either Asia, the Americas, or Oceania.

I set the maps aside when I finished looking at them all and began looking at the printed screenshots. The screenshots seemed to be from all sorts of websites, and if an account was shown on the screenshot it looked as if Soviet scratched it out. The screenshots were full of different kinds of information, but still about the same subject.

I set the screenshots down and looked at the papers. They were stapled into stacks, and I read some of them. They were basically really long essays with information about which region Soviet's islands beloned to.

I looked up at Soviet and sighed. "I see it's still happening."

Soviet nodded. "Da, but it's getting worse. Yesterday, I got a call from my capital. He said there was a big fight between the tourists."

"How does this have to do with this?"

"They were fighting because the one group believed my country belongs in the Americas while the other believed my country belongs in Oceania. Four Soviets were injured from the fight, three adults and one teenager. I'm scared that if this continues than something worse will happen."

"Has your leader tried announcing which region you belong to?"

"Da! He announced it! It was all over the news, but people *still* insist I belong to a different region!" Soviet had tears of frustration threatening to fall.

"Soviet, I want you to take deep breaths to calm down."

Soviet closed his eyes and did what I said. On top of that, he counted to ten in Russian. "Okay, I'm calm now."

"Now, what region do *you* think you belong to?"

"...Asia..."

"Do you want to be a part of those other regions?"

"Nyet."

"Okay, keep working to convince others that you're an Asian country. If things continue to escalate, then I and the other organisations will step in."

Soviet nodded. "Spasibo, UN. (Thank you.)"

"No problem."

Soviet stood up and left the room. I sighed. I'll do the best I can Sov, but I also need to find these kidnappers.

South Korea POV

I was in the car with America's family. I was chatting with America and Canada while Australia and New Zealand talked to each other. Britain was silent as he drove. "South, I have good news!" America said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You'll be able to go back to your house in two days!"

I couldn't help but cheer. "I'm so excited! No offense, Ame, but I think it's kinda good that we don't live together anymore."

America pretended to be offended. "My wonder!"

We laughed. I was grateful for this conversation we were having, but I couldn't help but worry about the kidnappers and what's going on. No one knows who's doing it, let alone why.

"Hey South, you there?" America snapped his fingers in front of my face.

I jumped. I guess I spaced out. "Oh-sorry! What was that?"

"Canada asked you if you had a crush."

I shook my head. "Nope. Not interested in anyone."

America booed. "So you're planning on being a single pringle all

your life?"

"I never said I'd be a single pringle all my life, just that I'm not interested in anyone at the moment. I'm not really looking for a relationship right now, anyway."

America did a rolling eye motion with his head. "Whatever you say, single-pringle."

"That's gonna be my nickname for a while, isn't it?"

"You know me so well!"

"Alright, we're home. Get out my car." Britain announced.

The English siblings tumbled out the car and raced to the doorbell with me at their heels. America unlocked the front door and busted it open yelling, "MAMA MIA, WE'RE HOME!"

I saw France glare at America from the couch. "I'm glad you're home, but you probably woke up North Korea."

"Sorry..." America looked down.

France sighed. "It's fine, I guess. Just make sure you're quiet." She got up and went upstairs to check on my brother.

I ran after her and followed her to the room North was in. "So is he okay?" I asked her.

"He's recovering just fine. He just needs rest." France responded and opened the door.

To both of our surprise, North was still fast asleep in the bed. He looked way better than yesterday. "By the power of my metal baguette, how is he not awake?" France whispered.

I shrugged. "Dunno, but we should leave him be."

France and I left the room. I closed the door. We went back downstairs. Britain greeted France at the bottom. "Greetings, love." Britain said.

"Bonjour, mon amour." **(Hello, my love.)** France hugged Britain and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

I walked into the kitchen and saw America and New Zealand fighting over the flour. "I need it more than you!" America pulled the flour bag.

"Nuh uh! I promised to make my Kiwi a triple layer cake!" New Zealand pulled the bag in his direction.

"Kiwi's can't even eat cake!"

"Says who?!"

"Me!"

"You just want this so you can make a cake all to yourself, fatty!"

"Don't fricking call me tha-" America was cut off by the bag exploding.

France and Britain rushed into the room. Most of the kitchen was blanketed in a thick white. America and New Zealand stood in the center, covered head to toe in flour. America sneezed. There were still many flour particles falling.

"What the bloody 'eck?!" Britain shouted.

"How did this happen?" France asked.

America and New Zealand pointed at each other at the same time and also said in unison, "He did it."

"My KITCHEN!!!" Britain yelled.

"L'amour, why don't you go sit down on the couch?" France asked.

Britain sneezed and nodded. I said 'bless you' as he walked away. France turned back to the two of her flour covered kids. "Someone, please explain."

America and New Zealand were silent. I sighed. "I didn't see all of

it, but they were pulling the flour bag back and forth, screaming that one of then needed it more than the other. Eventually, the bag exploded."

France nodded. "Merci, **(Thanks,)** South Korea." She turned to America and New Zealand. "You two are gonna clean up this mess, understand?"

America and New Zealand nodded. "Yes, Mom..." They both said.

France and I walked away. "South Korea, is there anything you want to do?" France asked.

I shrugged. "Since Ame is busy, do you think I can hang out with Canada?"

France nodded. "Of course! He should be in the backyard with Australia."

I thanked France and walked away. I went to the backyard and saw Canada and Australia playing with the sprinkler. I opened the door. "What are you guys doing?" I called.

I noticed Canada and Australia were in swim trunks. They turned to me. "We're turning the sprinkler on to play in the water! Wanna join us?" Canada asked.

"Sure!" I went upstairs and grabbed some trunks I knew America never used. I changed into it and went to the backyard. "Alright, what now?" I asked Canada once I reached them.

"Australia is fixing it right now. Don't worry, water will be spraying soon. Until then, do you want to talk?"

"Sure, what about?"

"I don't know, maybe things you liked to do when you were younger? Oh! Or maybe what your favourite animal is and why. Or maybe-"

"The sprinkler should be working now, mates!" Australia said. "Nada, go and turn it on!"

Canada nodded and rushed to the handle. He turned it a certain direction. Australia and I watched the sprinkler as Canada turned it. Water trickled out at first, then it raised, and then it sprouted out until it was way above our heads. "Woo! Way to go, Aussie!" Canada ran over to us.

"Alright, let's start playin!" Australia shouted.

We were probably out there for hours playing in the water. We eventually took the sprinkler off and started just spraying each other with the water, and waving it around in the air so when the water comes back down it seems like it was raining.

I was spraying Australia when France came outside. "Alright, boys! Come inside and dry off, breakfast is ready!"

We cheered and turned the water off. We rushed inside and dried ourselves off, changing into some pajamas and rushing downstairs. We sat at the table. I could see France heading upstairs holding a bowl of what I think is soup. "Kiwi and I heard you guys playing out there." America said.

"Really? Did you take joy in hearing us have fun while you cleaned the kitchen?" I asked, mockingly.

"Shut it, South." America laughed.

"I better not see any flour, I did tell you to make it spotless, did I not?" Britain asked.

New Zealand nodded. "You did, Dad."

"Britain, don't be so hard on them. They said it was an accident." France came back and sat in her seat.

Britain rolled his eyes and began eating. "So, what are you guys doing later?" Canada asked.

"I was gonna hang with my sheep." New Zealand answered.

"I'm gonna feed my python." Australia smiled.

We all stared at him for a second. "Uhm, anyway, I'm playing video games." America said.

"Oh, no you're not, Ame. You still have that late history paper you need to finish. And what about that math assignment that you didn't even start yet?" Britain asked.

America froze. "How do you know about those..?"

"While you were on your date with Russia I went through your room and found them. For heaven's sake, they were due two weeks ago, Ame!"

"Oh, haha...that's where they were.. But *please?* There's special addition armor that they're releasing today and I can only get it if-"

"I don't wanna hear it! You have an entire day today to finish them, and I don't want to see you doing anything else unless it's eating until you're done."

"But-"

"Ame, listen to your father." France cut America off.

America sighed. "Fine..."

We continued eating breakfast and talking to each other. After we all finished, America sadly walked to the stairs and up them.

(It's 11:34 PM- I don't feel like typing-)

Later, I saw Britain and France taking America's consoles and games out of his room. Britain even took his phone. I followed France when she took America's remaining games and saw they were all in the living room. I was silent for a moment. "Hey, France?"

France turned to me. "Oui, South Korea?"

"Do you think you could hook these up?"

"Of course."

(Time skip)

America finished his missing homework a few minutes before lunch. He came downstairs looking really sad. "Hey, Mom? Dad?"

"Yes, Ame?" Britain and France turned to him.

"I'm done...can I have my stuff back now..?"

"Of course! You can get that armor you wanted now." Britain smiled.

America shook his head sadly. "No, it was super limited time. I don't have enough time to get it now..."

Britain's smile dwindled. "I'm sorry I made you miss out on that, but your work is very important."

America sighed. "I know, Dad. But I actually did lose those assignments, so thanks for that I guess."

After a few more minutes, everything was back in America's room and hooked up. America also got his phone back. "Darn... I have five unread messages from Russia..." He muttered.

I was sitting on his bed. "Is it bad?"

America sighed. "He really wanted to talk to me about something." He pressed a button and put the phone up to his (nonexistent) ear.

America talked to Russia over the phone for a bit before Russia had to go. He hung up and turned his console on, looking at the screen sadly. "Something wrong, Ame?" I asked.

America sighed. "It's just...I really wanted that armor. There's nothing like it, and it's stats were everything that I wanted my character to have. They're never bringing it back..."

America loaded into the lobby and gasped. "W-Wait, *what?!* How?!"

His character stood in the center of the screen wearing the armor America really wanted. "But- But I didn't play at all today!" America

was staring at the screen.

I was grinning. America turned to me. "I felt bad for you. I know how much you like this game, and the way you talked about the armor just... Let's just say I couldn't stand by and let you be depressed."

"You did this..?"

"Yeah. I kept playing games and completing the challenges. Those challenges were very difficult, by the way. Oh, I also got the new gun while I was at it."

America hugged me. "Thank you, South! Thank you, thank you!"

I laughed and hugged America back. "No problem, oil-addict."

America pulled away and picked up his controller. "Now, let's see what this baby can do!"

Middle POV

Dang it! They're starting to catch on. Okay Middle, don't panic...don't panic. Wait...will we even be able to meet up? Small is getting interrogated, I hope he doesn't accidently release anything. I'm kinda worried about him...

What are you talking about, Middle?! Of course we can still meet up! It's just that Small will not be there.

Won't Small still try to come..?

Tall set a hand on my shoulder. "You alright, Middle?"

I sighed. "Are you worried about Small?" Tall asked.

I nodded. "He might be a bit of a dumby but still..."

Tall nodded. "I know, I'm worried about him, too."

Buff walked into the room. He sat in his chair. "So, what are we gonna do now?"

"Well, for one we have to be more careful." I said.

Tall nodded. "What about Small?"

"I'll see if I can get him somewhere private, preferably my house so it isn't suspicious." I said.

Buff and Tall nodded. They talked to each other while I texted Small to not come to the meeting. "We're still gonma carry on like normal, right?" Tall asked.

I nodded. "Just be cautious."

Tall turned to Buff. "Alright, any more requests?"

Buff nodded and pulled out another sheet of paper. He handed me it and I read it. "Soviet Union."

I could see Tall stiffen. I looked at Buff. "Sure, I guess..."

Buff rolled his eyes. "Come on, Middle. Soviet stopped talking to you a while ago, why are you hesitant?"

I shrugged. "I dunno..."

Buff turned to Tall. "What about you?"

Tall looked him in the eye. "We...we can't do that to him."

"And why not?"

Tall stood up. "Because Soviet's my ex-husband."

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Middle POV

The room was silent. Buff and I stared at Tall. I never knew she was Soviet's ex-wife. Everyone always talked about how Soviet had an ex but no one knew who she was.

Tall sighed and sat back down. "We can't do anything to him."

"Aw, come on, please?" Buff begged.

"No."

"How about we get someone else while Tall can think about it." I suggested.

Tall sighed. "Fine."

Buff scoffed. "If you cared about him so much then maybe you shouldn't have abused him and his kids-"

"Shut your mouth before I slit your throat!" Tall pointed a knife at Buff.

"Hey! Hey! Calm down!" I shouted.

Tall sat back down, still glaring at Buff. "The last thing we need right now is arguing. So please, don't." I said.

Tall and Buff sighed. "Sorry Middle," Tall apologized. "I guess I'm just a little freaked they have this much information on us."

"Me too." Buff added.

"I'm sure we all are. Knowing Small, he's probably freaking out right now, but hopefully he can play it off as he's freaked out about the kidnappings." I said.

"Okay, so while I make this desicion, what other options do we have?" Tall asked.

Buff turned to me. "You said you hated Britain in an earlier meeting."

I nodded. "What about it?"

"You can enact your revenge."

I thought about it. "Good idea-"

We heard faint crying. It really annoyed me. I stood up immediately and left the room. I stomped down the hallway until I came to the room the crying was coming from. We labeled the rooms once we put a country inside them, and this one read 'Netherlands'.

'This useless country.' I thought and slammed the door open. I could see Netherlands freeze in his cell and look at me with terrified, wide-eyes. I stomped over to the button that opened the cell and pressed it.

-Warning: A Beating-

Once the cell opened I stomped into it and began beating Netherlands. I punched his gut and kicked his face. "Shut up!" I yelled.

Netherlands was sobbing and yelling out in pain. "Shut up or I'll make it worse!" I shouted.

I heard Buff and Tall's footsteps enter the room. Netherlands was trying to stop himself from crying but it wasn't working. I stomped on his leg and started to strangle him.

-It's over now-

"Middle, that's enough." I felt Tall pull me off of Netherlands.

I looked down at him and saw him gasp for breath and crawl away from me. More tears than before were streaming down his cheeks, and he was covering his mouth to not make any sound.

He let out a choked sob.

I took a step towards him and he pressed his back against the wall. Pathetic. I scoffed and walked away. "Next time we torture, make him go through the worst." I said as me and Tall left the cell.

I pressed the button to close the cell and I heard it close. I left the room with Buff and Tall behind me. One of them closed the door.

We walked back to the meeting room and sat down. "Alright," Buff said, "what are you gonna do to Britain?"

Belgium POV

I could hear my brother's yells of pain and sobs. I heard...Middle, they called him?..yelling at Netherlands. I growled and clenched my hands into fists.

I kept silent and waited until their footsteps passed my room. I pressed myself up against the wall connecting my room to my brother's. "Neth? You alright?" I called.

I heard a whimper from the other side. I heard Netherlands crawl up to the wall. "I-I wanna go home..."

His voice shook and it cracked. He sounded so weak and helpless. It sounded nothing like the Netherlands before all this happened. Nevertheless, it broke my heart. If I could, I would've hugged him tightly and never let him go. I leaned my head against the wall. "I wanna go home too... Let's try and stick together.."

"O-O-Okay..." Netherlands responded.

"Try to get some sleep, Neth."

He sniffed. "Okay... Goede nacht (Goodnight) Belgium..."

"Goede nacht Netherlands."

North Korea POV

Few days later

Monday.

The worst day of the week.

The day where I'm forced to go back to the place I get harassed.

Fun.

France had taken good care of me when I was sick, and I got better in no time. South moved back into his house on Saturday, and he visited often to check on me. Five times a day he'd go to America's house to check on me.

Anyway, I'm better now. I was currently lying in my bed facing the ceiling trying to decide on whether or not it get out of bed. I was arguing with myself.

Get out of bed and go to that place and get bullied?

Nah.

But I'll see China.

But my bullies.

But China.

But bullies.

I sat up and got out of bed. "China."

I'm not describing my routine. It's like normal except just add depression to it. I also skipped breakfast.

I was sitting with Soviet and Russia. China hasn't arrived yet, and I wanted to be with friends so it would be harder to target me. Soviet and Russia were talking to each other. They tried to get me to join in on the conversation, but I would just say nothing.

"Hey, North!"

I hesitantly turned around. I didn't recognize it as any of my friends' or my boyfriend's voice so... I saw Greece staring at me with Turkey

next to him. "Where's your boyfriend, huh?!" Greece called.

Soviet and Russia glared back at them. "Did he break up with you?! Leave you in the dust like you deserve?" Turkey taunted.

Greece and Turkey started laughing and then walked into the building. Shortly after, other countries started laughing as well. "All of you, shut up!" Soviet yelled.

Everyone went silent. A few countries stared at Soviet for a bit before turning away. Four countries that never hung out before but were hanging out now also stared at him.

"S-Soviet, it's okay..." I murmered.

"Nyet, it's not." He sighed. "I wish we could graduate already..."

"We still have a few more years so..." Russia shrugged.

"Russia, that's not helping."

I felt arms wrap around me. "Hey babe." China said.

I looked up and saw him smiling warmly at me. I tried to smile back but just sighed. China's smile was replaced with a worried look and he sat beside me. "What's wrong, Northie?" He asked me.

I stared at the table. "Greece and Turkey taunted him." Russia told China.

China sighed. He pulled me into a hug and rubbed my back. "I'm sorry I wasn't here..." He murmered.

I buried my face into his chest. "It's okay..."

"It's not your fault, Chi..." Russia said.

"Bloody heck, America, get out of my car already!" I heard Britain yell.

Soviet chuckled. "They must be in the student parking lot."

"But I can't find my gun!" I heard America yell back.

"Maybe that's a good thing! You shouldn't be bringing guns to school, anyway!" Britain yelled.

"But I *need* it!"

"No, you don't!"

"If you're so against me bringing guns to school then why do you let me?!"

"You're a rebel, you're not gonna listen to me anyway!"

"I'm not leaving this vehicle until I find it!"

We heard a French accent jump in. "United States of America, listen to your father! Get out of the car!"

"But-"

"Now."

The yelling stopped after that. Russia burst out laughing. I let out a small chuckle. China kissed the top of my head.

I heard footsteps come over. "Ruski, can we hang out today?" I heard America's whiny voice.

"Sorry Ame, but I'm gonna make sure North is alright."

America sighed. "Can you at least sit with me during lunch..?"

"Um..."

"Please? I understand you wanna protect North but you never spend time with me anymore... I miss you..."

I moved my head a little so I could see America and Russia. Russia sighed and stood up. He hugged America and rubbed his back. "I'm sorry I wasn't spending enough time with you. I'll sit with you during lunch."

America cheered and hugged Russia tightly. "Thank you thank you thank you thank you!"

Russia chuckled. "No need to thank me, Ame."

America gave Russia a kiss on the cheek and then rushed off to his friends. Russia chuckled and sat down. "He's an idiot but he's adorable."

"Correction, he's the stupidest country on earth." Soviet smiled.

"Papa, are you still salty about the Cold War?"

"What?! No..."

"You liar."

"I am not!"

Soviet made angry Soviet noises while Russia laughed. China rolled his eyes and stood up. "Come on, Northie."

I stood up as well and followed China inside, holding his hand tightly. "China..?"

"Hm?"

"Will you always stay with me..?"

China immediately pulled me into a hug. "Of course, Northie..." He murmered, rubbing the back of my head. "I'll never leave you..."

The bell that signalled everyone to come inside rang. China and I hesitantly pulled away from each other and began walking to our lockers.

~Time skip~

I was sitting in Social Studies. Ms. Ginger was teaching another lesson to us. Her back was turned to us as she pointed at certain spots on the map, glancing back from time to time. Eventually, she turned around completely and crossed her arms, scowling at a certain spot of the room.

Thank god it wasn't me. I looked in the direction she was scowling

and saw Finland fast asleep. I could tell by the other students faces that they were worried about Finland now. I was, too.

"Finland, wake up." Ms. Ginger said.

Finland continued to sleep. A student that sat next to him started reaching their hand over to wake him up. Ms. Ginger shook her head. "No need to do that."

Ms. Ginger walked over to Finland and slammed her hands on his desk. Finland didn't seem all that startled, he slowly looked up at her. "What..?"

"What was I just talking about?" Ms. Ginger smirked.

Finland shrugged. "How am I supposed to know? I was sleeping." He set his head between his arms again.

Ms. Ginger glared down at him. "Stop being a smart butt, Republic of Finland."

Everyone froze. Finland jerked up in his seat. "How do you know my full name?" He demanded.

Ms. Ginger chuckled, a smug look on her face. "Oh, I have my ways."

"You're not allowed to know a student's full name!" Finland shouted.

Ms. Ginger bent over until she was face to face with the Finnish country. "I don't give a crap. You're gonna respect me in my classroom, and listen to everything I say."

Finland opened his mouth to retort but Ms. Ginger cut him off. "And you're not gonna tell anyone about this, are you? If I find that you have then I will not hesitate to make your life in and out of school the worst ever." She straightened herself back up and looked around the room. "That goes for all of you." She then went back to the lesson.

At some point in the lesson I glanced at Finland. He was paying attention alright, but he looked a little freaked out as well.

~Time skip~

As soon as class ended everyone hurried out of the classroom. In my rush, I had dropped my drawing notebook. I had to wait outside the classroom until everyone was gone and then go back inside.

When I went back inside the classroom, I saw Ms. Ginger holding my notebook and looking at the drawings inside. I panicked. "M-Ms. Ginger?"

She looked at me. "Ah, North Korea. I believe this is yours?"

I nodded and hesitantly walked up to her. I reached for the notebook but she didn't give it to me. She kept looking at the drawings. "These drawings are interesting, might I say. Tell me, how long have you been drawing?" She smirked at me.

My panic was rising. "A-A few years now..." I tried to grab my notebook back.

Ms. Ginger raised it out of my reach. "Hm, now that I think about it, why did you have this in class? Were you doodling?"

"N-No, ma'am..."

She hummed. "I don't believe you. I'm confiscating this."

"W-What?!" I sighed. "When will I get it back..?"

"When your parents come and get it for you."

I froze. I looked at the ground. "My parents won't be able to..." I mumbled.

"And why's that?"

"B-Because they died long ago..."

Ms. Ginger stared at me for a moment before laughing. "That isn't my problem! Guess you're not getting this back."

"B-But-"

"Toodles!" She pushed me out of the classroom and closed the door.

I just stood there in shock for a few minutes. Eventually, tears started to build up in my eye. They started to fall down my cheek.

Before I knew it, I was curled up on the floor crying.

Typical.

That seems to be the only thing I can do right.

I was laying there crying for a few good minutes before I heard footsteps down the hall. I ignored them and continued, not caring who it was.

I assume the person eventually saw me and started running towards me. But then I heard the steady flapping of wings as well. The person who was running reached me and pulled me into a hug. I didn't need to look to know it was China.

He started rubbing my back. "Babe, what happened?" He asked soflty.

I cried into his chest and pointed at the Social Studies door. "I assume Ms. Ginger is what happened." I heard Poland's voice.

"Bastard..." China held me tighter.

"What did she do?" Poland asked.

"S-She s-stole my d-drawing notebook-!" I cried.

Poland sighed. "China, take North to a bathroom and clean him up. Then take him to your lunch table."

"What are you gonna do?" China asked.

I could hear the smirk in Poland's voice. "I'm gonna get his notebook back."

Poland POV

I watched as China carried North and rushed away. I'm honestly not

sure if North and I are friends, but I would like to. He seems nice.

I turned to the Social Studies door. I was angry Ms. Ginger had done that to North. Knowing her, she probably won't give it back until his parents come get it--and doesn't give a crap if they're dead.

I forced a smile onto my face and knocked on the door. Ms. Ginger opened it. "Oh, hello Poland." She greeted.

"Hi Ms. Ginger! Can I come in?" I asked, keeping the smile on my face. God, it's taking all of me to not beat this woman up and take the notebook afterwards.

Ms. Ginger moved aside to let me walk in. I did so and she closed the door. She walked to her desk and sat down. "What brings you here, Poland?" She asked.

I maintained my smile. "Just checking on you! How are you doing?" I asked.

"How nice of you! I'm doing great, how about you?" Ms. Ginger smiled brightly.

You're probably doing great because you harassed North today, I thought bitterly. "I'm okay. Hey, do you have any spare notebooks for me? One of my friends accidently shredded mine."

Ms. Ginger nodded and reached into her desk. She pulled out a random notebook and gave it to me. Frick, it isn't North's. I'm still keeping this, though, cause the notebook shredding story was true. You can thank America for that.

"Dziękuję Ci! (Thank you) I really appreciate it." I said.

"You're welcome!" Ms. Ginger responded.

Alright, enough messing around. I'm getting that notebook. "Hey, I heard North's notebook was in here. Can I have it?" I asked.

Ms. Ginger shook her head. "Sorry, but I'm keeping it."

Alright, the hard way then. I laughed before pulling out a gun and

aiming it at her. "Give me the notebook if you know what's good for you."

Ms. Ginger, wide-eyed, slowly opened her desk drawer and pulled out North's notebook and slid it to me. I took it and put the gun away. Then I just walked out the classroom.

I walked to the lunchroom and to North Korea's table. I placed the notebook in front of him. "Th-Thank you, Poland..." North looked up at me.

I nodded as a response and walked away to my usual table.

~Time skip~

It was the end of my Social Studies class. If you're wondering, I have Social Studies after lunch. I had great fun in staring at Ms. Ginger that entire Period.

As soon as I stepped into the hallway the loudspeaker came on. "Poland, please report to the principle's office."

Countries in the hallway immediately stared at me. They continued to stare as I walked down the hallway to the office. I noticed Ms. Ginger was following me.

When I entered the office I put on a smile. "Yes, sir?"

Mr. Bull motioned to one of the two chairs in front of his desk. "Have a seat."

I silently complied. Ms. Ginger came in after me and sat down in the other chair. Mr. Bull turned to me. "Ms. Ginger has told me that you threatened her with a gun, is this true?"

I shook my head. "No, sir."

"He's a liar!" Ms. Ginger screamed. "He's a fricking liar! He pointed it at my head!"

"Ms. Ginger, please, calm down." Mr. Bull calmly said.

Ms. Ginger sat down with a huff. She scooted her chair away from me a little bit. Mr. Bull sighed. "Poland, I hope you know the police are on their way. This is something very serious, and the school is now letting the police handle it. Do you understand?"

I nodded. "I understand completely, sir."

"Good."

We sat there in silence and waited for the police to arrive. I strangely didn't feel anything. Not even nervous that I'll get caught. With the stuff going on right now, I'd get sent straight to jail and everyone will assume that one of the kidnappers was me.

I leaned back in my chair. I heard the soft whispers of other countries just outside the principle's door. They must have crowded it after they heard me get called here.

Hungary POV

I was among the crowd that surrounded the principle's door. I was one of the countries at the front. I heard my brother calling for me at the back. I called back to him and told him I was fine and to not worry.

Pretty soon we saw police officers enter the school. We all stepped out of the way and the officers entered the room.

Countries started whispering all at once about why the officers were here. I stood silently staring at the now closed door.

Poland POV

Five or so officers were now standing in the room. They were talking to me and asking me questions. Once they finished with me they moved on to Ms. Ginger.

"Both of you have completely different stories. We'll have to check the cameras." One of the older officers said.

Mr. Bull went onto the cameras and went to the time Ms. Ginger told them. I couldn't see the screen, so I waited intently for them to

finish watching.

They all straightened up. I was expecting them to handcuff me and take me out of the school but they didn't. The same older officer walked over to me. "You are completely innocent. I'm sorry if this gave you a big scare." He turned to Ms. Ginger. "You're lucky we're not gonna arrest you for wasting our time. We have more important things to be doing than arresting an innocent highschooler for something that never happened."

Ms. Ginger looked at them, shocked. *"What?!* But-- But-- But he did! Show me that footage!"

Mr. Bull turned the monitor towards Ms. Ginger and I. Instead of showing me threatening Ms. Ginger with a gun, it showed Ms. Ginger grading homework assignments at her desk.

"This must be a mistake!" Ms. Ginger shouted. "Check the date!"

Mr. Bull checked the date. It said today's date. Ms. Ginger stood there with her jaw dropped and speechless. The police silently left the room. Mr. Bull sighed and turned to me. "You may leave. Karoline Ginger, you will stay here."

Ms. Ginger silently sat back down in her chair. I left with Mr. Bull right next to me. The crowd of countries stared at us. "Alright, alright, stop staring and head to your classes." Mr. Bull said.

"What about the police? What was that about?" Afghanistan asked.

"It turned out that Ms. Ginger was lying about the whole thing. Cameras show her doing her everyday thing." Mr. Bull responded.

I randomly looked at Hungary and he gave me a wink. I was confused for a second before realizing: Hungary had hacked the cameras and changed the footage so I wouldn't get caught.

"Mr. Bull, what about the countries who have Social Studies after this? Will Ms. Ginger be out?" Vietnam asked.

"For those who have Social Studies, just report to the gym with Mr. Hound. Now go to class." Mr. Bull walked back inside his office.

Countries started going back to their classes. I walked up to Hungary and nodded at him. He smirked and nodded back.

Heck yeah, best friends to the end.

South Korea POV

I walked away from the principle's room talking to America. "What the actual heck?! I never thought something like that could ever happen!" America said.

I nodded. "Police said Poland was innocent, but I don't trust it. Be careful around him."

America looked at me, confused. "But it's Poland. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

I sighed. "I know, Ame. But you know about the kidnappers. No one knows who they are, so we have to be careful with who we trust."

"Are you saying that we can't even trust our own friends..?" America asked. He started walking a little bit away from me.

"No, no, not at all! Well, yes, but-- Just listen to me! You can trust your friends but still, be careful. Remember just before East Timor went missing?"

"He said he was meeting a friend in private, right?"

"Exactly. And then what happened?"

"He went missing."

I nodded. "His 'friend' most likely kidnapped him. So be careful."

America nodded. "But I know I can trust you, South."

"How so?"

America put his arm over my shoulder and chuckled. "I just got a feelin."

~Time skip~

I was in PE. Well, everyone was in PE. PE is the last period of the day for everybody.

Mr. Hound just let everyone do what they want. He usually makes us exercise for a while and then we play a game, but it was different this time.

North Korea was sitting next to me. Panama's friends had harassed him on his way here, and the first people he saw were me and my friends. He rushes over and sat beside me.

My friends were confused until they saw Panama's friends walk by. We were all talking, and I checked on North from time to time. "You alright?" I asked him.

He nodded slightly. "I-I'm waiting for China..." He murmered.

"I saw China in the changing room, he should be out soon." New Zealand said.

North nodded and hugged his knees. My poor brother... He doesn't deserve any of this. I'll put ***Repairing Our Relationship*** aside and help him with the bullying. That's more important.

I saw China walking to us. He saw North and rushed over. He quickly pulled North into his lap and hugged him. He looked at us. "I'm assuming..?"

America nodded. China cursed under his breath and hugged North tighter. "You two can hang with us if you want." I offered.

"Thanks, but no thanks. I saw Soviet, Russia, Iran and Indonesia; we're gonna go to them. Thanks for the offer, though." China smiled.

"No problem." I returned the smile.

China got up, still holding North, and then walked to where their friends were. I sighed and turned back to my friends. "Something wrong, South?" America adjusted his shades.

"I'm worried about North. The bullying is getting worse and worse.

I'm starting to think..." I trailed off.

"You're starting to think what?" Japan asked.

"Basically the whole school is bullying North.. I want that to stop. But what if they start going after his friends, too..?" I stared at the grass.

Japan's ears flattened. America's face showed worry. "There are enough countries to be able to do that..." New Zealand said.

"If they pick on China they know exactly how..." America commented.

"Soviet's struggling with enough already, bullying will push him off the edge." Japan murmered something I couldn't quite hear.

"What was that, Japan?" I asked.

"Nothing..."

"Can we please change the subject..?" Honduras asked. "L-Let's focus on something else... The kidnappings, maybe..?"

"How about Panama? He hasn't been himself today." America said.

"Panama's one of North's bullies." I scoffed.

"I know, but he hasn't been talking a lot lately. Throughout this entire day, I think I heard him say like, ten words." New Zealand said.

I thought for a moment. "That isn't like Panama... He's the fifth most talkative country I know."

"Well he's a jerk to North anyway so let's not care." Honduras said.

"Agreed." I said. We started talking about something else.

Sweden POV

(I know y'all are not gonna care about them but whateva)

I was sitting with Panama and our friends, Romania, Jamaica, Turkey, Greece, and Portugal. Portugal is the newest to our group.

We were all talking to each other. I was laughing at a joke Greece made when I noticed I didn't hear Panama's voice. I looked at him and saw he wasn't talking at all. He was playing with the grass blades on the ground silently. "Nama, you okay?" I asked him.

Panama nodded. "I'm fine."

I frowned. That was what he said all day. He hasn't been talking a lot today, and he's the most talkative person I knew! I let this behaviour slide for long enough. "It's obvious something's wrong. You barely said anything today."

Our friends had stopped talking and were now focused on Panama. He glanced at me. "I said I'm fine, Sweden.."

"You are not fine, Nama." Greece jumped in.

Panama looked away from the rest of us. "Just stop worrying about me, I'm fine."

I set a hand on his shoulder. "Panama, please tell us what's--"

Panama whipped his head towards me. "I fricking said I was fine!" He snapped.

I flinched and jumped back at his tone. Panama glared at me for a few seconds before starting to cry. I quickly rushed to him and hugged him. I started rubbing his back. "I-I'm sorry-!" He cried.

Our friends started to comfort Panama with me. He calmed down a few minutes later and hugged me tightly. "You alright now?" I asked.

Panama nodded slightly. "Th-Thank you guys..."

"No problem, Nama..." Jamaica said.

Panama sighed and continued hugging me. "You wanna sleep over at my house..?" I asked him.

He nodded. "C-Can we play Minecraft..?"

I nodded. "Of course."

"Can I come?" Romania asked.

"Aren't you hanging out with Bulgaria tonight?" Turkey asked.

"Yeah, your *girlfriend?"* Jamaica teased.

Romania blushed while we laughed at him. "S-She's not my girlfriend! J-Just a friend!"

"Sure~" Portugal laughed harder when Romania hit him.

"S-Shut up!!" Romania covered his face.

We all laughed for a bit until eventually calming down. Panama was happy now, so that's good.

I'll ask him later why he was sad in the first place.

~Time skip~

Panama and I were in my room. We had been playing Minecraft for a long time, it was nighttime, might I say. This is normal for me, since one of my siblings have to come in and tell me to go to bed in order for me to realize what time it is.

Panama was getting tired but refused to mention it or go to sleep. He kept saying he wanted to keep playing with me.

That was cute-- what? I didn't say anything.

I decided that now would be the time to ask Panama. "Hey, Nama?" I asked, going to my characters bedroom and turning to Panama.

"Si?" Panama responded, not taking his eyes off the TV.

"Remember what happened at school?"

Panama stiffened. He seemed to force a laugh. "A lot of things happened at school, Sweden, I don't know which you're talking

about."

"You know exactly what I'm talking about, Nama."

Panama stopped moving, both in-game and right next to me. I continued. "Panama, why were you upset in the first place?"

He turned away from me. "You can tell me anything, Nama. You know that." I set my hand on his shoulder.

Panama shook his head. "It was nothing..."

"It's not nothing if it made you cry. Please, tell me." I pulled him into a hug.

Panama was shaking a little. "A-Another fight with Costa Rica..."

I hugged him tighter. He hugged me back and sniffled. I didn't think Panama's fights with Costa Rica had this much effect on him. I hugged him for a bit before pulling away and wiping his tears. "You wanna go to bed now?" I asked him.

Panama nodded and yawned. I saved the world and then exited the game. I turned the console and TV off. The room was plunged into darkness.

I heard my door start to open and saw Finland peek his head in. "O-Oh, you're already heading to bed..." He observed.

"Yeah. Goodnight, Finland." I told him.

"Night Sweden." He closed the door and I heard his footsteps go back to his room.

I heard Panama shuffling on my bed. He must be getting comfortable. I got under the covers and closed my eyes, waiting for sleep to come. "H-Hey...Sweden..?"

I opened my eyes. "Yeah?"

"U-Um... I-I'm cold..." Panama said.

I felt the bed barely shaking. Panama must've been shivering. I sighed. "Guess Denmark didn't fix the heater yet. Get a little closer to me and you can hopefully warm up."

Panama POV

He didn't say what I think he did, right?! My face was flushed red, I was blushing madly. I was shivering, yeah, but I didn't think he'd say *that!* I thought he'd just get another blanket or something!

"U-Uh...sure..." I scooted closer to him until I started to warm up. I was touching him.

My fricking god.

I was touching him.

I swear, if we cuddle--

Sweden POV

Panama's shivering slowly died down. "You warm now?" I asked him.

"S-Si..." He replied.

"That's good. Night Nama."

"N-Night Sweden."

I closed my eyes and started to slowly drift off to sleep. Before I reached dreamland, I moved my arms and started to hold something close.

28

(Flashback chapters will be in *Italic*)

The sky was a dark gray. Any trace of blue had been sucked into the gray void, never to be seen for a while. Rain pounded on everything and everyone who was outside. It seemed endless. Big droplets slid down windows and buildings, and soaked anyone who wasn't wise enough to bring an umbrella.

Sweden walked alone down the damp sidewalk. He had a feeling it would rain that day, so he brought an umbrella, just in case. It's a good thing he did, cause he would've been soaked and freezing.

Barely anyone was outside. Those who were were running quickly to make it home. Their quick footsteps would cause puddles they stepped in to splash up onto them, and some tripped and fell, getting mud all over themselves.

Sweden was in his own little world. He couldn't wait to get home, take his clothes off and play Minecraft until his siblings forced him to go to bed.

Sweden eventually turned his attention to the world and sounds around him. Rain pattered onto his umbrella and slid off it onto the ground. Most shops had their lights out, the rain was too rough for their workers to come safely. His boots made soft thuds each time they made contact with the ground.

He saw someone walking ahead of him. They were a fair distance away, and they weren't holding an umbrella.

Worry for the stranger overcame Sweden. He knew how hard it was raining, that person or country was definitely soaked.

He started to speed walk. As he got closer he saw that they were shivering, most likely from the cold. "Hello?" He asked when he caught up.

The person looked at him. It was a country. Their flag was divided into four quarters. The bottom left was blue, while the top white was red. The remaining two quarters were white with stars in them, both were colored. Above the blue was a blue star, while underneath the red was a red star.

"H-Hi..." The country responded.

Sweden moved so they both were underneath his umbrella. The country sighed. "G-Gracias..."

"I'm sorry, but what language is that?" Sweden asked.

"S-Spanish... Gracias is Spanish for thank you..."

Sweden nodded. "You're welcome. What were you doing out here without an umbrella?"

"I-I didn't know it would rain this hard... Let alone at all..." The country looked at the shiny street as rain pounded on it continuously.

Sweden sighed. "Here, let me walk you home."

"Thank you..."

They both started walking. "So," Sweden started, "what's your name?"

"P-Panama. Republic of Panama." Panama shivered.

"Panama..." Sweden let the name wander his mind. "I've never heard of you before."

"That's alright. What's your name?" Panama looked up at Sweden.

Sweden smiled. "Sweden. Kingdom of Sweden."

"I've heard of you before." Panama chuckled. "You're the country that's obsessed with Minecraft, right?"

Sweden nodded. "It's a masterpiece, what can I say?"

They laughed. "It's great to meet you, Panama." Sweden said.

"It's great to meet you too, Sweden. And gracias for walking me home, I swear, the rain was trying to force me into the sidewalk." Panama chuckled.

"You going to be okay?" Sweden asked.

"Si. I'll probably catch a cold but that should be it."

"What were you doing out here?" Sweden wanted to keep the conversation going.

"Visiting a friend. The most direct route to and from their house is through town." Panama responded. "You?"

"Norway asked me to buy him some new ear buds. He accidently broke his old ones."

"Who's Norway?"

"One of my younger brothers."

Panama nodded. "Who are the others?"

"My other brothers are Finland, Denmark, Iceland, and Greenland. My sisters are Faroe and Åland Islands."

"That's a big family."

"Not as big as Russia's."

Panama laughed. "True, true."

"Do you have any siblings?"

Panama sighed. "Nope, I'm an only child."

"Must be nice."

"Not really. You don't have anybody to spend time with when your parents and friends are busy."

Sweden nodded thoughtfully. "Never thought of it that way."

Panama shrugged. "Nobody with siblings do. But I guess it's the opposite for everyone. People with siblings want to be only child's while only child's want siblings."

"Where's your house, exactly?" Sweden asked. They had come to a neighborhood.

"I live in the Central American neighborhood. Shouldn't be far from here." Panama began walking again as Sweden strolled next to him.

Panama was correct, it wasn't far from where they were. "Here we are. Follow me, I can already see my house from here."

Sweden shrugged and obliged. He kept up with the Panaman until he stopped and looked at a house. "Here's my house." Panama smiled at Sweden.

Disappointment filled Sweden. He didn't want to say goodbye just yet. Panama noticed and took out a slip of paper. He wrote on it with a pencil from his pocket and gave it to Sweden. "Here's my number so we can talk again." The smaller country smiled.

"Thanks." Sweden tucked the slip into his pocket. "Can I have a hug goodbye?" He asked.

Panama nodded and promptly hugged Sweden. "It was great meeting you, gracias for walking me home."

Sweden chuckled. "No problem, it was great meeting you, too."

Panama pulled away and walked to his front door, unlocking it and going inside. Sweden turned and started walking away. Now it was his turn to go home.

29

NK POV

I was walking slowly to the school. Another day of Hell. Yay. I was wearing a baggy jacket and black jeans, not like anyone cares. I was wearing the hood and staring at the side-walk as I walked. The only reason I get out of bed in the morning is for China and my friends. AndSouthtoobutwhatever-

I heard footsteps behind me and closed my eyes, preparing myself to get pushed to the ground and taunted. Instead, I heard my boyfriend's voice. "North!"

I relaxed a bit and stopped walking. I turned around and smiled a bit at the taller Chinese. He was running towards me, which is something he only does if he slept in. Guess his alarm clock didn't work this morning.

China caught up to me and quickly caught his breath. "Nǐ hǎo **(Hi)** babe!" He hugged me tightly and kissed my head.

I smiled softly and hugged him back. China...he's one of the few good things this world produced. "안녕 (Hi) babe..." I murmered.

China sighed. "Don't wanna go to school?" He guessed.

I nodded and glanced in the direction school was in. "Nobody likes me there... I only go there to get bullied at this point..." I looked at the ground sadly.

China hugged me from behind and held me close to him. "You know...we don't *have* to go..."

I looked up at him. "Are you suggesting we..?"

China nodded. I looked away, nervous. "But won't we be considered suspicious? Because of everything that's going on..."

China kissed my cheek. "It'll be fine. I'll call Taiwan and South Korea and tell them we're not going to school today, okay? If anyone asks where we are they'll back us up."

"Won't Taiwan get mad at you..?"

"Shì a, **(Yeah)** but it's worth it to spend time with you."

I couldn't help but smile at my boyfriend. "Okay."

China kissed me softly. I melted into it. We eventually pulled away after a few seconds. "So, where are we gonna go?" I asked.

China took my hand in his. "Your house." He smiled.

I returned the smile, feeling happy and relaxed for once on a school day. China started walking and I kept up with him. I leaned on him and he wrapped his arm around my waist.

China pulled out his phone and dialed his brother's number. He started talking to him in Chinese, and I could hear Taiwan was less than happy about the news I assume China told him. Taiwan eventually calmed down, but by his muttering I could tell he wasn't exactly happy still. China eventually hung up.

Sure enough, China then called my brother. He started talking to him in Korean. "잠깐만 요, 당신은 당신이 내 동생과 함께 학교를 건너 뛰고 있다고 말하고 있습니까? (Hold on, you're telling me that you're skipping school with my brother?) South asked.

China nodded despite the fact that South couldn't see it. "예. 괴롭힘 때문에 학교에 가고 싶지 않습니다. 오늘 우리가 건너 뛰는 것이 편안할 것이라고 생각했습니다. 누군가가 우리에게 어디에 있는지 물어보기 위해 당신과 대만에 알려야했습니다. (Yes. He doesn't wanna go to school because of the bullying. I thought it would be relaxing for us to skip today, we just needed to tell you and Taiwan just in case anyone asks where we are.)" He glanced at me with a smile.

I smiled back. South was silent for a few moments. "글쎄 ... 알았어 ... 그를 안전하게 지키라고, 알겠 니? (Well...okay... Keep him safe, alright?)"

"걱정마 (I will, don't worry.)"

"북쪽을 사랑한다고 전 해주세요 (Tell North I love him, bye.)"

"괜찮아 안녕. (Okay, bye.)" China hung up the phone. "South says he loves you."

I nodded. I held onto China's arm as he put his phone away. "There's my house." I said.

China and I walked up to my front door. I pulled out my key and unlocked it. China and I walked inside. "I'm gonna change." I walked upstairs as I heard China close the door.

"Okay, I'll wait on the couch." China said.

I made my way up the stairs and to my room. I opened the door and closed it behind me. I sighed and smiled. You're probably getting annoyed with me saying this, but I really don't deserve China. What did I ever do to get him?

I looked towards my closet and walked over to it. I opened it and traded my clothes into more happy looking ones, a pastel green with a cartoon nuke on it and some shorts. I swapped my gray shoes with ones of lighter color.

Once I was done changing, I rushed back to China eagerly. He heard me coming down the stairs and turned in my direction. His eyes widened when he saw my clothes.

I stopped at the bottom and smiled at him. "What do you think?" I asked.

China looked at my clothing and smiled. "It looks great."

I went over to him and sat in his lap. He held me close and turned the TV on. He turned to a channel that had a cartoon playing and we both watched that.

Not many people know this, only my close friends and my brother, but I *love* cartoons. Some countries say they're childish and shouldn't be watched by us, but I disagree. Cartoons are a great way

to relax and take your mind of things. On top of that, they can be funny and are entertaining. And just because it's a cartoon doesn't mean it can't deliver important messages.

That's just my take on them, at least. I really really like them.

China chuckled behind me. I turned to him. "What?"

"You really like cartoons don't you?" He asked with a smile.

I nodded, beaming. "They're great to watch, can you blame me?"

China shook his head and chuckled. "Cutie."

I blushed and hit him playfully. "Sh-Shut up..."

China started laughing. He pulled me closer to him by my waist and we watched the cartoon for a while longer. After about the 20th episode China looked at the time. "Hey, wanna do something else?"

I looked at him. "Do you not like cartoons?"

China shrugged. "I never really watched cartoons growing up... Taiwan and I were just trying to survive."

The room went silent. I sighed and hugged China. "I didn't know... I'm sorry..."

China hugged me back and kissed my head. "It's fine..."

"Well, what did you wanna do?"

China smiled. "I was wondering if we could go to my house and play with Azure and Yellow. That is, if you wan-"

"Yes yes yes!" I smiled brightly. "Let's go! Let's go!" I grabbed China's wrist and dragged him off the couch.

China chuckled and allowed me to drag him to the front door and outside the house. We walked down the sidewalk to his house. China walked to the front door and unlocked it. I ran inside while he laughed behind me. "Azure! Yellow!" I called the whelps. China

says that's what they call baby dragons.

I heard running. Azure and Yellow bounded into the living room and tackled me to the ground. They started licking me as I laughed.

China closed the front door and chuckled at the scene he saw. "Alright, Azure, Yellow, get off him."

Azure and Yellow jumped off me and ran to the couch, looking back at me and wagging their tails excitedly. I wiped my face of saliva and giggled. "They're the same as the last time I saw them!" I said as China helped me up.

China smiled at me. "You can play with them while I make something to eat."

"Okay!"

China walked away to wherever his kitchen was. This house is so big I don't think I could find his room if I tried. Anyway, I looked at Azure and Yellow and they seemed to have the same thing in mind. "Alright boys, what do you want to do?" I asked.

Azure flew up and landed on my head. He peaked his head over and looked at me. I giggled. "Hi Azure."

Yellow started pawing at my legs. I chuckled and bent down to pet him. China told me that Yellow really likes pets. Azure curled up on my head.

"Babe! You want a snack?" China called from the kitchen.

"Yes please!"

"How does WangZai QQ Gummy sound?"

"What's that?"

China walked back to me holding two bags full of what looked like gummies. "There's multiple flavors, I'll just give you blueberry." He gave me a bag.

I opened it and took a gummy out. The fragrance coming from it smelled like blueberries. I popped it into my mouth and chewed it. "How is it?" China asked, already munching on his.

"It's delicious!" I squealed and continued eating from the bag. In no time at all it seemed, the gummies were gone. I whined, looking inside the empty plastic.

China chuckled and gave me his bag. It was a different flavor but I didn't care. I ate them all in one sitting. "Jeez, guess they are as addicting as America says they are." China commented when I was done.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. Yellow and Azure stole the empty bags and ran off with them.

"I gave America one of those a while ago. Middle school, I think. He said that they were super addicting." China explained.

"Well that McDonalds lover was right. Those are *super* good!"

China chuckled. "Well, come on. We gotta stop Azure and Yellow from trying to burn the bags. It'll set the house on the fire...again."

~Timeskip~

China and I were in a coffee shop in town. It wasn't the super popular one in town square, instead it was the one Honduras really liked. China was talking about how obnoxious the shop in town square was.

"Excuse me?"

China and I turned and saw a black haired woman standing there. Her hair was tied up in a high pony-tail. She looked to be in her twenties. "Are you gonna order anything?" She asked.

"Yes, can I have a coffee?" China asked.

"Do you have any snacks?" I asked.

"North, you had snacks before we left."

"So?"

China facepalmed while the worker laughed. "Yes, we do have snacks. Do you want a certain one?"

"Any will do."

"Alright then, I'll be back with your orders." She walked away.

"She seems like a nice girl." I said to China.

He nodded in agreement. We talked for a bit longer before the worker came back with our orders. "One coffee for you," she gave China his coffee, "and a few snacks for you." She gave me a Rice Krispy Treat, a bag of chips, a granola bar, and a bottle of water. "Hope these suit your needs." She said.

"Thank you!" I smiled at her as China pulled out his wallet.

"You are very welcome." The worker smiled back at me.

China handed her a wad of cash. "Just consider the extra as tip." He said.

"...That looks like a thousand dollars." I said.

"iT's A tIp-"

The worker took the money and gazed at it. "Wow...thank you.."

"My pleasure." China smiled and put his wallet away.

The worker started walking away. "Uh..Ms?" I called.

She turned around. "Yes?"

"What's your name?"

The worker's smile widened. "Isabelle. My name is Isabelle."

China smiled. "It's nice to meet you, Isabelle."

"It's nice to meet you, too." Isabelle walked away.

~Timeskip~

China and I were walking through a meadow. The flowers' colors varied from white, red, and yellow. Splotches of green grass were barely seen in the blanket of flowers. Small animals darted through the flowers, and butterflies flew around, their colors and patterns making them look like hovering versions of the plants.

China and I were holding hands. No words were exchanged, we just enjoyed the other's presence and took in the beauty of the meadow.

"Hey, North?" China let go of my hand and pulled me closer with it.

"Yes?" I asked.

"See that bench over there?" China pointed to a brown bench sitting in the shade of a tree; the tree also had flowers blooming from it.

"Yeah." I replied. "You wanna sit down?"

China nodded. We walked to the bench and sat down on it. We looked out at the flowers and plants in the meadow that barely blew from the soft wind. I sighed and leaned on China. He wrapped his arm around my waist. This day is nice... Better than the ones before it.

I closed my eye and let my body and brain relax. Where could be a more perfect place to do so? I was in a beautiful, quiet meadow and my boyfriend was holding me close.

China and I sat like this for a while. We had no cares for the world, just us two in this paradise. That's all we needed right now. My worries and stress for everything had been washed away.

An hour went by. Maybe an hour and thirty minutes? Maybe two hours? I'm not completely sure, but China gently shook me awake. Guess I had fallen asleep. I opened my eye and looked around. My eye landed on China's face. He bore a worried frown. "Babe? What's wrong?" I asked him.

"Look." China pointed to something in the distance. I had to squint to see it.

Just poking out of a cluster of red and white flowers, there was something. I'm not sure what, but something was most certainly there. "What is that..?" I asked.

"Not sure. I just saw it blowing in the wind and then it landed there." China explained, getting up. He offered me a hand. "Let's check it out."

I took his hand and he pulled me up. We walked side-by-side to the mysterious object. Once we reached it, I crouched down and pulled it out of the flowers. It was a piece of paper. "Ugh, just a piece of paper? C'mon North, let's go back to our spot." China turned to walk away.

I flipped the paper over to it's other side. "China, wait."

"What?" I felt China crouch down beside me. "What the..."

Something was written on the paper. A lot of something's. It looked like...a list? Or maybe it was just quick sentences, like what a poem does? I don't know, I couldn't read it. The paper was dirty and fragile, the words on it looked to be wiping away. Streaks from the ink were everywhere.

"What the heck..?" China whispered.

"I can't read it..." I murmered.

"Me neither, it's too dirty."

"Should we wipe the dirt away?"

"No, the words' ink would be wiped away as well, and then nothing but unreadable smudges would be left."

"What do we do then?"

"Give it to UN, he'll know. At least, hopefully..."

China stood up and offered me his hand. I took it and stood up. "How do we get this to UN? He's in school with the other countries and organisations."

China held my free hand and began walking. "During PE, we'll sneak into the locker rooms and change into our uniforms. And then we'll find UN on the field."

I nodded. "Okay."

~When they're at the school~

I looked up at the building we called 'school'. Shouldn't we just call it Hell? It'll be way easier.

Wait, no, then it'll get confused with actual Hell.

But ain't it the same thing?

Anyways, my nervousness was through the roof and I was shaking slightly. China squeezed my hand reassuringly. I looked up at him. "It'll be alright, Northie..." He said, hugging me and giving me a kiss on the head.

I sighed and let myself relax into his touch. It calmed me down in only a short while. I looked up at China and gave him a peck on the cheek. "I'm okay now." I smiled.

China pulled away and took my free hand in his. "Still have the paper?"

I glanced at the dirty and fragile paper. I couldn't clutch it too hard or it'll rip for sure. I nodded and looked at China again. "I got it."

"Alright." China turned towards the building and I did, too. We both took in a deep breath and let it out. We held each other's hands tightly. "Let's go."

SK POV

School is so boring. All you do is stare at the teacher as they ramble on about something that makes you want to fall asleep. You're not allowed to move or talk unless told to, and you get in trouble for trying to entertain yourself so you don't fall sleep in the middle of their lecture.

My head rested in my hand, who's elbow was on the table. I kept glancing at the clock. Every minute felt like an hour in the classroom. I looked around. It seems as if I wasn't the only one who was excited for class to end. Other countries also glanced at the clock, tapped either their fingers or feet softly, and one or two were trying to not fall asleep using different methods.

I turned my attention back to the front of the room. I tuned back into whatever Mr. Ferndale was talking about. Something about elements, I don't know.

The rest of class was just me looking at Mr. Ferndale but not actually paying attention. He never called on me, which is good. I wouldn't know the answer anyway. Stupid idiot actually thought I was paying attention, hah! I'd rather be banned from K-POP for a week than attend his class everyday.

The bell rang, signaling to all us bored students that it was lunchtime. I got up and put my stuff in my backpack. I and the other countries eagerly flooded out of the classroom.

The hallway was soon filled with chattering countries. Conversations ranged from the shrillest of laughter to the dark depths of the kidnappings. I didn't pay much attention to any of the conversations, cause why would I? They're none of my business and most were uninteresting.

I reached my locker and opened it. I traded my backpack for my lunchbox. I went to close my locker when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Soviet Union standing there with Russia behind him. "Hey South." Soviet greeted.

I closed my locker, still looking at them. "Hi Soviet. Hi Russia." I waved to them. "What do you need?"

"We haven't seen North Korea or China all day." Russia said. "Do you know where they are?"

I nodded. "China said they were skipping school today."

"Skipping?" Russia asked. "That doesn't sound like them..."

I nodded. "I know, but China told me that North really needed a break from the bullying."

"If I were getting bullied I would want to skip school, too." Soviet said with a distant look in his eyes.

"Da, I guess it's reasonable..." Russia sighed. "I just hope they're okay."

"Me too. But China will protect North if anything happens." I said.

"Da, I guess..." Russia still looked worried. I won't tell him to not worry, he has every right to. Heck, I'm worried myself.

"They'll be okay, I'm sure of it." Soviet said. There was an obvious hint of worry in his eyes but I didn't say anything.

"네 (Yeah)... Let's go to lunch now." I smiled at them.

"Alright. Russia, you gonna sit with America today? He's been casting glances at you for a while now." Soviet said as we began walking to the lunchroom.

Russia rolled his eyes playfully. "Da, Ame's been calling me every morning begging me to sit with him at lunch."

"Okay. I almost feel bad for him."

"Wait, really?!"

"Almost."

I chuckled at the two Russian's conversation - well, Russian and Soviet conversation.

We reached the cafeteria and walked inside. Soviet split off from us to sit at his usual table with Italy, Japan, and Reich. Russia and I sat at America's table. "Babe!" America hugged Russia as soon as he sat down. "I thought you'd never sit with me again!"

Russia returned America's hug and kissed his forehead. "I'm sorry, Ame. I'll try and sit with you more often, Da?"

"Yes yes yes!"

I chuckled. "Alright, love-birds, break it up." Poland rolled his eyes playfully. "I suggest you eat your food."

America and Russia pulled away from each other. "Poland, we have all of lunch to eat. No need to rush us." America said, biting into his sandwich.

"Still, you never know when they'll cut lunch short unexpectedly." Poland flexed his wings. "That may not seem like it'll happen but it's possible."

"Poland's right." Ukraine shrugged.

America adjusted his shades so they were covering his eyes again and continued eating. "Hey, Poland?"

"Tak?" **(Yeah?)** Poland bit into his food.

"Can you tell us about how genes work?" America asked.

"America, you dumb idiot, we learned about genes in Middle School!" Ukraine said.

"Don't call him a dumb idiot, that's my job." Russia cast a quick glare at his older brother.

"Woah, woah, let's not argue. Besides, I should've been specific. I meant if Poland could explain to us how the genes of *wings* work." America said.

"Oh." Ukraine, Russia, Poland and I all said in union.

"Let's see..." Poland thought for a few moments. "Well, if one parent has wings and the other doesn't, then only the first-born child of the couple will have wings. Any other children after that will not have them."

"Seems reasonable." Ukraine said. "That explains why Kaza has wings and the rest of us don't."

Russia nodded. "But," Poland put a finger into the air. "There are times where something happens to the genetics."

"What do you mean? What happens?" I asked.

"Sometimes the first-born of a couple I mentioned earlier for some reason will not have wings. But a later off-spring will. This case is very rare, and no one knows why it happens when it does." Poland explained.

"I've never heard of that before." Russia said.

Poland chuckled slightly. "Of course you haven't! That is rarely ever talked about since it's such a rare case, and only us winged countries are taught it for some reason. Nonetheless, there hasn't been a case of this for...600 or so years? Yeah."

"Well, the more you know." I said, smiling.

"That gets me thinking." Russia placed his elbow on the table and rested his head in his hand. "Kaza has wings, right Ukie?"

"Correct." Ukraine responded.

"And based off Poland's information, that must mean that one of our parents has wings, right?"

The table went silent. "Well...yeah.." Ukraine said.

"Then which of our parents has wings? And that brings up another question of mine: who's Mama?"

"Russia, we will talk about this another day..." Ukraine looked away.

"But Ukie this is important! Which one of our parents have wings? Who's Mama? And if both our parents *don't* have wings does that mean Kaza's adopted?" Russia looked at the older Ukrainian, his eyes filled with questions he wanted answered.

"Russia, that is enough." Ukraine looked uncomfortable.

"Ukie this could mean something!" Russia started brainstorming. "Since Papa doesn't have wings, Mama must be one of the female countries who do! Now I just need to-"

"Russia!" Ukraine snapped. Russia shut his mouth and stared at him. "That's enough from you. We will not talk about this here."

"But-"

"Enough!" Ukraine stood up while shouting.

Everyone at our table flinched. Countries from other tables looked over at us. I could hear them whispering. Ukraine closed his eyes and sat down. "We'll talk about that later. Don't say anything about it until then."

"Okay..." Russia went back to eating his food.

Our table sat there in silence for a few moments. The other tables went back to their own conversations. Poland eventually cleared his throat. We all looked at him. "Um...Russia and Ukraine, you guys have a sister that doesn't go here, right?"

Russia nodded. "Da."

"You mean Lithuania?" Ukraine bit into his food.

Poland nodded. "Tak. **(Yes.)** Why doesn't she go here, again?"

"She can't do anything English." Ukraine said. "She's attending a different school since she'll be at a *huge* disadvantage at this one. Do you know any adults here that speak Lithuanian?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Exactly."

Poland leaned forward and rested his head in his hands. "I want to meet her."

Russia smiled slightly. "You can, it's just that me or one of my siblings or Papa have to be there to translate."

"That's fine."

"You really want to meet Lithuania, Poland." America said.

"What do you mean? I always want to meet new people." Poland raised a brow.

"I know, it's just you sound more excited to meet her than anyone else." America smirked. "Somethin ya wanna tell us?"

The lightest tint of red bloomed on Poland's cheeks. He frowned. "Ame, I haven't even met her yet..."

"Oh ho ho, what's this I see? Some light blush?" America continued to smirk.

Poland groaned and covered his face with his hands. "Ame stop..."

"Do you like her? Surely you've seen her somewhere before to be blushing." America teased as Poland's blush deepend.

Poland gathered his stuff and stood up. He left the lunchroom. "Ame!" Russia looked at America.

America shrugged with a grin. "What?"

"Why did you tease him?!"

"Because it's funny."

Russia groaned. "What am I gonna do with you..?"

"Kiss me?"

"Nyet. You've lost kiss privileges for a week."

America whined and wrapped his arms around Russia's neck. "Noooooo! I want kisses!"

Russia laughed. "I'm only kidding." He kissed America's forehead.

Ukraine smiled and waved Canada over. Canada walked over and sat beside Ukraine. He instantly hugged him and Canada hugged

back. I rolled my eyes. "Are you guys done making me feel lonely now?" I asked.

"Not yet." Ukraine grinned.

"Okay." I got up and threw my trash away. I went to walk back but someone called me.

"South Korea!"

I turned around and saw UN walking up to me with EU, NATO, and ASEAN behind him. Well, NATO was actually dragging ASEAN over but same thing.

"South." EU nodded at me when they reached me.

"EU. UN. NATO. Organisation who always wakes up on the wrong side of the bed." I nodded at each of them.

I heard more footsteps so I looked behind me. World Trade Organization walked over with Taiwan. "Here's Taiwan." She said once she and him reached us.

"Thank you, WTO." UN said.

WTO nodded and walked away. "South Korea and Taiwan, can we talk to you in the hallway?" UN asked.

Taiwan and I shared a glance. "Uh, sure." Taiwan responded.

Taiwan and I followed UN, EU, NATO, and ASEAN into the hallway as some other countries watched. EU closed the lunchroom doors once we were out. "South, Taiwan, do you know why you're here?" NATO asked.

"Wow, NATO's being professional for once." ASEAN rolled his eyes.

NATO slapped the back of ASEAN's head, earning a "Oof!" from him. "Now's not the time for your sarcastic jokes, ASEAN." NATO crossed his arms.

ASEAN rubbed his head and glared at NATO. "Yeah, well-"

"Enough, you two." EU was frowning.

ASEAN huffed while NATO turned back to me and Taiwan. "Sorry about that," UN apologized. "Can you answer the question, please?"

"Well, no, we don't know why we're here." I answered the earlier question.

"North Korea and China haven't turned up to school today," EU explained. "Since their your brothers we were wondering if you knew where they were."

Taiwan nodded and leaned against the wall. "They're skipping school today." He said, blankly.

"Why?"

"North didn't want to deal with bullying today, China went with him."

"Okay..." UN didn't look very happy about the news.

"You both can return to your tables." NATO said, leading the way back inside the lunchroom.

We all split off back to our tables. I sat down at mine and closed my lunch box. "South, what was that about?" America asked.

"They had some questions that needed answering." I replied.

"What about?"

"They wanted to know where North and China are."

"North and China? What, are they not here?" Ukraine asked.

"How do you just now notice?" Russia looked at his brother.

Ukraine shrugged. "Probably cause I don't care about North Korea and barely interact with China."

I could tell Russia bit back a snarky response to that. Canada set a hand on Ukraine's shoulder. "Maybe you should interact with them

more.. Check on North because of the bullying."

"But I don't like him!"

"Still. Bullying can really hurt someone, and checking on him will help him know that there's still people who care about him." Canada smiled. "Please, Ukie?"

Ukraine sighed. "Fine."

Canada hugged Ukraine. "Yay!"

Ukraine smiled slightly and hugged Canada back. I got up and grabbed my lunchbox. "South, where you going?" Russia asked.

"Gonna walk around the school." I replied.

"Oh, okay."

I went to the lunchroom doors and opened them. I stepped out and began walking in the direction of my locker, hearing the doors close behind me. I sighed softly and continued my way to my locker. I opened it and put my lunchbox inside.

What should I do now? Walk around the school like I said? Or should I just hang in one spot and ponder things?

....I'll walk around the school. That way at least I can still hear stuff. I started down the hallway and just thought about things. I didn't let myself get too deep into my thoughts. I made sure I was still aware of my surroundings.

After a few minutes of walking, I turned a corner and bumped into something. I fell onto my bottom and rubbed my head. "Oh god! I'm sorry!"

I looked up and saw Soviet standing there with a worried look on his face. "Are you alright?" He offered his hand to me.

I took it and he pulled me to my feet. "Yeah, I'm fine." I dusted myself off.

Soviet covered his face with his hands and groaned. "I should've been paying attention! I'm very sorry!"

"Soviet, it's fine. Besides, I'm not hurt." I smiled at him reassuringly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yup."

"...Are you really sure?"

"Soviet."

"Sorry!"

I shook my head and smiled. "You're like Canada2.0 at times."

"What does that mean?"

"You apologize a lot."

"Is that a problem? I'm sorry."

"Soviet, it's fine. Just stop apologizing."

"Sor-"

"So what are you doing?" I cut him off.

"Huh? Oh, just walking around the school. You?"

"Same thing."

"Really?" Soviet chuckled slightly. "I thought I was the only one."

We both laughed for a second. "You heading anywhere specific or just wandering?" I asked.

"Wandering. It's just relaxing in a way. I used to go outside sometimes but I can't ever since the school banned us from doing so during lunch..." Soviet's eyes seemed distant for a second before he shook his head. "Anyways...how about you?"

"I'm wandering as well. At first I just said it so I had an excuse to get away from the lovebirds, but then I decided to actually do it so I can think. You know where I'm getting at?"

"Da."

"Good."

An awkward silence settled in. After a few moments of nothing being said, I opened my mouth to say bye to Soviet when he asked, "What do you think of everything?"

"Huh?"

"Everything. The kidnappings, who the kidnappers are, everything..." Soviet was staring at the ground, but I could tell he was actually thinking.

"Not really..." Why would he ask me that so suddenly?

"Why?"

"I just...I try to avoid thinking about it... I try to ignore it in a way..?"

Soviet didn't say anything. He leaned against the wall and looked at the ceiling. I was starting to worry about him. As much as I don't interact with Soviet, I know this isn't like him... "Soviet..?" I went to place a hand on his arm.

The moment I touched him he flinched and his eyes widened. "Wah!- O-Oh, hey South..."

What the frick..? "Are you okay..?" I asked him.

He looked away. "Not really..."

"Do you wanna talk about it..?"

Soviet started to briskly walk away. "Soviet! Wait!" I called after him.

By the time I finished what I was saying he had already turned the corner and was gone. Jeez, he's fast...

More importantly, what *was* that? Why was he acting so weird? He was normal but then after the silence he...

I shook my head. He's probably just stressed out about everything. Some people tend to act weird when they're stressed, that could be Soviet's case.

No, no, Soviet's been stressed multiple times before, and he's never acted like *this!*

I...what am I gonna do? I want to help him, but how? I could tell UN! Wait, no...he already has enough to deal with... ASEAN maybe? No, he doesn't give a frick unless it's about a country in his organization.. NATO? No, he still holds a grudge against Soviet from the Cold War... EU? No..he's helping UN...

I racked my brain with ways to help Soviet and sorted them into piles of "it won't work", "maybe?" and "I have to think about it more".

I was ripped from everything I was thinking about when I heard the bell ring; signaling lunch ended. I sighed and started making my way to my locker. I'll think about this later. Maybe I can talk to Soviet during Gym and ask him what the frick just happened.

~Time skip~

I was sitting with America, Australia, and New Zealand. The twins were ripping up grass blades and talking to each other about which gym activities they enjoy more. America was on his phone, probably on Facebook. I was looking around the field for Soviet.

Mr. Hound had split us all into four groups. He assigned a certain game for a certain group. Those same groups had to then split into two teams and verse each other in the game. We switch games every 20 minutes.

The group I was in had been chosen for dodgeball. America, Australia, and New Zealand were also part of my same group.

Australia and New Zealand were on the other team, but we were still sitting together.

As you might've figured out by now, me, America, New Zealand, and Australia were already out. I actually got out on purpose so I could look for Soviet. I didn't see him on either of the dodgeball teams so I was looking at the other groups.

France slammed the basketball into the hoop as her team cheered. Although Britain was on the other team he congratulated her. I scanned the two teams as they got ready for another game. Kazakhstan, Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Latvia were over there. All Soviet's kids, but no Soviet.

I turned my attention towards another group playing volleyball. They were getting ready to start another game, probably in a minute they'll be playing again. I looked at the countries there. Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, Estonia, Belarus, and Russia were there. Once again, all Soviet's kids but no Soviet.

I looked at the last group, who were playing soccer. Honduras kicked the ball into the net. El Salvador, who was on the opposite team, got ticked and started yelling at her. They both were screaming at each other while the other countries there tried pulling them apart. Armenia and Kyrgyzstan were there, but their father wasn't.

I was confused. Where was Soviet? I scanned my group again. Panama threw a ball and it hit Åland Islands when Finland dodged out of the way. Argentina caught a ball and New Zealand got back into the game. Liberia dodged five balls that were thrown at her, and promtly used them to eliminate her attackers.

Sure enough, no Soviet. How the frick frack crackle- Oh wait, nevermind. I see him. He was talking to Mr. Hound with Italy, Japan, and Reich behind him. I got up to walk over to him but I heard quick footsteps behind me. I turned around and saw North Korea and China. "North?! China?!" I was surprised.

America turned around. "Wait a dang- weren't you two skipping today?"

China nodded when he and North reached us. "Yes but-"

"What's that?" I pointed to a paper in North's hand.

"That doesn't matter! Do you know where UN is?" China asked.

"He's playing volleyball over there." I pointed to the group. "Why?"

"I'll tell you later! At least, hopefully. Thanks!" China grabbed North's hand and they ran to where UN was.

"What the heck was that?" America stood up and came up beside me.

"I'm not sure..." I replied.

"Well, c'mon, we're up. South Africa caught two balls."

I nodded and ran back to the dodgeball game.

Israel POV

Gym was over and I had just finished changing back into my regular clothes. I was talking to Denmark about the games we had played.

"Yeah, I wasn't really a fan of volleyball." Denmark said.

"Probably cause you've never played it before." I pointed out.

Denmark shrugged. "Probably. The rules were so confusing, though. Tell me, were the rules confusing?"

"Mmm, a little."

"I'll take it."

We suddenly heard a shrill scream. Me and the other male countries who had finished changing rushed out of the locker room. I saw a few female countries rush out their locker room and look around frantically. "What's wrong? What happened?" I asked.

"It's Palestine!" Egypt cried.

"What about Palestine?" Indonesia asked.

"She's gone!" Belize had tears running down her face. "I-I was talking to her in the locker room and then the lights went out! When they turned back on she was gone! Palestine's gone!"

30

Tall POV

Well that wasn't hard. Kidnapping Palestine was easier than I thought. After Middle disabled the lights in the locker room I managed to quickly grab Palestine, cover her mouth, and then take her to an area no one was at. I had pressed the cloth with chloroform on it onto her mouth and nonexistent nose.

By the time the lights were back on and everyone was freaking out, I had handed an unconscious Palestine to Middle in a secret hole to the male locker room. All the male countries had been quickly getting dressed to see what was happening or already were. No one had been paying attention to him, so Middle says, so he was able to take Palestine and hide her somewhere.

I felt someone hug me tightly. I looked down at them and saw Colombia. I could feel her trembling slightly. "I'm scared, **[redacted]** ... I'm really scared..." She sniffed.

I hugged her and rubbed her back. "It's okay, Colombia. I'm sure nothing will happen to you." I said to her.

"B-But Ecuador got kidnapped! And so many other countries... How can you be sure that I won't be a target..?" Tears slid down her face.

I wiped them away. "It's gonna be alright. And trust me when I say this: nothing will happen to you."

Colombia wiped her remaining tears away. "O-Okay...I trust you..." She managed a smile. "Thank you..."

"No problem." I smiled back at her.

"I better find Venezuela..." Colombia waved goodbye and left the locker room.

I crossed my arms and began thinking of ways to get Palestine from

the other locker room. I'll ask Middle about it later.

Buff POV

Wow, already? Jeez, they work fast. I don't even think I asked them to kidnap Palestine but I'll take it.

I was standing in the crowd as the male countries asked the female ones questions while others rushed off to either search for Palestine or tell some authority figure. I went to the back of the crowd and stretched my wings. I noticed Small at the back also. He didn't seem to notice me.

Something about Small looked...off. He wasn't acting like he was worried or nervous, that's for sure. He actually looked nervous.

I shrugged it off and flapped my wings a bit. Small's always been nervous recently. I'm sure it's nothing.

I mean, it's not like I care, anyway.

Nonetheless, I tapped him on the shoulder and he flinched.
"**[Redacted]** , you okay?" I asked him.

Small looked up at me. "Uh..yeah..! I'm fine..." He looked away.

I could tell something was wrong. Fortunately for me, I don't give two craps about how he's feeling so I just shrugged and pretended to not notice. "Alright then."

I walked back to where I was and leaned against the wall. I soon heard quick footsteps down the hallway and turned to them. Third Reich was running down with two teachers close behind him, Mr. Hound and Mrs. Applebloom.

Mrs. Applebloom rushed into the female locker room while Mr. Hound asked everyone questions. I pretended to not know what was going on when he got to me. Soon enough, he moved on to someone else.

~Timeskip~

Annnd school's over. Yay. Time to go to the hideout. I checked my text messages and saw that Middle had told me he and Tall might be a little late. I put my phone away and started walking home. "Hey! **[Error]**!"

Oh god. I turned my head towards the voice and saw Kazakhstan running up to me. "Hey!" He said when he reached me. "How are you?"

Seriously? That's what he comes to me for. I just stared at him. "Why do you want to know?" I frowned slightly.

"I just want to know how you are." Kazakhstan replied, smiling that annoying smile.

I rolled my eyes and scoffed. "I'm fine. Now leave me alone." I turned away.

"You doing anything tonight?"

My fricking- Does this kid not get the hint?! I glared at him. "Yes. In fact, I'm very *busy* tonight. Go back to your siblings and father and leave me alone!"

Kazakhstan looked at me in surprise. "Okay, jeez... Just wanted to check on you since you looked upset." He walked away.

I rolled my eyes and continued walking. Stupid country. This is why I'm not having kids. Why must I interact with so many countries? Heck, some of my allies are countries I don't even like.

Once I made it to my house and put my disguise on and climbed out a window, making sure no one was watching. I spread my wings and flew through the forest to the hideout. I took the key out and unlocked the door, walking inside. I closed and locked it behind me.

I began walking down the long hallway to the meeting room. It didn't take long to reach it, and I went inside.

Turns out I'm the first one here. No surprise, Middle told me he and Tall would be late; they're probably getting Palestine. Small is never the first one here, anyways.

I sat down at the table and took out my notebook. Most of the names on here were crossed out. I looked at the recent names I wrote down: Soviet Union, Martial Law, Italy, Japan, and UN. I decided to scratch Italy and Japan's names out. Didn't have a reason, just changed my mind.

I pulled out a pencil and began thinking. What countries do I despise and which should I put on? Or maybe I should just pick a random country to be kidnapped because why not? I thought for a bit before pressing the lead onto the paper and writing, "Republic of Finland."

Middle POV

That took a bit. Palestine was now in her cell and Tall and I were walking to the meeting room. Took a bit longer than expected and we almost got caught, but we made it.

Tall opened the door and I walked inside. Small and Buff were already there, sitting in silence. "Hey you two." I greeted, removing my hoodie.

"Hey Middle. Finally got here, huh?" Buff asked.

"Yeah. Took a bit longer than expected but we got her." Tall and I sat down.

"So uh...what's the point of this meeting again..?" Small asked.

"We could review things, talk about which country to torture cause why not, or new victims." I answered.

"Oh! That reminds me. Tall, have you thought about kidnapping Soviet?" Buff asked.

Tall frowned. "I'm still thinking about it."

"Aw come on! You've been thinking about it for weeks now!"

"I need time."

Buff crossed his arms. "I don't see why you're so hung up on your

ex. It's obvious he hates and wants nothing to do with you."

"I am aware!"

"Then let us kidnap him!"

"No!"

"That's enough." I interjected. "No more arguing. If Tall needs more time to think about it, then so be it. I'm not actually sure myself, being honest."

Buff groaned. "Can we talk about something else?" Small asked.

I shrugged. "Sure."

"Should we torture anyone today?" Tall asked.

"Of course we should. Just need to decide who." I replied.

"How about Palestine? She's new." Buff suggested.

"I'm not feeling up for Palestine today. Maybe tomorrow."

"Hm...Timor-Leste maybe?" Tall asked.

"No!" Small shouted.

We stared at him. "Why not?" I asked.

"U-Uh...b-because we tortured him on Saturday!" Small said.

"That's true..." Buff said.

"Okay then... How about Pakistan?" Tall leaned back.

"Pakistan seems like a good choice. She hasn't been tortured in a while." I said.

"Okay. Tall, get Pakistan from her cell." Buff looked at Tall.

Tall got up and left the room. "Small, Buff, come help me set up the devices." I got up and left the room with them behind me.

Fiji POV

I sat hugging my knees with my back against the wall. I sighed. We're never gonna get out of here... The police and other countries won't ever find us. It'll just be endless torture until death.

Tears slid down my cheeks. I barely noticed them. I have cried so much that when my tears appear I don't even notice.

Why? Why did I have to forget that one jug of milk? If I hadn't I wouldn't even be here. I'd be home. In my comfy bed. I'd be hanging out with my friends and laughing happily.

But I'm here. Getting tortured with no mercy. I no longer fear death. In fact, that's what I want right now. To die. Dying will lay me at rest. It will free me from this place. I'll no longer feel pain...

My thoughts were cut off when I heard Pakistan start sobbing. She was begging for something. I pressed my nonexistent ear against the wall to hear slightly better. "Please no! I don't want to be hurt, please!" She begged.

The person with her didn't say anything. I heard what sounded like dragging. Pakistan was shouting, sobbing, and begging. I heard India start to yell for whoever it was to leave his sister alone.

My teeth started to clench. I didn't want Pakistan to be tortured but I knew she was going to anyway. 'India, stop calling...' I thought as I listened to the siblings. 'India stop or you're gonna get it, too...'

I eventually heard the door to Pakistan's room slam shut. I heard her sobbing steadily become distant as she was dragged away to the point I couldn't hear her anymore.

A few minutes pass. I hear another door open. It was in the direction of the Pakistan's room, what it wasn't her room. It was India's. I listened to the Indian try to struggle against whoever dragged him out of his room.

I sighed to myself. I knew what was coming for those two, and I felt bad for them. I feel bad for everyone here.

What did we do to deserve this?

31

(What am I doing with this chapter-)

~A few weeks pass~

NK POV

Life is the worst.

No one likes me.

Everyone hates me.

Everyone wants me dead.

Everyone wishes I never existed.

Everything is so bad to the point that whenever my friends talk to me or try to help me I just hear insults. Countless insults engraved into my brain by the countries around the world.

I'm getting bullied by everyone and think my friends secretly hate me.

Yay.

Recently, I've been thinking about what would happen if I died. Would anyone care? Would anyone go to the funeral? What if no one even plans my funeral?

Whatever. It wouldn't be a surprise if the answer to all that is no.

I was in one of the bathrooms in the school. I had locked myself in the very last stall so I could cry my eyes out in peace. I don't know how long I've been here, and I frankly don't care. The longer I'm away from everyone the better.

I eventually heard the bathroom door open. I put my hand over my

mouth to stop any cries from coming out and alerting the person I was here. I sat completely still to not make any noise.

"North Korea?" The person gently called.

What the..? Why are they calling for me? They sound like they mean no harm... No, they're gonna hurt me. They're trying to lure me out and then when the time is right they'll start hurting me. That's how it always goes.

"North Korea, I know you're in here..." The person continued.

No you don't.

"I checked every bathroom in the school if you don't believe me."

Okay, maybe you do.

"W-What..?" I sniffed. "What d-do you w-want..?"

I heard the person walk to the stall I was in. "I'm here to help... Please come out..." The person said gently.

I sniffed. I didn't move from my spot. They could be lying. But they could be telling the truth.

"North, please..."

I silently sighed and stood up. I walked to the stall door and hesitantly unlocked it. I peaked out. Mr. Lucas stood there looking at me worridly.

Great. Now a teacher is worrying about me. Awesome.

"Is everything alright, North Korea?" Mr. Lucas asked gently.

I shook my head slightly.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

I shrugged.

"Do you want to come out?"

I didn't move. Should I come out? Or should I not? I sat still thinking for a few moments before deciding to come out the stall. I slowly opened the door all the way and stepped out. I stared at the ground as Mr. Lucas took a small step towards me. "Come on, we can talk in the front office." He smiled at me.

I nodded silently and followed him out the bathroom. As we walked down the hall other countries stared and whispered. I threw my hoodie on and pulled on the strings, covering most of my face.

Once we reached the front office, Mr. Lucas opened the door and let me go in first. I went inside and heard him close the door behind him. Mr. Bull was standing there with a few more of the front office workers. "Hello North Korea." He greeted.

"Greetings sir..." I forced a small smile but it dwindled quickly.

A woman stepped forward. She smiled softly at me. "North Korea, I've heard about you."

"You...you have..?"

She nodded. "My name is Ms. Rose, I'll be your counselor for the rest of the school year."

"Counselor..?"

"Mhm. I've been told you've been having some problems with your fellow classmates and mental health."

I avoided eye-contact and nodded slightly.

Ms. Rose hummed. "Follow me, please."

Ms. Rose walked to the office door and opened it. She looked back at me with a soft, reassuring smile. I was nervous, to be honest. I looked back at Mr. Bull, Mr. Lucas, and the other staff. "Go on, Ms. Rose will help you." Mr. Bull said.

I looked back at Ms. Rose. She didn't looked annoyed or mad, much to my surprise. She was still smiling softly. Is she being...patient with me? I think she is... But why?

I slowly started stepping toward Ms. Rose. I eventually left the office and heard her close the door. She started walking down the hall and motioned for me to follow her. I walked beside her, still nervous.

There were only a few countries in the hall. Even so, they stared at us when we walked by. I kept staring at the floor and staying close to Ms. Rose as we walked. I don't know why, but I trust her.

Excuse me, what?

Ah, great. There's the random voice in my head I've been hearing.

You don't even know this lady, and you trust her? Just like that? What happened to the North that was cold and didn't trust someone new?

.....

Silent now, are we? Pathetic. You're a useless shell of who you used to be.

No I'm not...

Yes you are. Look at you, Ms. Rose even thinks you're a freak.

"North?"

I flinched. *See?* The voice then disappeared.

I hesitantly looked up at Ms. Rose. She was looking at me, worried. "Are you alright? You were murmering and shaking."

I was? I looked at my hands and sure enough, they were shaking. I noticed my body was, too. "Y-Yeah... I'm okay..."

Ms. Rose didn't say anything and continued walking. My heart was pounding in my nonexistent ears. I didn't want my own counselor to dislike me, the whole school already does.

We eventually reached the staircase and walked up them. "...Where are we going?" I asked.

"To my office." Ms. Rose responded.

We walked down the hallway and I saw a door that said "Counselor's Office". This must be Ms. Rose's room.

Ms. Rose opened the door and I walked inside. The room's walls were a soft blond color while the floor was a pastel blue. The right and left walls were decorated with posters, drawings, paintings, and pictures. A giant blue rug covered most of the room.

In the center of the room sat Ms. Rose's desk. It had a red vase filled with yellow roses on one side. On the other sat a framed picture of Ms. Rose and two other young looking blanks; one boy and one girl. Maybe her kids?

Other than that her desk just had three notebooks, a cup full of pens and markers, another full of pencils, and a small stack of stickers with positive messages.

There was a chair in front of the desk and another behind it. "Please have a seat." Ms. Rose said, going to the chair behind the desk and sitting down it.

I hesitantly walked over to the other chair and sat down. I looked around the room, trying to distract myself from the conversation we were going to have. "Nice room..." I said. It was actually kinda nice.

"Thank you. I might change some stuff up later on, I put everything up two days ago." Ms. Rose replied with a happy tone.

Maybe I can ask her questions and get to know her to avoid the original conversation? Worth a shot. "Um...are you new here?" I asked.

"Yes, actually. Though, this isn't the first school I've worked at. But it is the first one where I've been with you countries, so I'm very excited." She smiled softly at me.

"How many schools have you worked at?"

"Seven. First two were elementary, the third was a middle school, then the remaining were high school."

"Were you ever fired?"

"No, I just chose to move on."

I looked at the framed picture. "Who are those two? The boy and the girl?"

Ms. Rose looked at the picture and her smile grew wider. "Those are my kids, Jake and Grace. I adopted them when they were little. You might've seen them around, Grace works with her friend, Isabelle, at a coffee shop and Jake works at an ice cream shop a block away from her."

"You said you adopted them?"

Ms. Rose nodded.

"Can you tell me how?"

"You sure?"

I nodded.

"Okay then." Ms. Rose leaned back in her chair. "Two months after Jake was born their parents hired a babysitter, who was my sister, Charlotte, cause they wanted to go on a date together. They told Charlotte they'd be gone for the rest of the day and would return in the morning. The next morning though, they never turned up. Charlotte didn't think anything of it since it was normal for parents to forget to contact her when something came up.

"Then came lunch time. Grace was asking for her parents and all Charlotte could respond with was 'They'll be home soon.' An hour pass lunchtime Charlotte decided to text the parents and try to see why they weren't back yet. Another hour later, she still hadn't received a text back. She tried calling them five times, and every time they never picked up the phone.

"It was then that she called police and reported them missing. She had to inform the relatives of the parents, but it turns out only the mom's mom was willing to take care of the kids, the others never responded. So Charlotte dropped Grace and her baby brother off at

the grandma's and had to leave for important family matters.

"A month later, police still couldn't find a lead on the dissapearence of the parents. Some people theorized the parents ran away somewhere without telling anyone so they didn't have to take care of their kids. Charlotte disagreed with theories like this. She had babysitted for those parents before, and it was obvious to her they loved Grace and Jake.

"Another month passes and police still haven't found anything. The grandma unfortunately passes away and Grace and Jake are forced to go to a Foster Care.

"A few years later, Charlotte finally tells me what happened back then. I had met Grace and Jake before and hearing this broke my heart. After some digging I found the Foster Care they were in and went to it. They were so happy when they saw me, and I was happy when I saw them.

"Then after some paperwork I adopted them. I raised them and they are currently teenagers working part-time jobs. That brings us to now."

"...Were the parents ever found..?"

Ms. Rose sighed. "No.. It's unfortunate, too, they were amazing people. The mother was a doctor and the father owned a business. The sweetest people I've ever known."

"..If you don't mind me asking...what were their names..?"

"The mother's name was Veronica and the father's name was Henry."

I nodded and went silent. I remember hearing something like this before. I wasn't paying that much attention though, so I'm not sure if it was the same case.

Ms. Rose clapped and leaned forward. "Alright, enough about me. We're here for you."

Oh god.

~Time skip~

It was the end of my time with Ms. Rose. To be honest, I didn't really want to leave. But I knew I had to. It was lunchtime, anyway. "Oh! Here's your new schedule." Ms. Rose handed me my schedule. "You no longer go to Social Studies. Instead, you come here!"

I smiled slightly. That's good. I don't have to deal with Ms. Ginger anymore. "Alright.. Thank you, Ms. Rose."

"You're welcome, North. Now hurry, you don't want to miss lunch." Ms. Rose chuckled.

I nodded with a smile and stood up. I walked to the door and opened it. I waved to her before leaving. She waved back and I closed the door behind me.

Once I entered the hall, I started walking in the direction of my locker. Hm..maybe I should grab my lunchbox first and *then* go to Ms. Rose's room. That way I can just head straight to lunch once our session is over.

Yeah, I think I might start doing that.

I arrived at my locker and put the combo in. As I was doing so and grabbing my lunchbox I heard two countries walk by me. "Did you hear that Ms. Ginger actually made Finland cry?" One of them asked the other.

I closed my locker and looked at the two countries. Slovakia and Slovenia. It seemed Slovakia was the one who asked the question. "No, I didn't. How?" Slovenia asked.

I started following them. I mean, the lunch room was in the same direction they were walking in so I kinda had to. "Norway got injured badly earlier before Finland went to her class. He had his hand raised but she kept ignoring him and calling on other students. It was only until Wales raised her hand and told Ms. Ginger Finland wanted to ask something. *That's* when she finally called on him.

"Finland asked if he could leave to check on his brother. Ms. Ginger

asked why."

"Of course she did." Slovenia said. "It's Ms. Ginger."

Slovakia nodded and continued. "Finland told her about Norway and then asked his question again. Ms. Ginger then declined and started saying stuff about how it was probably Finland's fault Norway got hurt in the first place. She said some more stuff and Finland eventually started crying."

"Aw... I feel bad for him..." Slovenia said.

"I do, too... He was sniffling for the rest of the lesson.." Slovakia sighed. "I wanna give him a hug."

"Me too.." Slovenia glanced behind them and then turned to me. "North Korea?"

Slovakia whipped around. "You!"

I flinched. She suddenly smiled and hugged my slightly. "I was looking for you in Social Studies! Where were you?"

"U-Um... Counselor..." I murmered, confused.

"You go to a counselor now?" Slovenia sighed. "That makes sense.. I'm really sorry you have to go through all this bullying."

"U-Uh...it's fine..?" I was surprised. I didn't expect this to be their reactions to me.

"Come on, we'll walk you to your table. We can make sure your bullies don't bother you." Slovakia offered.

"Oh.. Uh...sure..! Thank you..." I smiled slightly.

"No problem! Now come on, your friends are probably worried."

The two female countries started walking. I followed after them, making sure I stayed close. They both talked to me and wished me good luck on my situation. The smile I had grew wider.

We eventually reached the lunch room doors. Slovenia opened them and walked through with me and Slovakia behind her. Like they said, they walked me to my lunch table.

China stood up and walked over. "Did anything happen to him?" He asked as I hugged him.

Slovenia and Slovakia shook their heads. "Doesn't seem like it. We walked him here in case any countries wanted to pick on him." Slovakia said.

China held me tightly and smiled at them. "Thank you."

"No problem!" Slovenia waved and walked to the table the Balkans sat at. Food was being thrown and everyone was screaming at each other. Slovakia walked to where her brother, Czechia, sat.

China lead to me to our table and we sat down. Iran, Indonesia, Martial Law, and Russia waved. I waved back. "I have a new schedule." I said.

"New schedule? What is it?" Martial asked.

I showed them all the schedule Ms. Rose gave me. "I go to Ms. Rose's room instead of Social Studies now."

"Lucky you. Ms. Ginger was in a real bad mood today. Did you hear what she did to Finland?" Indonesia asked.

"Mhm. Slovenia and Slovakia were talking about it."

"Fits. What happened spread like wildfire. I wouldn't be surprised if every country already knows what happened." Iran said.

"Has anyone seen Finland?" I asked.

"He ran out of the classroom and down the hall I hear. I've looked around the lunchroom three times and he isn't here. He might be with Norway in the nurse's office." China explained.

"He is. Estonia got a call from him on his way to lunch. My brother might be with him right now." Russia said.

I started eating. "Hopefully he's okay..." Martial murmered.

"Yeah.."

The table went silent. A few moments later we heard Indonesia murmer something. "Did you say something, Indo?" Iran asked.

"...I miss Netherlands..." Indonesia said a little louder.

We all got quiet again. "I do, too..." I said.

"We all do..." Russia looked away from us all with a sad look.

"Maybe...maybe if I had gone with him he wouldn't be missing..." Indonesia sniffed.

Iran wiped a tear away. "The police and UN will find him, I'm sure of it. They'll find him, and they'll find the rest, too."

"Yeah, we have to keep our hopes up. We could help as well, keep a look out for suspicious looking things or countries." Martial said.

Indonesia smiled slightly. "Yeah...yeah, we can. We should."

"Iran?"

We all turned to a country standing next to Iran awkwardly. How had we not seen him before? Whatever, I recognized the flag as Iraq's flag. "What is it?" Iran sighed.

"Jordan wants to talk to you."

"Alright. Be right back, guys." Iran stood up and followed Iraq to Jordan.

"Should we watch?" Russia asked.

"Maybe we shouldn't. It's none of our business, anyway." I said.

"North's right." Martial agreed.

"Okay then." Russia shrugged.

We talked for a bit before Iran came back over. "Hey Iran! What was that about?" China asked.

Iran sat down silently. "Nothing." He said.

"You sure? You sound upset."

Iran was silent for a few moments before sighing. "Jordan wants me to stop sitting with you guys and start sitting with him and the others."

"Oh... What happened?" Russia asked.

"I declined and they got a little upset. Started asking stuff like 'What did they do for you?' Crap like that. I just walked away." He went back to eating.

"...I...I don't want to ruin your friendship with them..." I said.

"No, no, North, it's fine. Besides, they only got a little upset. I still hang out with them outside of school." Iran reassured me.

"Okay then..."

"Let's talk about something else?" He asked.

We all agreed.

SK POV

The end of lunch was dreadful. I heard what Ms. Ginger did to Finland so I was kinda nervous about going to her class. "Nervous, South?" I heard someone ask me as I walked.

I turned to them and saw Poland. "Yeah, a little..." I admitted.

Poland smiled at me. "Don't be. Just don't ask anything and do everything she says and you should be fine."

"Okay...thanks Poland." I smiled back at him.

"No problem!"

Hungary walked up to us and talked with Poland the rest of the way to class. Hungary had to go since he had a different class to go to and rushed off. Poland waved after him and followed me into the Social Studies room.

Every country filed in silently. We sat at our desks and looked nervously at Ms. Ginger. Sure enough, she looked like she was in a bad mood. She growled slightly and started teaching the lesson.

I did what Poland told me. I stayed silent and listened to what she said and did what she told me to. Even if I was confused on something I didn't ask any questions.

It seemed every country was doing the same thing I was. Though it seemed Ms. Ginger avoided looking and talking to Poland. That's weird. Welp, guess it's easier for him to survive this classroom.

It felt like it had been forever before the bell rang. I got up and bounded out of the room with the other countries behind me. I noticed Poland stayed behind so I was very confused when the closed the classroom door with himself still inside it. I was worried about him, too.

"South! You survived!" I felt someone hug me from behind.

I almost fell but caught myself. "Woah!"

"Sorry!" They pulled away and stepped in front of me. "You survived the tyrant! I'm so happy for you!" America smiled.

I smiled as well. "Thanks! But I"m worried about Poland."

"Why?"

"He didn't leave the classroom. He closed the door after everyone left."

"Ah, sheesh... Let's hope he lives."

"Yeah..."

"Let's get to our next class now. Don't wanna be late!" America

started walking.

I chuckled and followed him. "You, the United States of America, don't want to be late for class?"

"I mean, Britain will me ban from the game systems for a month if I miss or am late for one more class so..." He chuckled.

"Yeah, that makes sense now."

"How's your day been?" America asked.

"Good, you?"

"Good as well. Oh, you wanna hear something about Nada?"

"What?"

"He's considering talking and hanging out with your brother more. He might even start sitting at his table."

"That's cool! I hear Spain's thinking of the same thing."

"Didn't Spain defend North when Mr. Ferndale made fun of him that one time?"

"Mhm!"

"Well that's nice to know."

We eventually reached my class. "See you, America!" I waved as he continued walking.

He waved back. "See ya, South! I'll see you later, okay?"

"Okay!"

I walked into the classroom and took my seat.

~Time skip~

Finally, the school day was over. Strangely enough, I hadn't seen North around a whole bunch. It would make sense, though, he's

probably trying to avoid his bullies. I was walking to my house when I got a notification sound. It wasn't just any notification sound.

I quickly checked my phone and saw that UN called an emergency meeting. I rushed home and opened my front door. I threw my backpack into my house and closed and locked the door. I sprinted to the meeting building.

Once I reached it I gasping for breath. "South!" America held me up. "Did you run all the way here?"

I nodded as I continued. "Help me...help me inside..."

America nodded and helped me up the stairs and into the building. Another door sat ten feet in front of us and we walked to it. We entered the meeting room and saw about twenty countries there already. UN and the other organisations weren't in there yet.

America helped me to my seat and then walked to his own. I closed my eyes and focused on catching my breath. By the time I opened my eyes again, even more countries had shown up and my brother was sitting beside me. "Are you okay, South?" Japan asked. He was standing beside me.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just tired." I sat up and looked at him.

"America told me you ran all the way here. You should really get a car."

I shrugged. "I'll think about it."

Japan walked away to his seat. More and more countries showed up until almost country were in their seats. For some reason, Russia's siblings and Soviet weren't there. Russia brushed it off and said they were coming, they just needed to handle things first.

UN was standing at the front with EU, NATO, ASEAN, and African Union at his sides. "You all might be confused on why I called this meeting, well, we found something that will help us with the missing cases."

Everyone was staring at UN. "Well, what is it?" Yemen asked.

UN held something up. Wait- What the frick is that? It's small. What. The. Frick-

What the *heck* is that?

"You might be confused on what it is." AU said as UN handed EU the thing.

The countries nodded. "Yeah, well, we're not sure either."

"What the fri-"

Haiti got interrupted by ASEAN. "But! We found out it has audio in it."

"So we're gonna play it!" NATO pushed ASEAN aside as EU put the thing into...something that plays audio.

I need to get more sleep.

"NATO, WHAT F-"

BRICS slapped a hand over ASEAN's mouth as the audio began to play.

A bit of static sounds before we heard a male voice. "Sure, I guess..."

Another male voice. "Come on, Middle. Soviet stopped talking to you a while ago, why are you hesitant?"

Middle?

"I dunno..."

"What about you?"

A female voice now. "We...we can't do that to him."

"And why not?"

"Because Soviet's my ex-husband."

The audio stopped. Everyone was silent, even the organisations. I stood up. "I recognize that voice."

UN flinched slightly. "What?"

"I recognize the female voice! Remember when I called you told you about that call?"

UN thought for a moment. "Oh, yeah."

I sighed. "South, maybe you should stay with us for a bit..." America looked at me, worried.

"N-No...I'm fine..." I sat down again. "I'll be fine, it was a while ago, anyway."

America sighed. "I'll talk to after the meeting..."

"The female voice said she was Soviet's ex." Israel said. "One of the male voices also said to the other that Soviet stopped talking to him a while ago, so it's clear that Soviet at one point had a relationship with two of them."

"So let's call him!" NATO shouted.

"Papa's phone died." Russia said.

"Oh."

An awkward silence settled in. "Oh, wait! Russia, do you know who your mom is?" UN asked.

Russia shook his head and sank down in his seat slightly. "Sorry..."

AU sighed. "Britain."

Britain looked at her. "Hm?"

"Do you know who Soviet's ex is?"

"How could Britain know?" Vietnam snorted.

"Me and him have been friends since childhood, get over it. And no,

I don't know who his ex is..."

"Wait, how? Didn't you say you were-" AU's mouth got covered by WTO.

"I just...can't remember..." Britain mumbled and scooted closer to France.

"Alright then."

"Meeting dismissed." UN announced suddenly.

"Wait what?" Nigeria asked.

"Meeting dismissed, go home. Now." UN walked out the room.

EU, worried, followed him. So did the other organisations.

Wait, I'm confused.

~Time skip~

I ended up declining America's offer to stay with him and his family for a bit. I'll admit it, I almost accepted when he started begging because I felt bad.

I was walking home next to North and China. China was holding North close and had a worried look on his face. I sighed. "How are you both doing?" I asked.

"Worried..." China replied. North didn't say anything.

My lips pursed together tightly. "UN and the others will figure out what's going on, I know it."

"Y-Yeah..." North murmered.

Eventually we reached my and North's houses. North surprisingly hugged me tightly. "See you later..." He murmered.

I hugged him back. "See you."

We pulled away and walked up to our front doors. I unlocked and

opened mine. As I was entering, I saw from the corner of my eye that China kissed and hugged North tightly before he had to leave.

I closed my front door and sighed. I looked at my backpack and grumbled a little. Homework is the last thing I wanna do right now. I walked upstairs. I'm gonna listen to K-POP instead; it's more relaxing after all.

Middle POV

The four of us were in our meeting room. Tall was panicking. "How do they have that?! Where did that audio come from?! Where- I-"

"Tall, calm down!" Buff took a step towards her.

"How?! How the frick am I supposed to calm down when they can find out who I am any second!?" She started hyperventilating.

Buff grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "Tall! Listen to me, you need to calm down, okay? We're all freaked out about it, but we need to stay calm."

Tall nodded frantically and started taking deep breaths. Buff sighed and pulled away from her. "Sit down."

Tall sat in her seat and eested her head in her arms. "Middle, come with me. Small, stay with Tall." Buff walked out the room and I followed after him.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Soviet and Russia's house."

~Time skip~

Buff and I sat hidden in some bushes near the Russian house. It was nighttime now. "Alright, we'll sneak in and kidnap Soviet, okay? I need you to make sure we can get out fast when we do." Buff told me.

Normally I wouldn't be taking orders but I didn't have any better ideas. "Alright."

"Be quiet, we can't wake Russia up." Buff whispered and started creeping towards the house.

I followed him and we snuck inside.

Third Person POV

Soviet woke up in his bed, obviously. He yawned and sat up. His mouth felt a little dry so he decided to get a drink of water before heading back to sleep.

He slid out of bed and stood up. He opened his bedroom door and began walking down the hallway. He went down the stairs and was walking through the living room or the kitchen when he was grabbed from behind.

Startled, he elbowed whoever grabbed him in the stomach and heard a grunt from them. Their grip on him loosened and he took the chance to break free. He whipped around to face his attacker but was tripped by another.

Russia POV

A thump from downstairs woke me up. I slid out of bed and tiredly walked into the hallway. I glanced in the direction of Soviet's door and saw it was open. Yup, Soviet's out of bed and doing something. He must've fell.

I decided to check on him and began walking towards the stairs. I began going down them. "Папа, you alright?"

I heard noises. Struggling, it sounded like. I reached the bottom of the stairs and looked into the living room. I saw Soviet struggling against someone who was trying to knock him out. "Russia!" He called out before getting punched in tbe gut.

"Get away from him!" I started rushing to them but felt pain my shins. "Gah!" I fell to the floor.

I looked up and saw a smaller male. He was the one who kicked my shins. I looked in Soviet's direction and saw he was growing tired, a cloth was being held over his face as well. "Get away from him!" I

yelled and tried rushing to them but the other male grabbed and held me back.

He pressed some cloth up against my face. As I struggled I noticed it smelled weird. I soon began losing energy and passes out.

Middle POV

I felt Russia go limp in my arms and let out a sigh of relief. "You alright, Buff?" I asked.

Buff nodded, holding a now unconscious Soviet. "I'm fine." He sighed. "Guess we'll have to take Russia back, too."

"Mhm. Come on, let's get out of here."

We snuck out the house with a little bit of difficulty with the unconscious countries. We crept away from the house.

Estonia POV

Next morning

Finland and I were walking to Soviet and Russia's house. "Do I *have* to come?" Finland asked, a little annoyed.

"Jah, (Yes,) Finny."

"Why can't I just stay at your house?"

"Because I want you to come."

Finland crossed his arms and grumbled as I chuckled. "Cheer up, it's not that bad."

"Yes, it is."

"No, it's not. We'll only be there for an hour, okay?"

"An *hour?!"*

"Yes, an hour."

Finland made some noises before sighing in defeat. I chuckled at him.

We eventually reached the house. I took out my key and unlocked the front door. "Ready, babe?" I turned to Finland?

Finland sighed. "Ready..."

I opened the front door and stepped inside. The living room was a mess. "Wow." Finland looked at the mess.

"Papa ne permettrait pas ça... (Dad wouldn't allow this...)" I murmered.

I went upstairs and began walking down the wall. I went to Russia's room first since it was the closest. The door was wide open and I stepped inside.

His bed covers were moved aside in a way that you would when you get out of bed. I ran out his room and down the hall to the Soviet's room. His door was also wide open. I rushed inside and saw his bed covers were the same way.

I then proceeded to run around the house and knock on every door and checked every room. Bathrooms? Check. Kitchen? Check. Backyard? Check. Everything else? Check.

I ran back into the living room. "Esti? Is something wrong?" Finland looked at me, worried.

"Call UN!"

"What?"

"Call him! *NOW!"*

Finland pulled out his phone and started dialing UN's number. "Esti, what's going on?" He put the phone up to his nonexistent ear.

I didn't answer and stared at the mess. "Please don't be real... Please don't be real... Please don't be real... Please don't be real..."

32

Soviet awoke to find himself in a cell. He groaned and sat up. The floor didn't feel comfortable, at all. Memories of last night's events came back to him. Panic began to set in and he looked frantically around the room.

He started trying to get out but to no avail. He sighed, defeated, and sat in a corner of his cell. He heard shuffling behind the wall he was up against. "Hello?" He called.

"Папа?" Russia's voice called back.

"Are you okay?" Soviet asked.

"I think so... What about you?"

"I'm okay."

"Do you know where we are..?" Russia sounded nervous.

"Нет (No)..."

Soviet heard footsteps coming toward his door. He went silent and watched as his door opened. A small male stepped in, he looked around the hallway quickly before closing the door. He turned and faced Soviet. "Hey..."

Soviet didn't say anything and glared at the male. The male approached the cell. "I-I'm Small..." He stuttered.

"What do you want?" Soviet snapped.

Small flinched. "I... Are you hungry..?"

"Why would you want to know?" Soviet scowled.

"J-Just wondering... I don't want you to starve..."

What Small said surprised Soviet. "Huh?"

"I don't want you to starve... I already fed the others, it's only you and Russia left..."

Soviet was silent. "So...are you..?" Small repeated his question from before.

Soviet's stomach grumbled. "Да..." Soviet murmered.

"I'm hungry, too.." Russia called the other side of the wall.

"Okay.. I'll be back as soon as I can. If Middle, Tall, or Buff come in, please don't tell them I was here..." Small walked towards the door.

"Okay, we won't. Right, Russia?" Soviet looked at the wall.

"Mhm!" Russia responded.

Small smiled slightly and left the room.

Soviet Union POV

When Small left the room I leaned against the wall and sighed. "He seems nice..." I heard Russia say.

"Russia, don't. He works with *them*. Sure, he's gonna feed us but we can't trust him." I told my youngest son.

Russia sighed. "Right...sorry..."

"It's fine.."

We sat in silence for a few moments. "Hey, Папа?"

"Да?"

"What do you think the others reactions to this will be? We're missing now..." Russia's voice quivered at the last sentence.

"I...don't know..." I sighed. "But they'll start looking for us, I know it.."

"What will my siblings say... Ame... China... North... My friends..." I heard Russia sniffle.

If I could hug him I would. "Russia, it's alright..."

"Нет! It's not!" Russia let out a soft cry.

I heard my room door open and looked towards it. I saw Small. He was holding a plate of food. He walked to a button amd pressed it.

I heard scraping sounds and saw my cell door opening. But Small pushed the button again before it got big enough for me to escape. I sighed and watched as he walked to the door and slid the plate through. "I'm sorry it's not the best..." He murmered and stood up again.

"It's fine..." I crawled to the plate and set it on my lap.

"Hide it between the loose rocks in the wall when your done. That way the others won't see it when they come in here." Small walked back to the button and pressed it. The cell door closed all the way.

I nodded and watched him leave. I began eating. A minute or two later he came back in again. "Hey..." He greeted.

I raised a brow at him. "I uh...I gave Russia his food... And I heard your conversation..."

I stopped eating. "...I'll try convincing the others to let you guys share a cell, okay..?" Small looked away.

Once again, I was surprised by this. "Okay..." I responded.

Small nodded. "I have to go now.. Bye."

"Bye."

He left the room quickly.

33

Finland POV

Estonia was sobbing while telling UN what had happened. I sat to the side shuffling uncomfortably while I listened to them.

"Estonia, I need you to calm down, I can't quite understand you." UN told my boyfriend with worry in his voice.

Estonia took some deep breaths and hugged himself tightly. "F-Finland and I came here to visit b-but the living room was a m-mess... K-Knowing Isa (Dad) I checked every room in the h-house for them but they a-aren't here..."

UN pursed his lips together and nodded. "Okay.. I want you and Finland to go home, okay? If the other organisations and I can't find them within a day then we'll deem them missing. Tell your siblings what happened."

Estonia nodded and motioned me to follow him. I stood up and followed him out the house. "Esti...you okay..?" I asked, worried.

Estonia didn't answer me and kept walking. I sighed and set my hand on his shoulder and pulled him closer to me. He leaned into my touch as we walked and let out a shaky sigh. "You okay..?" I repeated my question from before.

Estonia answered this time. But not to the question. "Whoever took them better not hurt them... I will kill them if they do..." He growled.

I tensed up a bit at his tone of voice and what he said. I didn't say anything and looked ahead of us. "Finland."

I turned to Estonia again. "Joo? (Yes?)"

He handed me his phone. "Text in my siblings' group chat." He sped up his walking pace.

"W-Wait! What do you want me to say? And where are you going?" I called to him as I sped up as well.

"Tell them to meet me at my house! Catch up when you can!" He started sprinting.

I sighed and walked slower. I logged in to Estonia's phone and searched for the group chat he and his siblings were in. It took a while for me to find. Should've known it'd be called "Nitwits".

Baltic Boi #2
Meet Estonia at his house.

WINGS
I'm guessing this is Finland?

Baltic Boi #2
Yeah. Also, what's with the usernames?

WINGS
Russia made this chat while he was high on sugar.

Xbox Logo
And vodka!

Angry Flower Crown
How do you get high on vodka?

PATATOES
You can't. Vodka = drunk

Xbox Logo
Stop ruining my fun.

Baltic Boi #1
Kyrgyzstan having fun? Wow.

Xbox Logo
SHUT IT

Plus Signs
This is the family I was born into.

PATATOES
Yes, now deal with it.

Baltic Boi #2
If any of you don't mind, could you tell me who's who? I'm confused.

WINGS
Sure.
I'm Kazakhstan.
Xbox Logo is Kyrgyzstan.
Angry Flower Crown is Ukraine.
PATATOES is Belarus.
Baltic Boi #1 is Latvia.
Plus Signs is Georgia.
Those are the ones so far.

Baltic Boi #2
Okay, thanks.

WINGS
No problem.
By the way, did Esti say why he wanted us to go?

Baltic Boi #2
No, but I'm pretty sure I know what it is. Just hurry over.

WINGS
Okay.

Baltic GURL
Kas vyksta?
(What's happening?)

Baltic Boi #1
Igaunija vėlas, lai mės ejam uz viņa māju.
(Estonia wants us to go to his house.)

Baltic GURL
Gerai.
(Okay.)

WINGS

Alright everyone, head to Estonia's house.

I turned Estonia's phone off and started jogging to his house. I soon reached it and knocked on the door. Estonia opened his door and pulled me inside. "What'd they say?" He asked as he closed and locked the door.

"In the end Kazakhstan said to come here." I gave him his phone back.

Estonia turned his phone on and read the conversation. He chuckled and tucked it into his pocket. "So...how exactly are you gonna tell them?" I asked.

Estonia frowned slightly. "Not sure yet.." He sighed. "I'll figure something out."

"Okay.."

"Fin, can you open the door when any of them come? I'll be in the kitchen." He started walking to his kitchen.

"Doing what?"

"Making snacks or something."

I sat down on his couch with a huff. I pulled my phone out and began scrolling through missed text messages. I missed a text from EU an hour ago, that isn't good.

EU
Norway's calling me poor again help-

Oh. Well then, it isn't important. I put my phone away and turned on Estonia's TV. I browsed the channels until I found one I wanted to watch.

A few minutes later, I heard the doorbell ring. "Fin!" I heard Estonia call from the kitchen.

"I know!" I called back and stood up. I walked to the door and opened it. "Hey Kazakhstan."

Kazakhstan waved. "Hey."

"Where are the others?" I moved out the way.

"On their way." Kazakhstan walked inside. "Where's Estonia?"

"Kitchen." I closed the door and saw Kazakhstan walk towards and into the kitchen.

I heard them talking and sat back down on the couch. I glanced at the clock and sighed, waiting for what remains of Estonia's siblings to arrive.

~Time skip~

"Alright, is everyone here?" Estonia asked as Kazakhstan counted flags.

"Everyone but Russia. I'll call him."

Kazakhstan pulled out his phone but Estonia shook his head. "Don't.."

Kazakhstan put his phone away as a look of worry spread across his face. "Estonia?"

Estonia took a deep breath and looked at me. I nodded and he turned back to his siblings. "I don't know how to put this, but..."

They all looked at him, silent. Estonia looked away from them sadly. "Venemaa ja isa on röövitud. (Russia and Dad have been kidnapped.)"

After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence, Kyrgyzstan seemed to force a chuckle. "Nice joke, Esti. What are you really going to tell us?"

Estonia was silent. He turned his head away and closed his eyes. "E-Esti... I... I-I'm sure they're fine, I-I call them right now!" Kyrgyzstan pulled out her phone and tapped Soviet's contact. She put her phone up to her nonexistent ear and listened to it ring.

I hugged Estonia and looked at the Russian siblings sympathetically. I knew was gonna come next. Kyrgyzstan's call eventually went to voicemail. "M-Maybe he's busy..." Her voice shook.

"Try Russia..." Tajikistan mumbled.

Kyrgyzstan gave her sister her phone and covered her mouth. Tajikistan tapped Russia's contact and put it on speaker.

The same thing happened. The call went to voicemail. I heard Kyrgyzstan softly crying. I turned away from the siblings as they started to cry.

Estonia looked up at me sadly. I hugged him tighter and shut my eyes as I listened painfully to his siblings' sobs.

France POV

I hung up from my call with UN. He had just told me about what happened to Soviet and Russia. I sighed and looked at the clock. Britain should be home soon, what will his reaction be? He's very close to Soviet; they grew up together after all.

Canada walked into the room. "Everything alright, Mom?" He asked when he saw my worried expression.

I turned to my eldest son and sighed. Right, America's dating Russia. Just great, two heart breaks. "Mon fils, (My son,) I need you to do something for me."

"Sure, what is it?"

I hesitated for a second. "I need you to break the news to Ame."

"What news?"

"Russia's...Russia's been kidnapped, along with his father. I'm sure you know why I'm asking you this?"

Canada nodded solemnly and left the room. I heard his footsteps going up the stairs. I looked back at the clock and waited for Britain to come home.

~Time skip~

I heard the front door unlocking. I stood up and walked to the door. I unlocked and opened it to see the surprised face of my husband. "France! Were you waiting for me?" He smiled.

I nodded. "Oui, (Yes,) I was."

Britain's smile dwindled when he saw my expression. "Is something wrong, France?"

I moved to the side so he could come in. I closed and locked the door and turned back to him. He was standing in front of the couch and looking at me worriedly. "Love?"

I walked to him and sat down on the couch. I gently pulled him down as well. "Mon amour, (My love,) I got a call from UN earlier."

"...What was it about..?" Britain started to look nervous.

I took a deep breath and let it out. "I'm sorry, but...Soviet et Russie (and Russia) have been kidnapped. Canada has already told America the news--"

I stopped talking when I heard Britain crying. I looked back at him and saw him trembling. My heart ached looking at his poor form. I hugged him tightly and he started to sob into my neck. "I'm sorry, mon amour..." I murmered as I held him tightly.

Britain eventually sobbed himself to sleep. I sighed and picked him up bridal-style and carried him upstairs. I ran into Canada on my way to our room. "Mom?" He looked at Britain.

"Oui, mon fils? (Yes, my son?)"

"How is he..?"

I sighed. "He didn't take it well... Cried himself to sleep.."

Canada nodded. "So did Ame..."

We both stood there in silence. Canada eventually looked towards

the direction of the stairs. "I'll get Aussie and Kiwi to come home... I feel nervous with them outside.."

"Please do..."

Canada started walking to the steps without another word. I went to my and Britain's room and went inside. I closed the door with my foot and laid Britain on the bed. I sat on the edge and stared at the ground.

I have a bad feeling. A really bad one.

I hope it's just my anxiety, even if I don't have it.

NK POV

Why am I happy?

This is bad.

I shouldn't be happy right now.

Something bad will happen I know it.

I was humming while baking some cookies. Cookies always calmed me down. Cookies, cake, donuts, just sugar in general, actually.

I heard my phone ringing and paused my baking session. I walked over to it and saw South Korea was calling me. Strange. What does he want? I picked up the phone and answered it. "Hello?"

"North, are you home?" South asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Can I come over?"

Normally I would say no, but frick normal. Everything's wacky now. I don't think I can even act cold to anyone anymore. "Okay? What for?" I asked, using my shoulder to keep the phone up to my nonexistent ear as I continued baking.

"I'll tell you when I get there." And with that, South hung up.

I grabbed and looked at my phone screen in confusion before setting it back on the counter. Might as well finish these cookies before South gets here.

~Time skip~

I set a plate of cookies onto the table when I heard knocking on my front door. That must be South. I walked to my front door and opened it. Sure enough, South stood there. "Hey North. Can I come in?" He asked.

I nodded and moved out the way. He stepped inside and I closed the door, locking it. "What'd you come here for?" I asked him as I went to sit on my couch.

"Something important." He responded blankly and sat beside me.

"Well, what is it?" I grabbed a cookie and bit into it.

South glanced at his phone and sighed. He looked distressed and tired. "North...I... Canada called me earlier..."

"Mhm?" I took another bite.

South drummed his fingers anxiously on his knee. "He told me...he told me Russia and Soviet...were...k-kidnapped..."

I froze. The cookie I was holding dropped onto the floor. I turned to South who was avoiding eye-contact. "Y-You're kidding...right..?"

He shook his head sadly. "I wish I was..." He murmered.

I felt my body start to tremble. Tears started to build up in the corner of my eye. I turned away from South and took a deep breath and let it out.

SK POV

North Korea eventually stood up. "I'll be in my room..." His shaky voice told me.

He walked away from me and went up the stairs. I sighed and

looked at the plate of cookies. Poor North. Poor China. Poor everyone. None of the missing countries deserve this. What did they do wrong to have this happen to them?

I leaned back on the couch and shut my eyes. Could this day get any worse?

The doorbell rang. I stood up and opened the front door. China stood on the other side looking a mess. "H-Hey S-South..." He murmered.

"North's in his room." I moved to the side and China walked in.

I closed and locked the front door as I heard China make his way upstairs. I sighed and went back to the couch. Maybe I should stay the night. I'll just sleep on the couch.

This is the worst year of my life.

34

Middle POV

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH--

Uhm...

I definitely wasn't panicking just now.

And I definitely am not pouring all my tears onto the table in front of my friends.

Buff, Tall, and Small stared at me as I cried. "Uh...Middle...you okay..?" Small asked.

"Do I look okay?" I slammed my head onto the table.

"Middle, please don't do that." Buff said.

I mimicked him and did it again. Tall sighed. "Middle, you're gonna damage your brain if you continue."

"Good." I slammed my head down again.

Buff stood up and walked around the table to where I was. He lifted my head up and didn't let me hit it on the table again. "Stop."

I sighed. "Fine."

Small walked over and wiped my tears away. "Why were you crying, anyway?"

"Nothing important."

"Okay..."

"Anyways," Buff started, "what now?"

"We kidnap more countries, that's what." I responded.

"Are you sure?" Small asked. "Maybe we should just lie low--"

"Did I stutter?" I stared at him.

Small gulped and shrunk down in his seat. "N-No, sir..."

"Thought so."

"You really need to toughen up, Small." Tall said.

"But...it's Middle--"

"And what if someone who isn't me tries to boss you around? Perhaps Iran? America? You need to toughen or stand up for yourself, or someday countries are gonna step all over you." I told him.

Small sighed and rested his head on the table. "Okay..."

"Quit moping. Anyways, who should we get next?" Tall asked.

"Hm..." Buff drummed his fingers on the table. "Maybe..."

"Maybe wha--" we heard a crash.

We stood up and began walking to the room we kept all the captured countries in. I slammed the door open and saw them all look at me fearfully. "You know what, guys?" I turned to my friends.

They looked at me. "I feel like torturing someone today."

I saw the countries stiffen. I knew my friends smiled underneath their scarfs. I turned back to the countries. Just gotta choose one, and then the fun will begin.

Small POV

I don't want to torture anybody... But if I don't then Middle will hurt me...or yell at me... I don't like getting yelled at...

I looked at the countries, worried for them. I saw Belgium holding Netherlands protectively and glaring at us. India was also holding Pakistan close, as was Soviet with Russia.

"Hm..." I turned my eye to Middle. He was scanning everyone in the room. Every time his eyes landed on someone, they stiffened and slightly relaxed when his eyes went away.

Eventually, his eyes landed on Russia. He smirked and pointed to him. "That one."

Tall and Buff stepped into the room and started walking towards Russia. Russia started crying and Soviet hugged him tightly. When Tall and Buff reached them Soviet refused to let go of Russia. They wrestled for Russia for a bit before Soviet spoke up. "Just take me! Leave him alone!"

"П-Папа...нет... (D-Dad...no...)" Russia gripped his father's shirt tightly.

Soviet smiled sadly at his son before he was yanked away from him. He let Tall and Buff drag him out the room with little to no resistance. Middle closed and locked the door. I heard someone get up and run to the door and start banging on it. Russian yelling came through it.

I saw my friends walking away with Soviet and I sighed. I really don't wanna do this... I'm sorry...

~Time skip~

Russia POV

The female kidnapper threw Soviet into the room. She shouted a few cuss words at him before shutting the door and locking it. I crawled to my father and shook him. "Папа..." My voice cracked.

Soviet looked at me weakly. "I-I'm okay..." He whispered.

Belgium crawled forward and helped Soviet to where he and Netherlands were. I leaned on Soviet and hugged him. "Hey, Russia..." Netherlands greeted weakly.

He was covered in various wounds and bruises. His clothes were torn as well. "Hi, Netherlands..." I murmered.

We sat in silence and hugged our family members. "W-Will the countries find us..?" I stuttered. I felt a cry coming up my throat. I tried gulping it down.

"None of us are sure..." Belgium responded.

I sighed and got closer to my father. He was trembling and I knew he wanted to cry, but he was forcing himself not to. "Is he okay?" I heard a female voice ask.

I looked to my left and saw Palestine looking at me. Right, she had been taken as well. "I-I don't know..." I murmered.

She crawled over and inspected Soviet. Soviet was a bit confused but let her. "They didn't hurt him too much, he'll heal quickly."

I sighed in relief. "That's good..."

Palestine shook her head. "It's not, actually. As painful as it is, the slower you heal the longer it will take for them to pick you again; that's the option all of us hope for. They don't want us to die...at least, not yet."

I felt shivers go down my spine. Palestine continued, "Timor-Leste, for example. Last time he was tortured he was severely injured, almost died..." She took a deep breath. "They haven't chosen him in a while to let him heal."

I looked over at Timor-Leste. He was laying curled up in a corner sleeping. How could he be sleeping at our situation? Well, then again he must've been here the longest, so he must be used to the place.

Palestine looked back at me. "So, how'd you get here?" She asked.

"Um...I woke up because I heard some noise downstairs. I checked Папа's room and saw he wasn't in there so I went downstairs to check on him... I-I saw him getting attacked by two of the kidnappers so I went to help him but..."

"Okay, you can stop now. I get it." Palestine set a hand on my shoulder.

I sniffed. Soviet hugged and pulled me closer to him. "Ничего страшного, Россия. (It's okay, Russia.)" He murmered.

I took a few deep breaths. "Sorry I asked," Palestine whispered.

"I-It's fine..." I murmered.

Palestine leaned against the wall with a sigh. "I heard you and Soviet share a cell now."

I nodded. "Small convinced the others to let us... It's still scary but I have Папа next to me now.."

"Small..." Palestine murmered some things under her breath. She smirked slightly. "I'll see you later, Russia."

"See you..?"

She crawled away from me and over to the sleeping form of Timor-Leste. She sat beside him and stared off into space. I was a bit confused but turned back to Soviet and hugged him.

She's thinking of something, I wonder what.

35

Sorry for not updating, you can thank my nonexistent motivation for that.

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NK POV

It's been a month since Russia and Soviet went missing. Turns out, those two disappearing is what finally made things change.

A day after their kidnapping, Russia's siblings told UN that their mother was Afghanistan, and that Soviet had divorced her a long time ago since she was abusive to all of them. After word about that got out, Afghanistan disappeared; she most likely went into hiding. UN and the other organisations have went to her house and took everything inside, and have barricaded her house off from everything else.

The school also shut down. About time. The principle said he had been trying to get the board to allow him to shut it down since the very first kidnapping, which was a while ago.

The school board sucks.

Anyways, no one is comfortable outside anymore. Whenever someone *does* go outside, they always rush to do what they need to do, often speed-walking or running to their destination and back. Everyone, even countries that prefer to be social in person, almost never leave their house.

Taiwan's banned China from leaving the house unless he's with him, and China had no problem with that. In fact, I expected Taiwan to do that. He and China may not have the best brotherly relationship, but he still wants China to be safe and loves him.

South has had me do something similar with him. I know he wants
~~~~

me to move in with him but a lot of countries are against that and he doesn't know if I'll accept. I will, but I just don't know how to ask him so I'll wait until he asks me.

That's a dumb plan but oh well.

Anyways, whenever I wanna go somewhere I have to ask South to come with me. He always agrees, but when he's busy he has someone else like UN or EU look after me.

This isn't just between South and I and the Chinese brothers. A lot of other countries with loved ones and friends who live nearby are doing this, too. Countries who don't have someone escort them just rush to their destination and back.

Everyone's also *really* suspicious of one another. Countries only trust their families and very close friends, everyone else to them is an enemy, even friends they weren't that close with. Almost everyone carries a weapon when they go outside as well, and some have moved in with others.

So, yeah, that's how everyone acts, now. UN has also stopped calling meetings, instead texting in the group chat with everyone in it. He's been a bit quiet, lately, so I assume he's nervous as well.

I'll admit, knowing UN's nervous makes me scared. About everyone looks up to him whenever we're in tough situations, and knowing that he's nervous - maybe even scared - and doesn't know what's happening makes the situation at hand even scarier.

The only good news that's come out of this month - other than school getting shut down - is that Panama and his friends have stopped bullying me. At one point, even, Greece escorted me home when South and I lost each other while Turkey went to find my brother.

Oh...and also...more countries have disappeared...

Finland and Martial Law had gone missing when running an errand, while America was attacked when his family accidently left him home alone.

Ever since Soviet was announced missing, Third Reich was immediately taken to live with Italy and Japan at Japan's house. While he's been there, I heard that he would often space out, ignore his friends, utter nonsense in German, and curl up and cry randomly.

I won't go into the details of everyone else effected from the kidnappings...

I was laying on my bed staring at the ceiling when I heard my phone notification go off. I turned over and grabbed it and turned it on. Oh, someone texted in the group chat. I tapped the text and it took me to "World", the chat Japan created a while ago. He had renamed it a few weeks after his party.

Iran
Hello?

Me
Hey.

Indonesia
Hey, Iran. What's up?

Iran
Nothing... Hey, Indo?

Indonesia
?

Iran
Could you create a chat with just our group of friends?

Indonesia
Which group?

Iran
North, China, ect. And...include the missing ones as well...

Indonesia
Okay then...

I got a notification about a minute or two later that I had been added to a group chat named "Friends 2".

Indonesia texted in Friends 2:

Indonesia
Okay, done

What did you want me to do this for, again?

Iran
I wanted to tell you guys some stuff, but I didn't want to endanger your safety making you come over and I didn't know how to make a group chat

Spain
What'd you want to tell us?

Iran
I've just...been really sad lately..

And not just random moments of sadness, I've just felt really unhappy every day, every hour for the past few weeks

I don't feel motivated to do anything and I'm paranoid every time I go outside. The only countries that have known about this so far are Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, and Lebanon, and they promised not to tell anyone

Me
Perhaps the paranoia is because of the kidnappings, which is a perfectly reasonable thing to feel, especially in the situation we're in right now.

As for the other things, I'm not quite sure. I've been feeling these same things lately, though I have been a bit happier because of multiple things

Indonesia
North has a point. And Iran, try to calm down and relax, maybe spend time with family and friends who live within your neighborhood. Perhaps watch a movie, draw, read, watch something relaxing on YouTube, or maybe even take a nap

Spain
You guys honestly said what I was about to say

Me
Oh, sorry

Spain
It's fine

Iran
Thanks for the advice, I really needed it

Indonesia
You're welcome, Iran. And hey, we're here for you if or when you're going through anything. We'll be there to help

Iran
You guys are honestly gonna make me cry

Me
Nonono please don't cry-

Spain
By the power of...wait what's it called??

Dang it

By the power of pickles you shall not cry

Indonesia
PICKLES???

Me
XDDD

Spain
Why was that the first thing that came to my head-

Iran
I love you guys so much XD

Me

We love you, too!

Indonesia
Now, go relax, Iran. I'm gonna call you later and if you answer I'll take that as you not listening to us

Iran
XD Okay, okay

Bye

Me
Bye!

Indonesia
Bye

Spain
Bye

Hey, China's in this chat, right?

Indonesia
Yeah

Spain
Why hasn't he said anything?

Me
He and Taiwan were gonna watch a movie, they might be doing that right now

Spain
Ohhhhhhh

Indonesia
Alright, bye guys. I gotta check on Phil and Malay since...Martial...

Spain
Oh, yeah...

See ya..

Me
Bye...

Indonesia
See you...

I set my phone back on the nightstand and sighed. I miss Martial, he was one of the few people who actually gave me a chance despite everything.

I miss everyone, even the Oceanian countries, who I rarely ever even talked to!

Why did this happen to them...

My thoughts were cut short when I heard a knock on my door. I looked at the time and saw it was early afternoon. I never invited anyone, China is watching a movie with his brother, and South always texts me when he's coming over.

I felt myself begin tensing up as I slowly slid out of bed and went downstairs. This is a bad idea. This is a *really* bad idea.

I'm gonna get kidnapped if I open that door!

So, why am I still walking towards it?

Why am I ignoring my body's burning urge to sprint back upstairs and lock myself in my bathroom?

Why am I ignoring my brain screeching at me to take my hand off the doorknob?

I forced myself to take a deep breath in and let it out to hopefully stop myself from trembling so badly, or at least lessen it. I peeked through the peephole in the door, and saw a familiar looking country standing behind it, looking panicked.

I opened the door and looked up at him. "Panama?"

Panama looked down at me. "N-North! Can I come inside, p-por favor?" **(P-Please?)**

I nodded and let him in, closing and locking the door. He sat down on my couch and hugged himself tightly. I noticed he was trembling and breathing rather quickly. His eyes were widened and he had a scared look. "Are you okay? What happened?" I asked, walking away to grab a blanket.

"I-I..." He gulped. I placed the blanket over his shoulders where he then wrapped himself in it. "G-Gracias..." **(Th-Thanks...)**

With the little Spanish I knew, I could tell he said thanks. "You're welcome... Do you want something to eat? Drink?"

Panama shook his head. "S-Sweden..."

"Huh?"

"I-I want S-Sweden..."

"Alright, I'll be right back." I hurried upstairs and into my room. I grabbed my phone off my nightstand and hurried back to the living room. "What's his number?"

Panama told me Sweden's number. I hit the call button and waited for him to pick up. "Hallå?" **(Hello?)**

"Hey, Sweden. It's me, North Korea." I glanced at Panama, who curled up on the couch.

"North Korea? How do you have my number?" Sweden asked.

"It's Panama. He came to my house looking really upset and freaked out. When I offered him something to eat he declined and said he wanted you."

Sweden was quiet for a few moments. "You're at your house, right?" He asked.

"Yeah."

"I'm on my way." He hung up.

I placed my phone onto a nearby dresser and looked at Panama.

"You okay?"

He shook his head slightly. "...What happened that made you come here?" I asked him.

Panama's breathing hitched and he curled into a ball more. "Sorry! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have asked..."

I sighed and sat down on the couch beside Panama. There's nothing left to do but wait.

Hopefully Sweden can get here in one piece.

Sweden POV

I ran up to North Korea's door and knocked on it. And yes, I ran all the way from my house to his. I wanted to get here as soon as I could and...well...other reasons...

North opened the door and looked up at me. He moved aside so I could come in. When I did, I saw Panama curled up in a ball wrapped in a blanket. He looked at me. "S-Sweden..?"

I walked over to him and sat beside him. "Hey, Nama..."

Panama immediately sat up and hugged me tightly. "Would you like some privacy?" North asked.

"Yes, please..." I hugged Panama back.

North turned and went up the stairs. I sighed. "Nama, what happened..?"

Panama snuggled closer to me. "I-I was just walking home a-and I felt someone grab me from b-behind..."

I felt myself stiffen a little as he continued. "I-I pushed them off me and ran to the c-closest house..."

I felt myself hug Panama tighter. I sighed and sat him on my lap. "You're safe now, Nama..." I murmered, holding him close.

Panama made a small noise and hid his face in my neck. I smiled softly and rubbed his back; he began relaxing when I did.

After a bit of us sitting like that in silence, I noticed Panama had fallen asleep. I blushed slightly and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "You'll always be safe with me, Nama..." I murmered.

"So, you love him?"

I flinched and bit my tongue so I wouldn't yell out. I turned to the voice and saw North Korea standing there holding his phone. He was looking at me with a smile. "W-What do you mean?" I cleared my throat, a blush spreading across my cheeks.

"I heard what you said. You even gave him a kiss on the cheek." North replied. "Are you dating?"

"W-What?! No!" I turned away from him.

"...Will you ask him out eventually?"

"What makes you think I like him that way?!"

"The kiss on the cheek, what you said, and your positions."

I looked at Panama and I's position and blushed even more. "So..?" North smirked a bit.

I sighed. "Fine, you win. Yes, I like him..."

North smiled like a child and cheered quietly. "When are you gonna confess?" He asked.

"I..." I looked away. "Probably never..."

North looked disappointed. "Why not?" He basically whined.

"Because Nama may not like me that way. To him, we're probably best friends at most." I sighed.

"...I'm sure Panama shares your feelings, even if it may not look like it. Heck, you both drop anything and everything for each other!"

North said.

"But that's what best friends do, Britain and Soviet do that as well..." I looked away.

I heard North sigh. "Okay then..."

The couch sunk down a bit beside me. I looked that way and saw North sitting next me playing a game on his phone. "What are you playing?" I asked.

"Among Us." North said. "Yes, imposter..."

"Who are you playing with?"

"Randos, probably humans."

I watched North play Among Us for a bit. It looked pretty fun. "Hey, do you know where I can get that?" I asked when a round ended.

"Yeah, it's on the Play Store. Unless you want to play it on computer, it's perfectly free for phones."

"Thanks, I'll get it later on today."

"No problem."

I watched North play the game a bit more, smiling. We laughed and talked about the other players as we did so, it was fun.

I wonder if we can do this again after everything's over.

SK POV

I'm bored.

There's nothing to do, and I'm pretty sure I listened to every K-POP song in existence by now. I could listen to them all again, but I don't know.

Currently, I was laying face down on my bed, my face buried in my pillow. I wanna go out, maybe to America's house. But I know it's too dangerous.

The organisations are almost never talking to us countries. It's gotten to the point where if you text them something, don't expect a reply. At least, don't expect a reply within that same day.

It's nice to know that they're working on the cases, but they're constantly working thenselves out. They may be organisations, but they need rest, food, and water just like us countries.

Seriously, the last time I saw UN he looked absolutely drained.

I sat up in my bed and sighed. Nothing to do...nothing to do... What to do...

Hm...I guess I'll watch anime? Whatever, I guess. Anime seems to be the only thing Japan can do right anyways.

~Time skip~

Did I seriously just binge watch a full anime?

Wow.

I guess I could watch another show but I'll get some food first. I hopped out of my bed and went downstairs and into my kitchen. By the time I reached my cabinets my phone started ringing. I took it out my pocket and saw Japan was calling me. I groaned and reluctantly answered. *"What."*

"Hello, South-kun."

"Cut the chat, what do you want?"

"Um...I just...wanted to talk to somebody..."

"So you called me of all people?"

"Well, yeah! Italy-senpai's out shopping and Reich-kun is...well...you know... And Soviet-kun's missing..."

I pinched the bridge of my nonexistent nose. "Call America, there is no way I'm talking to you."

"Nonono, South, wait!" Japan shouted before I could hang up.

"What?!"

"U-Uh...do you have any music choices..?"

"For what?"

"To like...calm someone down... Reich-kun is..well...you see.... Uh..." I heard Japan sigh. Soon enough, I heard sobbing in the background of his phone. "Yeah..."

I thought for a moment before suggesting a song to him. "It always calms me down when I'm really upset, and America, too."

"Okay, thanks South-kun." Japan hung up promptly.

Well that just happened. And don't judge me about how I treated Japan, I have my reasons just as you have yours for when you dislike someone.

I shrugged and began to gather some snacks before heading back upstairs.

~Time skip~

The last thing I expected to happen would be America calling to inform me that it's now against the rules in his house to leave without permission or supervision. That makes sense, but then he told me that he wouldn't be able to come over anymore.

"What?! Why?!" I asked.

America sighed. "Dad and Mom say it's too dangerous since you live a good distance away from the house... Even if I asked and had supervision, I still wouldn't be able to go over there..."

I sighed. Great. Just great. "Well, okay... As long as it keeps you safe..."

"Yeah..." I heard some background noise and voices through America's phone. "Hey, South, I gotta go.. I'll try to call you later,

okay..? There's a restriction on our phones as well..."

"Okay, see you, Ame."

"Bye..."

America quickly hung up. I sighed and set my phone down in front of me.

Darn it, brain, now's not the time to think of my father's death! Stop! Stop it! Just because your best friend's parents are taking measures to protect their kids from harm doesn't give you an excuse to think of that traumatic moment!

.....

Curse you, Japan...

Canada POV

"Dad, please! I have to check on Ukie, especially after everything that has happened!" I've been begging Britain for the past week to let me visit Ukraine and check up on him. Just texting and calling won't be enough.

"No!" Britain whipped around and slammed his tea cup onto the table, effectively shattering it and spilling tea everywhere. "You can't go to Ukraine's house!"

"Why?! I have to go, he can't be perfectly fine after what's happened, his father and little brother were fricking kidnapped! Texting and calling isn't enough, I have to *be* there for him!"

Britain stiffened slightly at the mention of Soviet and Russia. "I don't care what you say, you aren't going!"

"Why are you keeping us trapped here--"

"BECAUSE I CAN'T LOSE ANYONE ELSE IMPORTANT TO ME!!"

I took a step back and stared at my father. America, Australia, New Zealand, and France had been watching, and they were staring at

me Britain.

Britain was trembling and tears started to well up in his eyes. He looked at the ground and hugged himself. "P-Please...just stay here..." He begged.

I was silent. "Please, Nada..."

I sighed. "Okay...I'll stay..."

France came forward. "Come on, mon amour, (my love,) get some rest..." She led Britain away and to the staircase, where they climbed it and I assume went to their room.

My siblings stepped forward. "Nada, you're gonna stay, right?" New Zealand asked.

"No, I'm gonna visit Ukraine. I understand Dad's fear but I have to check on him."

New Zealand looked away. Australia sighed. "There's no way to convince you otherwise, ain't there?"

"No."

"In that case..." Australia looked at me. "Kiwi and I will make sure Mom and Dad are asleep by then, or if not asleep then we'll distract them so you can sneak out of here."

"Just hurry back." New Zealand added.

I smiled. "Thanks, guys."

"No problem, mate."

I glanced at America since he had been quiet. He was looking away, his eyebrows creased in worry. He probably doesn't want me to leave, but I've made up my mind, and nothing will change that.

~Time skip~

Alright, it's been a few hours since Britian and I argued. New

Zealand told me that our parents are in their bedroom, and Australia is talking to them making sure they don't leave. I made sure that they tucked me in earlier so that they think I'm sleeping.

I looked out my window and saw that the sun was setting. If I hurry, I should get to Ukraine's house, make sure he's okay, and then get back home by the time it's 10 PM.

This is honestly really risky. I could get kidnapped.. But I have to check on Ukraine. I didn't tell my parents but he stopped answering my texts a day ago.

"Nada..? Are you really going..?" I turned and saw America standing in my doorway.

"Yes, Ame, I have to. I'm worried about him..." I unlocked and opened my window. I peaked out and looked for ways to get down without hurting myself, I'm on the second floor, after all.

"N-Nama..please don't go..." America walked in and grabbed my arm. "Please..."

I looked at America and sighed. "Ame...I..."

"Please... They already took Russia from me, I can't lose you, too..."

America's words started to make me rethink this whole plan. I eventually shook my head and pulled my arm free. "I'm sorry, Ame, but I have to go..."

America stepped toward me. "N-Nada--"

"Go to bed, Ame. You'll see me in the morning." I hopped out my window and landed on the asphalt shingles and closed the window.

America put his hands on the window and looked at me with a pleading face. I smiled reassuringly at him and slid down the shingles until I reached the roof edge. From there, I was able to jump to a nearby tree and crawl down the branches, eventually making it to the ground. "That'll be fun repeating the opposite direction..." I murmered before starting to hurry to Ukraine's house.

Actually, Ukraine moved out of his house and into Soviet and Russia's house along with the rest of his siblings. They had all decided to live together again until everything is over, and wanted to care for the house while Russia and Soviet were gone.

Anyways, back to me. I was sprinting down the street while looking around. I had brought a knife and a gun with me, just in case.

Every shadow and sound I heard made me whip in the direction of it. Yeah, I was on edge, but it's a reasonable feeling in this situation.

I eventually decided to ignore the shadows and sounds unless they were close to me and began sprinting to the Russian families house again.

After a few minutes of sprinting, I arrived at the house a bit tired. I knocked on the door and Kazakhstan opened it. "Canada?" He asked, "What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I need to check on Ukraine, please. He hasn't answered my texts in a while and I'm worried." I explained.

Kazakhstan sighed and let me inside the house. I stepped in and saw Azerbaijan on the couch, sleeping. "It was a long day of chores, and we're still not quite done. Try to ignore the mess." Kazakhstan said, walking over to Azerbaijan and taking the cleaning cloth that still sat in her hands.

"Where's Ukie?" I asked.

"Upstairs in his room, his flag is on his door."

I thanked the eldest sibling and hurried quickly, but quietly upstairs. I walked to Ukraine's door and knocked softly on it. "Come in..." I barely heard him say.

I opened the door and saw Ukraine sitting on his bed turned away from me. He was staring at the wall and his phone was sat beside him, on and showing my many texts to him.

"Ukie..?"

Ukraine whipped towards the door. His face was full of anger for a second before softening up. "N-Nada..?"

I smiled at him and close the door behind me. I sat beside him on his bed. "Hey..."

"How did you... Why did you..." Ukraine glanced from me to his door.

I chuckled softly. "I snuck out. I really needed to check on you since you weren't answering me."

Ukraine's face grew into a sad one and he looked away. "I'm sorry about that... I've been busy and...I kinda ghosted everyone but my family... I don't know why..."

I pulled him into a hug and rubbed his back. "It's alright... I just needed to know..."

Ukraine sighed softly and cuddled closer to me. "How long can you stay?"

"Not long. I planned to be home by 10 PM. My parents get up at around 11 to check on my siblings and I while we're sleeping, and sometimes earlier than that. My siblings didn't want me coming but helped me sneak out, anyway."

I heard my boyfriend sigh in disappointment. I lifted his chin up to have him look at me. "Hey, it's alright.. I'll see if I can convince Mom and Dad to let me come here tomorrow."

"Nada...you can't go home at this time... They...they could take you..." Ukraine hugged me tightly and I heard a soft sniffle.

Oh, great, now my boyfriend doesn't want me to leave, either.

"Please, Nada..." Ukraine looked up at me.

"Ukie, I promised my brothers I'd come back home..."

"You won't *get* home if you get kidnapped..! Please... Tell them you'll stay..." Ukraine hugged me tighter and I'm pretty sure was

now silently crying.

I sighed after a while and hugged him back. "Okay...I'll stay..." I told him.

Ukraine looked up at me with a smile. Tears were running down his cheeks so I wiped them away with my thumbs. I pulled my phone out and began texting my brothers while Ukraine leaned on me.

Australia, New Zealand, and especially America weren't very happy, but they understood why Ukraine is having me stay. They all said that they'll try to convince our parents I'm there until I can get back tomorrow.

I put my phone away and kissed Ukraine's forehead softly. "My brothers weren't too happy, but they'll try and cover for me until I can get back." I told him.

Ukraine looked up at me with a smile. "Дякую... (Thank you...)"

I caressed his cheek softly. "Ласкаво просимо... (You're welcome...)"

Ukraine and I got under the covers and cuddled. It didn't take long for Ukraine to go to sleep. I watched as he slept soundly in my arms. I sighed softly. I'll be honest, I'm really nervous about staying here. My parents could find out any minute that I'm not home, and my siblings and I would get into huge trouble.

I shook off the worrying thoughts and pulled Ukraine closer to me. I'll worry about it in the morning, right now I need to get some sleep.

New Zealand POV

Australia paced around the living room. He had gotten our parents to fall asleep using a potion he borrowed from Japan a while ago. "How are we gonna cover for Nada? Unless he gets home first thing in the morning we're screwed!" He took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Maybe we can tell them he's sick?" I suggested.

"No, then they'll want to see him even more..." America said.

"What do we do...what do we do..." Australia continued pacing.

I sighed. The original plan wasn't for Canada to stay, but I guess he can't refuse when Ukraine starts crying. Still, it was a bit annoying.

Australia started murmering. America and I exchanged a worried glance. "Hey, Aussie, maybe you should sit down.." America stood up.

Australia didn't argue and plopped himself onto the couch with an exasperated sigh. "Why did he have to stay..." He closed his eyes.

America sighed. "We're all annoyed about it, but we have to find a way to keep it from Mom and Dad.. If Canada gets caught then we all get in trouble..."

"But what can we do?" I asked.

America went silent for a moment. "Well, Mom and Dad check on us from youngest to oldest. So while they're checking you, Kiwi, you can hopefully distract them long enough for Aussie and I to get to Canada's room. We'll then pretend that we talked to Nada and then go into the hallway once they leave."

"But what then? They're bound to ask us some questions." Australia said.

America smiled slightly. "We can say that Canada is busy with things concerning his country, and to not interrupt him for anything at all since it'll break his concentration. Mom and Dad will then never enter his room, thus giving time for Nada to get back."

"Should I text him all of this?" I asked.

"Yeah, we need to have him know since Mom and Dad will ask him how his work went."

I nodded and pulled out my phone. I texted Canada the plan and put my phone away. "Done."

"Good, now let's get some sleep." America pulled Australia off the couch and we all walked upstairs and into our respectful rooms.

Hopefully this plan will work.

~~~~~

Y'all want more?

No?

I don't care, I'm giving you more.

~~~~~

Middle POV

This last month has been, well, rough, to say the least. Afghanistan has been living in the base since everyone found out she was taking part in this. Buff visits her often to keep her company.

You'd think that everyone being scared, nervous, and keeping to themselves would make easy kidnap and killing targets. But it doesn't.

Surprising, I know.

With everyone on edge with everything, practically everyone installed all sorts of security, alarm systems, and weapons.

Even with Finland and Martial Law just walking on the sidewalk, it was still fairly difficult to capture them, let alone get close. When getting Finland, Small was injured from the knife he carried, while Martial almost got us caught from screaming at the top of his lungs and at the same time resisting.

Yeah, we're all stressed.

And tired.

But mostly stressed.

"Trying to get here or just communicating with you guys is getting

difficult. I'm sure you've heard that NATO is thinking of finding a way to track activity on everyone's phones?" Buff asked.

"Yeah," I sighed. "Anyways, Afghanistan, how have you been?"

Afghanistan shrugged. "Fine, I guess? Sleeping has been rough."

"Why?" Buff asked.

"Because of all the things on my mind, but mainly because the bed that I sleep in is pretty tough--"

"I can get you a new mattress. Or maybe even a whole new bed?" Buff suggested immediately.

Afghanistan looked at him for a few seconds. "Uh...just a new mattress is fine. And perhaps a thicker blanket."

"On it. Your mattress and blanket should be here by tomorrow, or maybe even today if I get lucky." Buff smiled brightly at her.

Afghanistan returned the smile. Small came into the room and closed the door. He sat down at the table with the rest of us. "How are the prisoners?" I asked.

"Fine... They feel miserable as always..." Small responded.

"And Soviet and Russia? How are they? They're not planning anything, right?"

"No, they aren't.. They're just glad they're together again.."

"Good."

"Have you checked on Palestine? She's not causing trouble again, right?" Afghanistan asked.

"She's fast asleep in her cell." Small responded.

If you're wondering why Afganistan said again, here's why: A week or two after Russia and Soviet joined these unfortunate countries, we found out that Palestine had been lifting their spirits and giving

them hope that the others will find them. At the same time, she's become a figure that the captures look up to now, which is bad in so many ways since she's the only one who still resists everything, talks back, and fights back.

She punched Small in his nonexistent nose one time, so that was fun coming up with an excuse to tell UN.

"We need to keep a close eye on her. We can't have her or her helping someone else escape. We'll be screwed." Buff said.

I nodded, agreeing with Buff. Afghanistan sighed. "What now?" She asked.

Everyone thought for a moment. "You know...what would happen if we got North Korea?" Buff asked.

"A lot of countries would fall into an awful state of mind, especially China. Why?" Small asked.

I smirked. "Then North is just what we need... Remember that idea I proposed?"

"Where we terrorize countries instead of hurt or attack them?" Afghanistan asked.

"Yup. With North missing, it'll be prime time to do just that."

Everyone shared glances with each other before smiling and nodding. "When should we kidnap North?" Buff asked.

"And can I come with this time?" Afghanistan also asked.

"No, Afghan," I turned to Buff. "We'll kidnap him...say about 3 weeks from now?"

"Sounds like a plan." Buff patted Afghanistan on the back when she huffed.

I looked at Small. He didn't seem to be paying attention. I rolled my eyes and turned back to the others. Small's not included in the plan, so I don't care if he's listening. Afghanistan stretched and yawned. "I

guess it's time we head home, now." I said.

Small stood up and left without a word. That was a little weird but whatever. "See you guys tomorrow." Afghanistan stood up and began to leave.

I nodded and left the room as well. It didn't take long for me to reach basically the living room of the base. Another hallway stretched out on the other side of me, that one filled with the locked doors to the rooms the captures were in.

Should I go down and double check that they're not up to anything? Nah, I'll do that tomorrow. I'm tired, anyway, and I might forget to lock the cage or the door.

I pulled my hoodie on and fixed my scarf. I need to get home fast and sneakily, and make sure no one sees me.

With a tired sigh, I exited the base and began to hurry home.

Russia POV

I'm tired, I'm in pain, I'm cold, I can't sleep...

What else could I say to describe my condition in this wretched place? At least Small convinced his friends to let me and Soviet share a cell...

Speaking of Soviet, he was staring at the door of the room with a blank expression. "Папа? (Dad?)"

He replied with a soft hum that would barely be audible if we were at home, but we're not at home, are we? Instead it seemed to echo around the room. "What are you thinking about?" I asked, shuffling closer to him to try and get warmer.

He turned away from the door and hugged me close. "Freedom..." He murmered.

I forced a smile. "Yeah.. That sure sounds nice right about now..."

That was a dry joke. I'm not even sure it was a joke, but Soviet

chuckled anyway. "Да, (Yes,) it does, doesn't it..?"

Our voices faded away as we hugged each other close. It's so cold in here, good gawd... "If they're trying to freeze us to death they're doing a great job so far..." I muttered.

"Honestly, all I wish for is death right now..." Soviet said just loud enough for me to hear.

I didn't reply. Normally I'd say something along the lines of death isn't the answer, but frankly I've been wishing the same thing.

Along with that, I always wonder if the other countries and organisations are looking for us. Or did they forget about us completely? Did they just give my territory to another country, maybe multiple countries and move on?

No...UN wouldn't allow that. He's not gonna stop looking until he finds us, dead or not. He's always been that way, why would he change now?

I unknowingly smiled softly. Palestine has really been helping us. She's been helping everyone. Thanks to her I haven't completely lost hope. Perhaps they'll find some clues as to who these horrible people are.

...Oh, right.. And my mother is apart of them. That was a nice reveal... Afghanistan showing who she is, telling me she was my mother, and even having the decency to say she loves me.

I waited all this time to find out who she is, only to be told that she's working with the pricks doing this to everyone.

I don't even want to call her my mom...

I felt Soviet brush his thumb over my cheek. Some tears must've come down. "...Try to get some sleep, Russia.. I know you can't, and I can't either, but please try..." He said to me.

I nodded and leaned against him. I shut my eyes and tried to relax the best I could. Soviet began to rub my back, which helped greatly, even if it hurt a bit from previous tortures.

I soon found sleep beginning to take me, and I eagerly let it. I haven't slept in four days, I'm fricking tired.

UN...EU...NATO...ASEAN...please find us...

36

Sorry for the short and rushed chapter, I really needed to get something out before Thanksgiving ;-;

I actually had a lot more typed out but then decided to scrap it and just do this

New Zealand POV

Alright, time to put the plan into action. I had set my phone alarm to about 20 minutes before France and Britain normally woke up. I was currently laying in my bed staring at the ceiling, going over ways I could distract my parents long enough for my brothers to get to Canada's room. Maybe I could talk to them for a bit about our situation and then show them a few of my drawings and short stories?

Yeah, I draw and write short stories. I usually write the story first and then draw my favorite scene from it, but there are times where I randomly draw something and end up writing something about it.

France thinks my interest in writing stories came from her mother, and the drawings surrounding the stories came from her. Her mother often spent her free time writing stories for France when she was a child, and France would then draw her favorite scenes from said stories and show her mom.

I exited my thoughts when I heard a door open. Knowing it was my parents, I sat up and quickly went over my distraction plan in my head before stretching right as they opened my door. "Good morning, Mom. Good morning, Dad."

America POV

I creaked my door open and listened to New Zealand's conversation with our parents. I heard him say the code word before hearing his door shut; effectively letting us know he convinced them to stay

with him for a bit.

I quickly but quietly stepped out of my room and closed the door. I saw Australia do the same and we both went to Canada's room. We entered the room, closing the door softly behind us.

"What now?" Australia whispered to me.

"Wait for the signal, then we can leave and tell them that Canada is 'working.'" I whispered back.

Australia sat on Canada's bed and looked around. "Wonder why Nada doesn't let me in his room often." He murmered.

"Because you'll break something. Why else do you think I don't let you in mine since the clock incident?" I raised a brow at him.

"I told you that was an accident. And besides, I was only 10."

"Still."

Australia huffed silently and continued to look around Canada's room. He began to mess with Canada's blanket, which was decorated with maple syrup and hockey pucks.

I leaned against the door and listened for footsteps and the signal. It was important that I caught it before Mom and Dad got to Canada's room. "Hey, Ame?" Australia murmered.

"Yeah?" I looked at him but focused much of my hearing towards the door and hallway behind it.

"Isn't it a little funny that Mom is the only female in this family?"

I could hear the smirk in his voice. I snickered silently. "Yeah."

He went quiet for a moment before speaking up again. "Maybe it's a good thing that Ukraine convinced Nada to stay. You know what time of night it was."

I nodded slightly after a pause. "Yeah...maybe it is--"

I heard footsteps. I then heard New Zealand's signal, which by the way was two stomps. I motioned Australia to me and when I knew our parents and youngest brother were a few steps away from the door I left the room with Australia close behind me.

I quickly closed the door and turned to them. Britain and France looked at us with a confused expression. "Mornin, Mom. Mornin, Dad." I greeted them.

"Bonjour, (Good morning,) Ame, what were you and your brother doing in Canada's room?" France asked.

"We just wanted to talk to him. He's working on paperwork and things concerning his country, so don't go in. It'll break his concentration." I lied.

"Oh, alright. Thanks for telling us." Britain smiled at me.

"No problem, Dad."

Australia and I followed our parents and New Zealand downstairs. Our youngest brother glanced at us, smiling and doing a thumbs up before turning away. Australia and I shared a glance and smiled. The plan worked! Now to wait for Canada's return.

Canada POV

~Around the time his siblings woke up~

I set the note I wrote down on the bedside table before pressing a quick kiss on Ukraine's cheek and rushing out the door. New Zealand said I needed to get home as fast as possible, so I'm doing that right now.

Sprinting down the street in the early hours of the morning really doesn't look good out of context. The sun wasn't that high in the sky, and since I checked what time it was before I left the Russian family's house, I knew that not many countries would be awake. Even so, getting home was still stressful.

Hopefully my siblings aren't that mad at me. Who am I kidding, they're my brothers, of course they're mad. No doubt I'm getting a

scolding from either one or all of them when I get back.

With that thought in my head, I smiled a bit. Not sure why, I just did.

After a bit of running, my family's house eventually came into view. I smiled widely and sprinted to where my room was outside. I looked up to see my window just the way I left it.

I turned to the tree and quickly began climbing it's branches. I got scratched a few times in my hurry but I didn't care. Once I determined I was high enough, I jumped and landed on the roof's shingles.

The thump I made upon landing on it was fairly loud, so I rushed to my window and opened it, slipping into my room and briskly closing it.

I quickly put my weapons back and flopped onto my bed. Finally, I'm back. Though, I can't come out right away. New Zealand said to stay in my room for a few minutes before leaving.

So, I did just that.

I stayed in my room for a bit before finally leaving and heading downstairs, where I saw my family eating breakfast. "Oh, morning, Nada!" America greeted, a big and grateful smile on his face.

"Good morning, Canada. How was your work?" Britain asked.

"Fine. Just finished the last of it." I responded.

"Good thing you did, right on time to eat before the pancakes get cold." France smiled.

I happily slid into my seat and joined in on the conversation my family was having before. When we finished eating, Britain and France went into the kitchen to wash the dishes. "You are *so* lucky that we love you." America immediately murmered after both were gone.

I chuckled as Australia and New Zealand agreed. "Yes, I am lucky.

You guys are gonna want something in return, right?"

My brothers shared glances before looking back at me. "No, other than for you to not do anything that risky ever again, you stupid idiot." New Zealand said.

"Alright then."

After that was settled, we went back to chatting. I'm so lucky these are my brothers, I couldn't ask for better siblings. I mean, I never would even if I had the choice. I love these rascals.

37

(Ya yeets a chapter filled with random stuff cause I'm busy with no ideas and my brother's birthday and christmas are so freakishly close)

NK POV

And it's been two weeks. Has anything changed since then? No, not really. Birds have been gathering outside my house for some reason, though. I like looking at them from my windows and sketching how they look.

There was this one pretty blue one that I wanted to sketch but it flew away before I could, sadly. Maybe I'll see it again today!

Oh, I forgot. South Korea is actually at my house at the moment. He's been here for a few days to look after me. I appreciate it. Currently, he was sitting at my dinner table as I sketched the birds who were once again sitting outside my house.

"Is the blue one you really liked back?" South asked, taking his headphones off and turning to me.

"No, I don't see it. Maybe it'll come later." I replied.

"Why do you like it so much?"

"Because it's blue, and it also has the same tint as UN, so I think it's super cool!"

South chuckled. "A bird that's the same color as UN. That's new."

I rolled my eye and finished my sketch of a robin. I flipped the page and scanned the crowd of birds outside my house for the bird I was looking for. I'm not sure what type of bird it is, but it's *super* pretty! I want either a sketch or picture of it; maybe I'll take the picture first just in case it flies away too soon so I can sketch it still.

"You're not gonna be leaving that window all day, are you?" South asked, his voice a bit closer to me now.

I shook my head, my eye still scanning the birds. "It usually flies circles around the rest before settling somewhat close to the window." I told him.

"Do birds do that?"

"This one does."

"Alright, well, I'm gonna make some Yukgaejang. You'll have to leave your precious window when it's done." South began walking away.

"Why can't I just eat here?" I whined and turned to South.

South turned to me and gave me a look. "Nevermind, I'll eat at the table."

South smiled and walked into the kitchen. I sighed and looked back out the window, searching for the bird.

~Time skip~

"North! Food is ready!" South called from the kitchen. I could hear him putting the food into bowls.

I sighed and stood up from my spot. I walked to the table and took my seat. I hope the bird doesn't come now.

South came out of the kitchen carrying the bowls and set one in front of me. I couldn't help but smile when I saw the Yukgaejang in front of me. "Here ya go, just like how Mom made it." He said, sitting down.

"감사합니다, (Thank you,) South." I began eating.

"You're welcome, little bro."

I rolled my eye. "Don't call me little."

"But you're younger than me." South smirked.

I shook my head with a smile. South let out a soft laugh before he went back to eating.

It didn't take long for us to finish the food. It's good, what can I say? I was standing up to bring my bowl to the sink to wash it when I saw the bird I was looking for fly away.

The only thing South could hear the next few seconds was my frustrating screaming.

SK POV

~Minor timeskip~

North's in his room now, and he's staying there. Why? Fricken- He hurt my ears!

I sighed and flopped onto the couch. Soon as I did my phone starting going off with notifications. I sat up and grabbed it to see what it was all about.

~

Philippines
Anyone on?

Nepal
Me

Bhutan
Me

Niger
Me

Saudi Arabia
Me

Oman
Me

Madagascar
Me

Paraguay
A lot of us

Algeria
Why'd ya wanna know, Phil?

Philippines
I'm sad and bored, so figured I could talk to some countries.

Brunei
Isn't your family home?

Philippines
Del is busy and my parents had a freakout just a few minutes ago so I don't wanna talk to them until they're calm

Singapore
Understandable

Slovenia
I really wanna talk to EU but he's so busy and I don't wanna interrupt him :')

Czechia
If that ain't a mood Idk what is

Me
I really need to mute this chat

H

ungary

Did we spam you?

Me
Pretty much

Slovakia

Sorry!

Me
It's fine, don't worry

Japan
What anime should I watch now?

Greece
You're already done?

Japan
Yep :>

UN
I have an idea, Japan. Though it isn't anime

~

Cue the chat blowing up because UN texted.

~

UN
Chill, y'all

Japan
What's your idea, UN?

UN
Finish and turn in your dang survey, we needed it a month ago

Japan
OH CRAP

Japan has left the chat

Brunei
That's my cue to leave

~

After staring at my phone for a minute and no more texts going

through, I set it down and decided to check on North. I stood up and jogged up to his room and went inside. "안녕 남쪽. (Hi South.)" North greeted.

"이봐, 북쪽. (Hey, North.) Doing anything?" I closed his door behind me and sat on his bed.

"Not really, just staring at my sketchpad in frustration." He closed said sketchpad and turned to me. "Got any ideas to pass time?"

"I'd suggest doing something outside, but--"

"Yeah, I know."

We sat in silence for a few seconds. "Wanna watch a movie? I have a good amount." North said.

"Yeah, sure. I can make some Gangnange while you get the movies." I hopped off his bed and hurried to his kitchen.

We need something to do for the time being. It's only so long you can go for staying in your house without going a little crazy.

Anyways, movie time!

Poland POV

I was facetiming Lithuania on my iPad. She was using a laptop and I could see she was in her room. The fact that she didn't speak neither English nor Polish wasn't a problem, since my father taught me Lithuanian just a few months ago.

"Ką veikėte vėlai? (What have you been doing as of late?)" I asked her, sitting up slightly from my spot in my bed.

"Tiesiog valau ir palaikau savo brolių ir seserų kompaniją. O kaip tu? (Just cleaning and keeping my siblings company. What about you?)" She answered.

"Tiesiog stengiuosi neprarasti proto. (Just trying to not lose my mind.)"

We chuckled. "Tas pats, tas pats. (Same, same.)" She smiled.

"Ką šiuo metu veikia jūsų broliai ir seserys? (What are your siblings doing right now?)"

"Penki iš jų iš tikrųjų yra savo draugo namuose, keturi - atskirose parduotuvėse, o du išvyko į savo šalis, nes kilo ekstremali situacija. Šiuo metu namuose esu tik aš ir Armėnija. (Five of them are actually at their friend's houses, four are at separate stores, and two have traveled to their countries because an emergency came up. It's just me and Armenia at the house right now.)" Lithuania explained.

"Na, dang. (Well, dang.)"

Lithuania laughed softly. "Negana to, Armėnijoje šiuo metu yra įjungtos triukšmo slopinimo ausinės. Po mūsų skambučio eisiu su juo šaukti. (On top of that, Armenia has noise canceling headphones on at the moment. Gonna go yell at him about that after our call.)"

We shared a laugh and continued to talk for a bit. It made me happy seeing Lithuania relaxed and laughing again.

I think it was about an hour into our conversation when I glanced back at her screen from looking out my window. I noticed someone pass by her door. I ignored it and assumed it was Armenia and continued chatting with her.

"O, Lenkija. Aš sutrikau, kai pasakiau, kur mano broliai ir seserys. Armėnija iš tikrųjų išėjo iš namų likus maždaug 2 valandoms iki manęs skambinimo. Šiuo metu esu viena namuose. Supratau, kad pasakysiu, nes nieko negirdėjai... (Oh, Poland. I messed up when I told you where my siblings were. Armenia actually left the house about 2 hours prior to you calling me. I'm home alone right now. Figured I'd tell you since you didn't hear anything...)"

I couldn't hear the rest of what she said. My mind began racing as my breathing sped up. I felt sweat begin dripping down my face.

Her siblings aren't home.

Someone passed by her door.

She's home alone.

Do they have pets? No, that was way bigger than a pet.

That was a person. A country.

Her siblings are. Not. Home.

She's supposed to be *home alone.*

"Lenkija? Ar tau viskas gerai? (Poland? Are you okay?)" Lithuania's voice startled me.

I looked back at her camera and just saw her confused and worried expression. "Lith, man reikia, kad iššoktum per savo langą ir nubėgtum į mano namus. (Lith, I need you to jump out your window and run to my house.)" I grabbed my iPad and stood up.

Lithuania laughed. "Juokaujate, tiesa? Kodėl turėčiau-- (You're joking, right? Why would I--)"

"Mačiau, kaip kažkas eina pro tavo duris. (I saw someone walk past your door.)"

Lithuania's face paled. Without another word, I saw her stand up and hurtle herself out her window. The glass shattered with a huge crash, and soon enough I saw a hoodied figure run into her room and stare at the window.

The moment it looked at the video call I hung up and threw my iPad onto my bed.

The next moments were a blur. I remember leaving my house and then being in the air. Then I felt myself holding someone while once again in the air. And then I was back in my house with this same person.

I felt myself sit down and begin taking deep breaths. After a few of those, my brain finally got on record with my body. I turned to my right and saw Lithuania sitting right next to me on the verge of tears.

I immediately pulled her close to me and hugged her tightly. She almost instantly began sobbing into my chest. I slowly began to notice the scratches and bruises along her skin; which probably came from jumping out her window.

I rubbed her back and reached for my phone. I pulled it out and hit a contact everyone was all too familiar with.

I didn't wait for him to say anything when he picked up. "Hey, UN. Something happened."

38

Happy Late New Years! :D

~~~~~

UN POV

~Week later~

After last week's incident with Poland and Lithuania, a few countries have actually moved into my house. It's only temporary, but I'd let them stay forever any day. Living in such a big house by yourself is incredibly lonely sometimes.

Anyways, I was sat at my desk looking over the evidence we have so far. Currently, I was in a call with some of the other major organisations working on the cases. African Union was voicing her own concerns. "Sure, we figured out who one of them was, but we still need to catch her. Afghanistan is already in hiding and she has so for a while now... She might be hiding at...I don't know, their secret base?"

"Who ever said they had a secret base?" World Health Organization asked.

"It's just a theory, you never know."

I heard NATO sigh. "I understand where you're coming from, AU.. If they have a secret base it might explain why they're so...you know, them..."

"UN, have you got anything new?" ASEAN asked.

"No." I couldn't help but let the bitterness seep into my voice. "This evidence is providing nothing new, just what we already know and fricking figured out." I pinched the bridge of my nonexistent nose and let out a frustrated groan.

EU looked at me sympathetically. "We've been in this call for an 3 hours and *still* haven't found nothin' new?" NATO complained.

"What do you think I've been trying to do?!" I snapped. "You take all these stacks of information and look over it yourself if you think you can do better!"

NATO opened his mouth but EU spoke up first. "Hey, I think we should end the call now. Maybe we'll have better luck next time."

The others agreed left the call. "Hey, UN?"

I looked at EU and raised a brow. "Why don't you take a step back and relax for a bit?"

"But--"

"No buts. You've been overwhelming yourself with this. I understand you want to get the countries back as soon as possible but we can't do that if you're in bad shape. Take a nap. Enjoy yourself."

I sighed. As much as I wanted to protest I couldn't bring myself to. "Fine... Bye, EU."

"Bye, UN. Take care!" He smiled softly at me and left the call.

I closed my laptop and leaned back in my chair. Soon as I did I felt the weight of how sleepy I was. Holy crap, how many nights did I stay up late or just straight up not sleep at all? Now I see what EU meant.

I grabbed the papers and stood up. I split them into their assigned categories and put them in their respective drawers. I stretched and left my office.

Soon as I did I bumped into Bosnia. "Oh, sorry, UN!"

"S'alright..." I rubbed my eye.

Bosnia looked at me in pity before hurrying off, I assume to her sister. I began walking to my room, which wasn't that far from my

office.

I heard the countries that lived with me downstairs. They were talking and laughing together. That's nice, at least they're having a good time.

I entered my room and closed the door behind me. It took everything in me to not just flop onto my bed and pass out. I trudged to my closet and changed into my pajamas. I got into bed and snuggled beneath the covers, almost immediately falling asleep.

SK POV

North was still asleep in his room. Since he doesn't have any guest bedrooms, I just sleep on the couch.

We may have argued over this.

Anyway, I was cooking some food in the kitchen. Bibimbap, to be specific. Our dad really loved this one, as did our mom. It was even North's comfort food when we were younger.

The food was almost finished so I decided to quickly check on North. I ran to and up the stairs before entering his room. He was still fast asleep so I went and gently shook him awake. "Mmm..." He curled up and shrugged my hand away.

I chuckled. "Wakey, wakey, North. I made breakfast, get up."

"Five more minutes..." North grumbled and brought his blanket over his head.

I chuckled and shook my head. "C'mon, your food will get cold. It's bibimbap~"

"No cuisine could you make that'll make me leave this bed.." He huffed and snuggled underneath the covers.

I rolled my eyes with a smile. "Do you want me to do it the hard way, then?"

North lowered the blanket from his face and glared at me. His eye-

patch wasn't on so his pupil that was a red star was glaring at me. I really liked it, but he hid it as to not get made fun of for it. I don't even think his closest friends know about it, not even China.

"C'mon, North. Just get out of bed." I stepped away from him to see if he actually would.

North sighed and slowly got out of bed. Seeing that was enough for me to be sure he'd come downstairs, so I quickly rushed back to the food. I made it just in time to begin making our plates.

North tiredly walked into the room as I set his plate down. "How was your sleep?" I asked him, sitting in my seat.

"Fine until you came in." He sat down and began eating.

I chuckled. "Can't have you missing breakfast."

We ate in comfortable silence. When we finished, we put our dishes in the dishwasher and went to different parts of the house. I crouched down in the backyard and tended to North's garden. He told me he's had it for a while so I decided to care of it because why not? Flowers are great, anyway.

He has several sections of flowers: tulips, rose of Sharons, chrysanthemums, peonies, forsythias, erythroniums, abeliophyllums, azaleas, and last but not least, magnolias, which sat in their own little beautiful area.

Like I said, the flowers were seperated into sections by type of flower, and then they're seperated even more by color. I like that North does this, it makes everything look *really* nice.

I currently was watering the magnolias. I always tend to these first, since they're North's favorite flower. I can see why, they're pretty.

Not as pretty as rose of Sharons, though.

I soon finished watering the magnolias and then took care of the other flowers. Some butterflies were flying around and I saw a few bees. Figures, I'm surrounded by things they pollinate.

I finished with the garden and took a look at it. It. Is. So. Beautiful. Oh my goodness. I love flowers so much. Anyone who hates flowers are dead to me.

I sighed in satisfaction and headed inside. "Hey, North. I took care of the flowers, no need to later." I called, not expecting an answer. I was out there for 2 hours I'm pretty sure, and North usually doesn't respond to this anyway.

I put the gardening gloves in their respectful spot and went to my phone. I grabbed it and sat down on the couch and began scrolling through Countryhumans Twitter.

What's Countryhumans Twitter, you may ask? It's basically regular Twitter except only us countries and organisations can use it. Every app that humans use has a countryhumans version of it.

I was reading Egypt's most recent post when I got a text from Lebanon. I opened it.

~

Lebanon
Hey, South. Is UN with you?

Me
No, why?

Lebanon
When he woke up from his nap he told us he was heading to North's house for an hour and he isn't back yet. I figured you might know where he is since you've been with North.

Me
Sorry, but I wouldn't even know if he showed; I was in the backyard for the time he was supposed to be here. I'll ask North since he's in the house, okay?

Lebanon
Alright.

Me

Brb.

~

I hopped off the couch and went upstairs. "North! Lebanon's wondering if UN came by."

North didn't answer me. "North?" I opened his door and entered his room. I didn't see him in there so I checked the bathroom. Also empty.

I decided to check the rest of the house, calling his name along the way. He never responded to me, and once I was finished I knew he wasn't here.

I felt myself begin to tremble and my heart start racing. If North left the house with UN, he would have told me. Not only would he have told me but he'd bring me along.

My knees began to feel weak. I sat against the couch and hugged my knees. My breathing quickened as tears burned my eyes and trickled down my face. My breaths were quick and short. What I already knew flooded my mind.

Someone took North.

And if UN did arrive then they took him, too.

They took them while I was in the backyard, oblivious.

North must've been calling for me. Yelling for me. Screaming for me.

And I never showed up to help him.

With blurry vision and shaking hands, I took out my phone and managed to text Lebanon back:

Me
North's gone

NK POV

~South Korea just closed the backdoor~

I grabbed my sketchbook and pencils from my room and ran downstairs. I plopped myself in front of the window and waited for the birds to come back. I'm going to draw that bird today. No matter what, I will draw it. Nothing will distract me, not even China if he comes over.

I lied, if China comes over I don't care about the bird.

Anyway, I was staring out the window waiting for the birds. This is around the time they start showing up, I wonder why they aren't here yet. Maybe they have bird business to attend to.

I saw something flying in the direction of my house in the distance. I saw some blue and got excited.

Only to realize it was UN.

Oh, well, he's cool.

UN landed on my lawn and began walking to the front door. I didn't give him a chance to knock or use the doorbell because I opened the door. "안녕하세요, 북한. (Hello, North Korea.)" He greeted, surprise showing in his eyes for a split-second when I opened the door.

"안녕하세요 UN! (Hi UN!) What are you doing here?" I smiled at him.

"Just thought I should pay you and South a visit."

"Oh, alright. Wanna come inside?"

"Sure."

I walked back to the windoe and heard UN close and lock the door. "What are you doing?" He asked me.

I saw him stretch his wings as I sat down in front of the window again. "Waiting for a bird I've really wanted to sketch. In fact, I really like it because it's the same color as you, UN!"

UN chuckled. "I'm flattered."

We talked for a bit as I continued to watch for the bird. UN would flap his wings a few times. I think Poland told me that that's one of the ways winged countries and organisations stretch their wings. Or if not stretching them it's to prepare for flying, specifically flying fast.

Oh, and did you know that there used to be flying races? They originated a long time ago around the 16th century but quickly shut down because of winged countries getting hunted and exploited for their wings; I heard they cost a fortune back in the day, and if the activity was still going on then they'd cost even more now.

For 3 years UN has been thinking of bringing them back. But he's been busy and hasn't been able to find dates and materials and basically everything in order to bring them back, so the idea is on the shelf now.

"Poland would most definitely sign up if you did bring them back. He's a really good and fast flyer." I said.

UN laughed. "Yeah, he would. I reckon I could invite ex-countries as well."

"That's a great idea. I also feel like the races might help-- There's the bird!" I smiled widely and grabbed my sketchbook, already beginning to sketch it.

UN looked at the bird. "Oh, it does have my color. That's cool."

I managed to sketch the head before I saw it getting ready to fly away. I gasped softly and picked up my sketchbook and pencil before rushing out the door. "Wha-- North, wait!" UN called after me and shut the door behind him.

I followed the bird away from my house for a bit with UN right behind me. "North, this is dangerous, we have to go back." He said, getting in front of me and blocking my path.

"But the bird..." I leaned so I could see behind him and saw it perch on a tree branch.

"You can draw it another time, North. We can't be out here alone, and your brother is all by himself!" UN put his hands on his hips and frowned.

I sighed. "Okay... At least let me take a picture before we go back."

"Fine, fine. Hurry."

UN walked behind me as I took my phone out. I took a picture of the bird and smiled at it. "Thanks for standing still, birdie."

The bird quickly flew away. I turned around. "Lets go now, UN."

He smiled and turned around.

Only to be hit in the head with a baseball bat and collapse onto the ground. I screamed and back up, looking at our attacker. It was a male with wings, and every part of his body was covered so I couldn't tell who it was.

"UN, are you okay?!" I backed away from him and glanced at UN, who didn't respond.

I saw some blood trickle down his face. He didn't move at all. My breathing hitched when I realized he was knocked out.

I whipped away from the scene and sprinted away as fast as I could. I soon heard footsteps behind me. They were no doubt faster than I was, and the fact that I soon heard wings quickly flapping didn't help me either.

I suddenly felt something hard and blunt smack the side of my head. My vision went black for a few seconds as I felt myself fall to the side and roll.

Desperately trying to grip onto consciousness, I felt myself being picked up, and a few seconds later, someone else getting picked up; obviously, UN.

My head pounded as I felt the person carrying us begin walking. It wasn't long after that when I felt too weak to stay awake anymore, letting myself fall unconscious.

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North Korea was tossed into his cell, the door immediately closing afterwards. He was still unconscious, surprisingly enough.

Buff left the room and locked the door behind him. He stretched his wings and began walking to the meeting room. Upon entering, he was happily greeted and hugged by Afghanistan. He smiled and pat her head. "Finally, you're back." Middle turned. Small had his head on the table.

"What's up with him?" Buff asked, staring at the shortest there.

"He's been like this since he got here - won't say anything. We've just been ignoring him." Middle shrugged. "How was getting those two?"

"Surprisingly easy. It's just putting UN into his cell that caused a bit of trouble." Buff sat down in his seat.

"How?" Afghanistan leaned back in her chair with a brow raised.

"He woke up as I was leaving and tried to get out. Struggled a bit since he's pretty strong. North Korea on the other hand, he's out. Hasn't woken up yet."

"How did you knock em out?" Middle asked.

"With a bat. North's face when I got UN was funny."

Middle chuckled. "Okay, so, we've got the one country that'd set a whole bunch of countries off. UN is a great bonus."

"A *really* great bonus. Everyone will be panicking!" Afghanistan remarcked.

"What do you think, Small?" Middle asked.

Small shrugged and didn't say anything. Buff rolled his eyes. "Small,

are you even gonna participate it in this?"

"No. I'll check on the captives so I can give y'all some breathing space." Small stood up and briskly left, light stomps echoing down the hall.

"Wonder what's gotten into him." Afghanistan murmered.

"He'll be fine. Anyways, what should our next move be?" Buff asked.

"I guess we just lay low for a bit. Spend some time together and have fun with the captives; how does that sound?" Middle leaned back in his seat.

"Sounds good," Buff stretched with a sigh. "I needed a rest."

"Lets wait for Small to come back so we can tell him." Afghanistan smiled.

Meanwhile, Small was checking in on the one of the newest captures, UN. He stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. He turned and saw the organisation sitting in a corner, knees up to his chest and crossed arms. He glared at the country. "...How you doi--"

"Shut it." UN snapped.

Small sighed. "Look, just... It needed to be done..."

"What needed to be done? Please, enlighten me. Convince me that what your doing is for a good cause."

Small stayed silent. He looked away. UN scoffed. "'Course you can't..."

Small sighed. "Well, at least let me have a look at your head.."

"And why should I trust you? For all I know, you could be hiding a knife ready to slit my neck!"

"I'd never do that!" Small yelled. "Just let me help!"

UN wrapped his wings around himself. "Go frick yourself."

Small huffed but felt a bit of guilt. He pulled out some bandage wraps and gauze and gently slid them into the cell before leaving. He hurried to North Korea's room and went inside.

Small heard the Korean groan upon entering. He shut the door behind him and opened the cell. North was laying on the floor, staring up at the ceiling. His eyes were glazed over and he was in obvious pain.

Small hurried to him and began treating the wound he had. Luckily, where the blood was actually coming from wasn't that bad a wound. Small counted up the pain to the splitting headache he must have from being hit in the head with a bat.

Once he finished patching North's wound, he stood up and left. There wasn't really anything he could do about the headache; at least, anything he could do that wouldn't end in him getting caught. North's soft whimpers could be heard until Small shut the door.

The country leaned against the wall and put his head in his hands. His brain was filled with all sorts of different thoughts, and he didn't know which to do or ignore. "Stop it, stop it..." Small pat his head. "We know what we're doing... Yeah... Y-Yeah..."

After a minute of this, he shook his head. He began heading back to the others with a troubled look on his face, though it's not like they'd care.

"Hey, Small." Middle greeted when he entered the room. "How are the captives?"

"Same as always." Small sat in his seat.

"Good. Okay, we decided that we're gonna lay low for a bit. Gonna spend some time together as well as have fun with those unfortunates; what do you think?"

"That...sounds great! Great idea!" Small forced a smile on.

"Glad you agree. Come back next week on Tuesday, guys. I wanna

research something to show you." Middle stood up and opened the door.

Afghanistan and Middle left. "See ya, Middle!" They waved goodbye.

Middle looked at the last country in the room, still sat in his seat. "Small? Are you going?"

"Middle, are we...doing the right thing..? What's the reasoning behind all this..?" Small asked, eyes trained onto the table in front of him.

Middle hummed. "There's really no reason. This all started for fun, and it's still for fun. Nothing more."

"How...why did you begin doing this?" Small's voice got quieter.

"I just--"

"How is torturing innocent countries fun?! Making them suffer? What did they do?" Small stood and faced his leader.

Middle frowned. "Look, Small. *You* joined on your own, no one forced you to. I told you what you were getting yourself into, yet you still agreed. I know you're not about to turn on us, right?"

Small avoided eye-contact. He sighed. "N-No, Middle... I'm not going to betray you guys... I've just.." He pursed his lips together. UN would get in trouble if he said that.

"Good," Middle ignored the last part. "'Cause if you were, you'll surely regret it."

The taller swiftly turned and left, slamming the door behind him. Small stood in the empty room, alone with his thoughts. He shakily sighed. "Everything will be okay... Middle's right. He's always right.. I joined on my own, I got myself into this.. We find this fun... It doesn't matter if they're innocent, they were picked..

This is perfectly fine...

Right?"

40

Netherlands POV

I never would've thought they'd get UN.

UN, of all people.

And North Korea is the cherry on top...

We all were in the big room again, just in our own little groups until the two were thrown in. Oman covered his mouth and tears quickly rolled down his cheeks. "Th-They got UN..." He murmered softly.

I grunted and crawled over to North. He looked up at me. "Ne..?" **(Neth..?)** His voice was weak and quiet.

I gently pulled him up and hugged him tightly. "Why you..? You of all countries don't deserve this..."

North choked out a sob and weakly clung to me. "I want China..." He whispered.

Belgium came over and softly shook UN. The organisation groaned and his wings twitched. "UN? Are you alright?" Belgium asked.

UN slowly sat up with some help from my brother. He looked around. "Where are we..?"

"A terrifying nightmare come to life, and you just hopped onto this cursed train." Palestine came forward. She glanced at UN and North. "You're both wearing bandages..."

"..One of the bastards g-gave me them to treat the wound..." UN put his hand on his head. "Agh... I'm not sure if it's on right..."

Palestine went to him and fixed the bandages, securing them once she was finished. "There..." She began to check North as well.

I looked at Soviet and Russia, who were huddled in a corner. They were staring at the scene in front of them. "Moge de Heer ons redden... (May the Lord save us...)" I murmered.

Belgium glanced at me before helping UN back to where we were sitting. I let Palestine finish with North and did the same. "How you feeling?" Belgium asked UN.

"Not so good... Shocked about everything... Scared..." UN hugged himself and looked at everyone in the room.

"A later thing you'll feel is unbearable pain, and knowing these guys it won't be long." East Timor said.

UN tensed up. "East, that doesn't help.." Pakistan muttered.

"Too be fair, what's the point in sugar-coating it? Might as well tell them everything since either way they'll experience it." Russia sighed.

"..Netherlands..how's North holding up..?" Soviet asked. I could hardly hear him.

I glanced down at the Korean. His eye was closed and he was still holding onto me. I wasn't sure if he was sleeping or not. "Uhm...I'm not sure... Pale, you checked him.." I looked at Palestine.

Palestine walked over to Soviet and murmered some stuff to him. Soviet shakingly sighed and shook his head. I looked back at North, who opened his eye a tiny bit. "How you holdin' up, North?" I whispered.

He grunted. I sighed and adjusted my hold of him, making sure he was comfortable. Belgium set a hand on my shoulder and we looked at each other. UN was silent with a blank look on his face; probably thinking.

I heard the door unlock. Everyone turned to it with terrified expressions. UN's face was blank while North was too weak to react at all.

Middle stepped in. He looked at all of us before beginning to

approach Finland. Finland scrambled to get away from him, hiding behind Botswana. Middle laughed. "Fine, fine. You'll have your turn next time."

Finland's breathing hitched and he clutched onto Botswana's shoulders, the other turning and hugging him. "I'm really here for you, UN." I could hear the smirk in Middle's voice when he turned to the organisation.

UN glared at him. "C'mon now, the others want to see you~" Middle walked over and yanked UN up and dragged him out the room.

"Is he going to be okay?" Martial Law whispered; I flinched since I didn't realize he was next to me.

"I...don't know... Probably not..." I adjusted my hold on North, looking towards the now shut and locked door.

Small POV

Afghanistan entered the room looking exhausted. "Hey, Afghan- Woah, what happened to you?" Buff asked, getting up and going to her.

"Harassing countries is more tiring than I thought it'd be." She sighed and let Buff guide her to a chair. "Where's Middle?"

"Getting UN. Apprently, UN has something to do with what he wanted to show us so we're waiting for him." I explained.

"Oh, okay."

Middle dragged UN into the room a minute later. "Hey, guys," he greeted.

We waved. "What did you want to show us, Middle?" Buff asked.

Middle smirked and kicked UN down. The organisation landed on his stomach and was prevented from getting up by Middle's foot planted on his back. "G-Get off me..." UN heaved.

Middle ignored him and looked at me. "Small, go and turn on that

computer." He nodded in the direction of the only computer in the room.

"Uh, sure.." I walked over to the computer and turned it on.

A website popped up showing a picture of some wings.
"Uh...Middle, was is this..?" I nervously turned to the other, getting a bad feeling.

Middle smirked. "Remember how countries with wings were captured and farmed back in the day? Turns out, there's still people who'd pay a lot of money if they got their hands on some～"

UN stiffened and tried to get free. Middle reached down and grabbed the base of the organisation's wings. "No!-"

Buff stepped back, "Middle, wha-"

UN's piercing scream cut off Buff as Middle yanked his wings off. Buff stumbled into a corner and hid his wings. UN sobbed on the ground as Middle set the bloodied wings on the table. Afghanistan, Buff, and I stared at them, horrified. "Since wings can grow back we can do this sorta thing and keep getting a lot of money." Middle explained, looking towards us.

Middle cast a glance at Buff. Afghanistan got in front of him, shielding him from Middle. "You're not doing that to Buff..." She growled.

Middle's eyes widened. "Why in the world would I do that to Buff? Did you really think I'd to that to him?"

"I mean...sorta..." I murmered and looked at UN. He was trembling on the ground, still sobbing. Guilt showered on me like a waterfall.

"Sorry I scared y'all. I really didn't mean to give that impression." Middle sighed.

"It's...alright. I don't think I'll attend this type of thing, though.." Buff said.

"Understandable."

Afghanistan and Buff calmed down and walked back. "Okay... Honestly, Middle, as long as Buff doesn't get involved I like this plan." Afghanistan smiled.

"Can I take UN back?" I asked, not wanting to be in the same room with them anymore.

Middle nodded. "Yeah, sure. We're done with him for now."

I grabbed UN by his arms and dragged him out the room and down the hall. I propped him up against the wall so I could unlock and open the door. He cried out in pain upon his back making contact with it. "Sorry..." I murmered, opening the door.

The countries immediately turned to me; some of them relaxed. I guess they've caught on to the fact that I'm not gonna hurt them. I dragged UN into the room and quickly left, locking the door behind me.

Russia POV

My blood went cold upon seeing UN's state. His body heaved with sobs and what remained of his wings were bloodied and messy. He began coughing; blood seeping out of his mouth.

Palestine and Martial Law rushed forward and began tending to UN the best they could. As they did, the door creaked open and bandaids rolled in before it shut again. Palestine murmered something in Arabic and began bandaging UN.

UN began murmering some stuff I didn't understand. I think he was switching languages as he spoke since one second I could understand a few words and the next I couldn't. Martial quietly talked to him in...Tagalog, I believe it's called?

Anyway, Palestine eventually finished and she and Martial carefully brought UN to a corner. UN ended up curling up on the floor and closing his eyes. Remembering what Poland had told me about the pain of getting your wings ripped out, I imagine UN wouldn't fall asleep anytime soon.

"What...what are they gonna do with his wings..?" I turned to

Soviet, who was staring at the blood that had gotten on the floor, horrified.

Soviet took a deep breath and held me close. "M-Most likely gonna sell..."

I buried my face in Soviet's chest and closed my eyes, shakingly sighing.

This place is gonna get a lot more brutal.

41

Lmao this is filler

~~~

Martial Law POV

It's been a few months since we saw UN's poor form for the first time. How do I know it's been months despite there being no clocks or calenders? Well, I managed to pick out a sharp rock from the stone floor my first day here, and have been marking how many days I've been trapped here. The wall I've been using is almost filled with tallies.

Anyway, back to what I was saying. The past months have been...awful, to say the least. The jerks managed to get Palestine to reveal her wings since she had been hiding them, and they've been ripping both her and UN's wings out once they're finished growing back; and that's also a painful process.

So, as you can imagine, Palestine and UN are in a lot of pain right now. But even through that, Palestine continues to resist and does the opposite of what they want us to do: fighting back, talking back, and more. A few times she managed to injure one of them.

...How? How does she do it? She must be in so much pain, how is she continuing? *Why* is she continuing? UN can hardly move without whimpering in pain.

I admire her. I stopped resisting a while ago, I think a week or two after I got here? I can't remember. Despite all the pain she's in she keeps doing what she's doing.

I jumped and was yanked out of my thoughts upon hearing my door open. I looked over and saw Small and immediately relaxed. Small stepped inside and closed the door. "Um...how are you?" Small asked, approaching my cell.
~~~

"Awful." I replied, my voice hoarse.

Small sighed. "Figured... Are you hungry?"

I nodded. Small stepped out of the room for a few seconds before coming back inside with a plate and a glass of water. "The food here is gross so I made you guys some stuff while I was ho-" he shut his mouth.

"...You can say it."

"...I made food for y'all while I was home yesterday.." Small hesitantly said.

"Lets just hope you're a good cook." I joked and managed a little smile.

Small chuckled softly and gave me the plate and cup. "Don't worry, I'm a pretty good cook."

"Good to know." I smiled at him and began to eat.

"See ya, Martial." Small waved.

"Bye."

Small left and I heard wheels. Is he pushing a trolly? Wow, he really did make everyone something. Why is someone like him working here? He's so sweet.

I mean...he does keep good company and he takes care of us, so I guess him being here is good? I'm not sure, but I appreciate him.

I heard knocking on the wall behind me. I scooted closer to it and pressed my ear against it before taking a drink of water. "Hello?" I asked, my voice already sounding better.

"Hey, Martial." Finland greeted. His voice was quiet, as it had always been since he got here.

"Hey, Finland. How've you been?"

"There's really only one way to feel here."

"Yeah, true." I sighed. "Did uh...did Small give you food?"

"Joo. **(Yeah.)** It's pretty good, isn't it?"

"Mhm. He's a great cook."

I heard some shuffling from Finland's end. "You know...it's pretty obvious how different Small is from the others. Do you think we could convince him to-"

"No, he wouldn't do it. I doubt he'd do it." I cut in.

"Okay... Just a thought.." Finland mumbled.

I heard him yawn. "Try and sleep, Fin." I told him.

"Sure, okay..." More shuffling. "Talk to you later, Martial."

"Talk to you later."

I went back to eating. The silence eventually caused me to start thinking of my family. I wonder how my brothers are faring, and my parents. Katipunan and Perla are probably paranoid and aren't letting Philippines and Del Pilar out of their sight. Knowing them, everyone is probably carrying some form of weapon wherever they go.

I sighed softly and hugged my knees. I miss them. I miss my friends. I miss everyone. I miss not constantly being in pain.

I felt myself shiver and figured it's time to try and sleep. I curled up and shut my eyes. Surprisingly enough, I managed to fall asleep within 5 hours.

New record.

42

So, how's your day?

Mine's been fine, been thinking of ship scenarios.

~~~

Russia POV

It's been so long. I lost track of how long I've been here. Recently, our captors got some new equipment for torture and the pain has only gotten worse from there.

Soviet Union hasn't been doing well. At all. Over time the torture, the pain, basically everything here has begun adding up. Even after a few weeks since his last torture session he can hardly move without being in pain. Even sitting still hurts to an extent. He tells me the pain is bearable but I think he's lying to make sure I don't worry too much.

Everyone's been much weaker and life here has gotten worse. Palestine still persists in what she does but she's weaker as well. During a session of torture Ecuador almost died from one of the devices. We didn't see him for a bit but when we finally did he told us through sobs of what happened.

Of course the one time Small isn't there someone almost dies...

UN's been curling up and never talking to anyone. Whenever someone tries he softly whispers to be left alone. I'm not sure how and why, but seeing UN like this just brings a sense of hopelessness into the atmosphere.

I was currently leaning on Soviet and watching the others. Everyone were in their own little groups either quietly talking, silently crying, or just trying to keep warm. A few countries were sleeping.

"Папа..." I looked up at Soviet.
~~~

Soviet hummed faintly, indicating he was listening. "Are you okay..?"

The answer to that was obvious, and we both knew it. My father was getting weaker by the day and it's scaring me. As much as I think death would allow us to escape this place, I don't want to be left alone...

I've been begging Small to help Soviet more, and he's doing the best he can. But even then he can only do so much.

Soviet sighed softly and painfully wrapped his arm around me and pulled me close to him. "I-I'm fine..." He murmered.

"Stop lying to me, we both know you're not..." I frowned. I never liked it when he lied to make me feel better.

Soviet went silent and looked away. "Just...just tell me straight up... There isn't a point lying to me... Not anymore..."

My father sighed softly. "Everything hurts..." He murmered. "I-I can barely sleep...it's hard to eat... S-Sometimes I have trouble b-breathing..."

I wrapped my arms around Soviet and carefully rested my head on his chest. "We'll be okay, папа... I-I'm sure the others have gotten closer to finding us..."

"...R-Russia...Теряю надежду... (I'm losing hope...)" Soviet whimpered.

I didn't respond to that since I was losing hope myself. It's been so long, surely the others would've found us by now? Or at least be on their way? Maybe they forgot about us, maybe they gave up, maybe they don't care anymore...

I shook my head. No, I can't think like that. They'll find us, even if it takes years. "I-I know, but they'll find us. I know they will..."

Soviet sighed and moved so he could lay on my lap. I helped him lay down and rubbed his back.

"Russia?"

I perked up and looked at who called my name. I watched North Korea crawl over and let him lean against me. "Hey, North..."

"Hi..."

"How's the headache..?"

"Better... Doesn't hurt as much as it did yesterday...or maybe just a few hours ago...I don't know how long it's been..." North sighed, his voice shaky.

"Well..at least you're doing better..."

"Yeah-"

The door to the room burst open. I whipped my head towards it, my breathing already beginning to speed up. There stood Buff, and by the looks of it I think he had a bad day.

Which means one of us will get horribly tortured.

You'd think there wouldn't be much of a difference between being tortured regularly and being tortured by Buff when he's in a bad mood, but nope. When Buff's in a bad mood he projects all his anger onto us, and that causes worse pain than we'd normally feel.

This new equipment wouldn't make the experience any easier.

North stared at Buff with wide eyes (Middle took away his eyepatch a bit ago), trembling. Soviet switfly sat up, wincing and gritting his teeth in the process, but still looking at Buff nonetheless.

Buff scanned the room full of us unfortunates. Everyone was silent as we stared at him, but his was menacing. I could see how he went over the options in his head, weighing how each of us were doing and if we'd be strong enough to survive a session.

His gaze eventually rested on me. We stared at each other for a bit before one of his wings twitched and he began walking towards me.

My breathing hitched and tears promptly slid down my cheeks. I couldn't move if I tried, I was frozen in fear. Not like I'd be able to get away, anyway.

"L-Leave him alone..." Soviet moved in front of me and stuck his arm out as if to block me from Buff, though he was roughly shoved to the side in response.

"П-Папа-" I whimpered as Buff grabbed my arm and tried to pull away.

North jumped up and bit Buff's arm as hard as he could. Buff shouted in pain and threw North into the wall, where his head collided with the wall and he fell to the floor, knocked out. "Stupid Korean..." Buff huffed, rubbing where his arm was bit.

I was hyperventilating and sobbing by now. I sat still for a few seconds before scrambling to get to Soviet before Buff grabbed me again. Sure enough, he tried reaching me but Soviet rushed forward and pulled me into a hug.

My face was hidden in Soviet's chest as my body heaved with sobs. I expected him to be yanked or thrown away from me but he strangely wasn't. Even weirder, the usual cold of the room had been replaced by warmth. Almost like a soft blanket had been draped over me.

After crying for a bit I forced myself to calm down and take a look at what had happened. Other than the fact that Soviet was still hugging me tight and close, we were surrounded by a snowy white. It had feathers that were long and seemed to sparkle in the otherwise dark and gloomy room. I reached out and ran my hand through them, they were soft and smooth, albeit a bit ruffled.

Suddenly it clicked. I was looking at and touching wings. I was held in the warm embrace of wings.

I turned to Soviet and looked up at him. He looked down at me and managed a sad smile.

These were my father's wings.

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Russia POV

"You...you really..." I wasn't able to form a sentence, I was so shocked.

Soviet sadly chuckled. "Yeah...but they'll be gone soon..."

I looked towards the door and saw that it was closed again. I heard fast footsteps in the hallway and my heart sunk. My first ever time seeing my father's wings and they get ripped away so quickly.

As expected, the door burst open and Buff and his friends rushed in, heading for Soviet. "Your wings are beautiful, Dad..." I murmered before they reached us.

"Спасибо, Россия... (Thank you, Russia...)" Soviet kissed my forehead before being yanked away. He didn't resist as he was dragged out of the room.

"...What the frick..." East Timor stammered when the door slammed shut.

"I-Is North Korea okay?" Pakistan struggled to sit up. India helped her and had her lean on him.

North!! I completely- FRICK!

I gasped softly and rushed to where North lay. I immediately noticed that the spot that collided with the wall was bleeding. "H-He's bleeding!" I stuttered and tried to sit him up.

Everyone began panicking. Samoa arm-crawled to the door and began banging on it in a sequence, soon stopping. Quick and soft footsteps rushed to it and the door opened. Small stood there and looked around. "What's going on?" He asked.

"North, he's- H-He's hurt!" I cried.

Small rushed in - not forgetting to close the door behind him - and crouched down beside North. "I can treat him, but you probably won't see him for a bit. Is that alright?" He asked, already beginning to scoop North up in his arms.

"Да...да, (Yes...yes,) th-that's alright..."

Small nodded and carried North out of the room. I sighed softly and leaned against the wall. Sadly, this is just a normal day in this place.

I can't wait to get out of here. That is, if the remaining countries and organisations find us.

44

{Warning: Description of blood and stabbing}

New Zealand POV

~Bit of a time skip~

Life's been hard, recently. Britain and America probably have the worst mental states in the house, and they refuse to leave their rooms for anything. Canada went to visit Ukraine again (with the permission of France this time) five days ago, and hasn't come back. He called and told us that Kazakhstan had saw something weird in the backyard so he prevented Canada from leaving.

So, that leaves France, Australia, and me to take care of the house and both America and Britain. That's fine, right? Not too much stress, it's manageable.

Well, *was* manageable.

Recently, Britain's been having freakish nightmares about being attacked and sometimes killed. It's gotten to the point where he stays up all night for fear of going through it. France has to lull him to sleep and has to stay with him all day since he's also been having freakouts.

Alright, so France can't help out with America and the house anymore, but at the same time we don't really have to worry about Britain anymore. Even then, there's still a lot of pressure on Australia and I. We're not as good as cleaning as everyone else and he (Australia) has been concerned about his pets.

All of Australia's pets are in a different place a little ways away from the house. France and Britain had him do this so that they wouldn't all crowd the house and kill everyone. He hasn't been able to go and visit them, lately, and it's stressing him out.

Speaking of Australia, he flopped onto the couch with a sigh. "C'mon, Aussie, get up.. We still have to clean the kitchen and prepare dinner..."

He groaned. "We've been doing stuff all day, surely we deserve a break?"

I sighed, "Yes, we do... But everyone still needs to eat. Mom can't and Ame refuses to leave his room-"

"I know, I know, Kiwi..." Australia sat up. "I just wanna flop down and sleep for 16 hours."

"Same here." I chuckled.

"Well..." My older twin got up from the couch and stretched with a groan. "I'll get dinner started... We can clean the kitchen once I'm done."

"What will I do?"

"Set the table, if you want."

"And after that?"

Australia shrugged. "I don't know, do whatever you want." He turned and went into the kitchen.

I sighed and decided to set the table like he told me to. Once I'm finished with that I'll figure out what to do next.

~After NZ set the table~

I wiped my brow and sat on the couch. Table's finished, and I could hear and smell Australia making dinner. I racked my brain for stuff to do that wasn't grabbing a blanket and falling asleep on the couch.

I guess I could check on America and France and Britain. Yeah, I'll check on them.

I stood up and made my way to the stairs. My body protested

against this, wishing to lay or sit down and rest. I ignored this and kept going, though my feet did drag a bit.

I made my way to America's room first since it was closer. I knocked on the door and called, "Ame? You doing alright?"

He didn't answer, as always. "Aussie's making dinner... It should be ready in a bit."

"Go away, Kiwi..." America's muffled voice came.

I sighed. "Alright... Would you like me to leave your plate in front of your door?"

"Sure..."

"Okay...see ya, Ame."

I went to our parent's room and knocked on the door. "Mom? Dad?"

"Yes, New Zealand?" France softly called out.

"Can I come in?"

"Of course."

I opened the door and stepped inside, closing it behind me. My attention immediately focused on the two countries on the bed. France was leaning back against the wall holding Britain, who was laying on her chest. "Hello, New Zealand." France greeted.

Britain glanced at me for a second before closing his eyes and resting his head back on France's chest. "How is he..?" I asked quietly, looking at my father. He seemed...smaller...in a way.

"The nightmares have relaxed a bit... He still has them, of course, but they've been toned down and happen a tiny bit less. Still refusing to sleep..." France explained, caressing Britain's cheek as she spoke.

I nodded. "Alright. Well, I just wanted to check on you guys. Oh, and Aussie's preparing dinner."

"Alright, thanks for letting me know. Could you bring two plates up once he finishes?"

"Sure." I turned and opened the door to leave.

"Hey, Kiwi?"

"Yeah?" I looked at France.

"I...I'm sorry I left the two of you to take care of everything on your own... I just..." France glanced at Britain, who seemed to have fallen asleep on her.

I smiled. "It's alright, Mom, Australia and I can handle it. Besides, it's good practice for if we ever move out."

France looked at me and chuckled. "I guess so.."

"I love you two. I'll go and bring your food up when it's done."

"Thank you, Kiwi."

"Welcome."

I left the room and closed the door behind me. I went down the stairs and over to the kitchen. "Hey, Aussie, is the food done?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's finished. Just preparin' the plates." Australia responded.

"Okay. I'll bring some food up to Ame and our parents. You wait for me at the table."

"Sure, mate."

~Time skip, night time~

Australia and I were on the couch watching TV. It had been a long day of countless and continuous chores, as well as worrying about our family and friends. We were both drained mentally and physically. I heard Australia sigh and looked at him. He had a distant sad look. "Australia? You okay?"

He leaned back and looked at the ceiling. "I'm worried about Nada... And Ame... And Dad... And everyone else..."

I nodded as he continued. "I'm drained, Kiwi... I'm so tired from cleaning and looking after everything every day. My pets haven't been fed in weeks, they're probably eating each other. I'm always peaking out windows cause I'm scared they decided to come for us, but I also don't want to look out cause I'm scared I'll see something... I get scared by the smallest of sounds and think things move when they don't!- Everything's just been so confusing and tiring..." Australia covered his face with his hands.

I hugged my twin and rubbed his back. "I...I know where you're coming from... I've been feeling the same..."

Australia sniffed and leaned on me. "I want this period of our life to be over..." He whispered.

"Me too, Aussie... Me too..."

We heard footsteps coming down the stairs and turned towards it. France was coming down with a worried expression. "Boys, have you seen your father? I left him alone for a bit to check on America and talk to EU, and when I came back he was gone."

"No... If he came down the stairs we didn't see him." I said, wiping away Australia's tears.

"Alright..." France sighed and went to look for Britain in the rest of the house, calling out for him in French and English.

"Where do you think he went? That is, if you're not assuming the worst already..." Australia asked.

"I don't know... He never left their room, why now?"

"How did he even sneak by Mom as well? I know his mental state has been declining a lot and he's been acting really strange, but still..."

Australia and I glanced at each other with worried looks. We stood up and decided to help France look for Britain.

Third Person POV

Britain walked down the sidewalk. He didn't know what he was doing, he just needed to get out of the house. He felt suffocated, having to stay in there for so long, let alone in the same room.

Why not just leave the room?

He didn't know. The room felt like it was trapping and smothering him, but at the same time a safe haven.

Britain couldn't find the words to describe how he felt if he wanted to, he just knew he needed some fresh air and to stretch his legs.

He was heading home now, having walked to the closest park and staring at a few gardens as he passed by them. He let out a soft sigh, smiling softly. He really needed this. Probably not the best time to go out, though, but hey, his brain was mushy.

He was approaching his home. He knows he'll have some explaining to do but he didn't really care at the moment. The walk calmed him down and has temporarily took his mind off the situation his best friend and other nations he cared about were in.

He heard a noise from behind him and turned around. He didn't see anything. Maybe it was the fact that he hadn't slept for at least a week now, but he didn't think anything of the noise and assumed it was a squirrel or bird.

Britain turned back around and took a few more steps to his house before being tackled. His face collided with the concrete, causing him to let out a wail. Whoever had tackled him was definitely smaller than him, but they were strong.

Britain tried to get up and shake them off, but they held him down and kicked his side. The kicking soon turned into kicking and punching. Britain flailed his arms and legs until he managed to hit something, hearing a groan and turning on his back.

That was a mistake since he immediately got stabbed in the stomach. He gasped as the knife was also immediately ripped out and held the stab wound. Warm blood seeped through his clothes

and covered his hands.

The attacker stabbed his shoulder, and then his thigh. They then forcibly removed Britain's hands to the side so they could stab his stomach again.

Britain was screaming by now. Screaming in pain and begging his attacker to stop. His blood stained the sidewalk and the knife gleamed in the moonlight, blood dripping off of it as they raised it up for another stab.

France burst through the front door of the house and hauled butt to her husband and his would-be-murderer. The attacker hopped up and took off down the street. America fired a few bullets at them but soon stopped once they were out of sight.

"Australia, call an ambulance!" America yelled as France picked Britain up and rushed him inside. The American slammed the door behind them.

Australia was doing as he told, stuttering into the phone as he rushed to explain what happened. New Zealand was running around grabbing medical supplies while France laid Britain down on the couch.

The household was filled with panic, shouting, and yelling as France and New Zealand focused on keeping Britain alive until the ambulance got there. Australia ran about grabbing anything New Zealand and France shouted for. America focused on keeping his family safe; locking all the doors and windows and patrolling the area everyone was in.

To them it seemed like hours for the ambulance to arrive. When they did they promptly took Britain while the police questioned the family. They were quite the scene: France and New Zealand's shirts, pants, and hands were covered in blood, Australia was a hysterical sobbing mess, unable to hold it in anymore, and America had red, bloodshot eyes and looked like he hadn't bathed in weeks, as well as being very jumpy. The police couldn't even get within a few feet of him or his mother and brothers or he'd point a gun at them and tell them to back off.

Canada would hear about the night the next morning.

45

East Timor POV

~Bit of a time skip~

I was laying on India's lap and he was holding me close. This spot was usually reserved for his sister, Pakistan, but she was healing from her last torture session somewhere so here I am. India was surprisingly pretty warm despite the cold temperature of this place. I was freezing so I tried getting as close to him as I could and in response he held me close.

Don't bother asking how we're doing, the answer will always be horrible. Other than Palestine, she might say something different.

Speaking of Palestine, she just threw Middle at a wall.

Middle landed on the floor with a harsh thud and groaned as he struggled to sit up. "What the frick..." He muttered.

"Don't fricking touch North." Palestine spat, her eyes full of malice.

North Korea was cowering in a corner behind the Palestinian. He was hugging himself tightly and whimpered as tears trickled down his cheeks. UN went to him and hugged him close.

Middle rose up and glared back at Palestine. "Back down, or else." He threatened.

Everyone was staring at the two fearfully. Well, everyone except for me. I'm pretty desensitized to stuff that happens in this place. Anyway, Palestine flipped Middle off in response to his threat.

"Fine then." Middle stomped out the room and slammed the door behind him.

Palestine went over to North and began to quietly talk to him. North was too shaken to respond, though he answered her questions

through shaking his head and nodding.

"A-Are y'all alright?" Samoa asked.

"I'm fine, not sure about North, though." Palestine answered.

Suddenly the door burst open with all of our captors standing there: Middle, Buff, and Afghanistan glared into the room, Small looked nervous. Buff and Afghanistan marched over to Palestine and grabbed her arms and pulled her away. Palestine resisted in every way she could, and we could hear her shouts as she was dragged down the hall even when the door closed.

"...I have a really, really bad feeling." Soviet Union muttered.

He was right, since we soon heard Palestine's pained screams. Something was off about them, though. You see, since I was here the longest and have been through every faze of stuff our captors did, I've learned to discern what type of torture method or other horrible thing someone is going through just from the pitch of and how they're screaming. With this in mind, hearing Palestine's screams made something in my stomach sink, though I'm not sure why.

We painfully listened to her scream for a few good minutes before we heard a loud bang and she stopped.

Everyone tensed as we heard footsteps in the hall and something dragging. The door soon opened and Palestine was thrown into the room.

"P-Pale..? A-Are you okay?" Russia murmered.

"Don't bother trying to talk to her." Middle said, I could hear the smirk in his voice.

"...Why?" Netherlands asked, gripping onto Belgium.

"Because," Buff stepped forward and turned Palestine over, revealing a bullet wound in her forehead, "she's dead."

Small POV

I was standing in shock in the hallway. My eyes were open and wide and tears streamed down my cheeks.

I listened to the wails, screams, yells, and sobbing of the captures. It didn't take long for me to start sobbing as well. I crumbled to the ground and sat up against the wall, my knees up to my chest as I covered my nonexistent ears to try and not hear the sorrow that I let cause. Flashes of memories flooded my head. Memories of me and Palestine. Memories of us and our friends before all of this. Before our lives got messy.

I sobbed more as a beautiful memory turned awful, her corpse staring at me, chanting: You're fault. You're fault. You're fault. You're fault. Traitor. Traitor. Traitor. Traitor.

I was yanked out of my mind's Hell when I felt a harsh slap. I put my hand up to it and saw...them... I can't even look at them the same. Why did I think this was a good idea? Why did I join? Why? *Why?* ***WHY?***

"Get yourself together, Small. She's not worth much, anyway. Not sure why you cared about her." Middle said coldly. He didn't care that I was in pain, he never cared.

I looked at Afghanistan and Buff. They never cared, either. Whenever I was upset they turned a blind-eye, yet when one of *them* was upset all of sudden everything gets dropped until they're fine again.

"C'mon, lets put the captives back in their cells. All except UN, I wanna have some fun." Afghanistan said.

~Time skip~

I was alone sitting in the main quarters on a chair. I thought about everything, and it all makes sense. They didn't care about me, they always found mr useless and annoying. Maybe at the start of this all they liked me but perhaps that was fake. Was it all fake?

I turned and stared at the exit door. Palestine's death was fresh on my mind still. I saw her reach out to me before being shot by Buff.

Soon, one thing was on my mind, and one thing only.

I sprung up and burst through the door and sprinted through the area the hideout was in. My body was acting on it's own, but I'm not gonna stop it.

My hood fell down and my scarf fell off in my sprint. My face and flag were in full view to anyone who would happen to see me.

I soon reached a neighborhood and continued to sprint down the street. Where was I going? To the meeting building. I found out EU and the other organisations (even ex-organisations) were meeting there today.

Perfect.

It didn't seem to take long to reach the building. I ran up the steps and entered it. Running to the door and slamming the door open, the organisations inside turned and stared at me. I panted and caught my breath before straightening up and looking at them. There's no going back.

This is for you, Palestine.

EU stood up. "Syria? What are you-"

"Me, Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Mongolia kidnapped the missing countries."

46

Just a reminder to not hate on anyone from the countries that committed the stuff they did, and that I don't view any of these countries in a negative light. These are once again characters that don't represent their government or people and no harm is intended.

Now, enjoy chapter 46.

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Third Person POV

EU and the other organisations stared at Syria in shock. NATO stood up and extended his wings, it was obvious he was gonna tackle the short country. "Wait! Before you do anything..." Syria took a breath. "I'll show you where they're hiding out. We have a base in a harsh part of the forest and that's where the missing countries are also being held."

The organisations looked at each other. Arab League stared at Syria before closing his eyes. After a tense moment of silence, he opened his eyes again and looked at the other organisations. "He's telling the truth."

EU nodded and stood up. "Alright, Syria. Let us get equipment and supplies before we go."

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All the organisations and a lot of countries were gathered behind Syria at the edge of a forest. America and a few others were handing out guns. Others were passing around and making sure they had enough equipment.
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"Syria, are you ready?" EU asked.

Syria nodded. Despite his eyes being covered by his bandana, it didn't keep people from seeing the look of determination he had. "This nightmarish period of our lives will soon be over."

"You worked with them, right? What are the conditions? How are the countries and UN treated?" Serbia asked.

"Horribly. They're tortured, starved, beaten, taunted, and much, much more." Syria shivered.

"Those frickers will pay for what they've done." China spat.

"Can I shoot someone?" South Korea asked.

"If needed. Remember, we want them alive." NATO said.

"I suggest we be quiet as we go. Look, I know a lot of you are furious and want to help your friends and family members, but it'll be much better to us if we caught them off guard." Syria said.

"What about you? Surely they've realized you're gone by now." Kazakhstan raised a brow, stretching his wings. His wings were covered in stuff 'specially designed to protect them in battle. Many other winged countries wore the same stuff.

"If they have, they would've assumed I went home and plan to yell at me for leaving the door open tomorrow. If they haven't, they'll think I'm off somewhere else in the base." Syria explained. "They always assume I'm off doing something else since...well...I guess they'd describe me as 'special.'"

"C'mon, lets go! Our friends and family have been waiting for so long, they're ready to leave!" Canada shouted.

The other countries that were there raised their weapons or hats and cheered. The organisations chuckled or smirked. "Lead the way, Syria." EU nodded.

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"Great, let's go in." Third Reich said.

Syria held Reich back. "No, no, there are multiple exits. At least 10 people go through each, and then choose where you'll enter on your own. This way they'll be surrounded and we catch them while simultaneously freeing the captures, though I recommend most of us going through the main door."

Reich groaned but didn't say anything. "And...how many entrances are there?" America asked.

"As far as I know, four. They should be easy to find. Stick out like a sore thumb."

"With how hidden y'all were I figured this base would be more camouflaged." ASEAN said.

Syria shrugged. "Mid- Vietnam didn't think to do that. He figured we were too hidden to be found in the first place so why bother spending time making the base look good when we could be having fun torturing the countries and messing with the others? His words, not mine."

EU's wings twitched. "Let's find those doors."

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The countries and organisations had divided themselves into five groups. The largest group was being led by Syria through what he described as the main door. Three others were going through the other entrances, led by African Union, Arab League, and NATO. The remaining group consisted of countries that either had medical degrees (there used to be schools for countryhumans in the human world to earn degrees) or were very good at anything medical. The 'leader' of that group was WHO. The medical group would remain outside the base.

"Everyone ready?" Syria radioed, staring at the main door. Yes, even though he was wearing a bandana he could still see. Don't question

the logic of this world.

"Ready." All the other leaders radioed back.

"Alright..." Syria took a deep breath in and let it out. "3...2...1... GO!"

The four groups charged inside the base. Syria immediately led some countries and organisations to the main room, kicking the door open. Mongolia gasped and stood up. His wings began to fluff up but he was quickly tackled by 2 organisations and 1 country. He shouted and struggled to get free, yelling in pain when the country grabbed his wings. "Okayokay!"

Syria left the room and ran down the hall towards the torture room, remembering what Afghanistan had said about UN. He saw that the door was open and ran inside. "UN?!" He yelled.

He saw a few countries wrestling Afghanistan to the ground and EU holding the sobbing organisation. EU looked at Syria with a distressed but angry face and sprinted out if the room, most likely heading for WHO. Syria cast a glance at Afghanistan before leaving and going to help the captures.

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"Did you see Palestine?" South Korea asked.

China nodded, a grim look on his face. "I was with Iran when we did. He fell to the floor and cried. Had to be escorted out. I heard Israel saw her corpse as well but I don't know what his reaction was."

South hummed. "How many countries have we freed?"

"We're almost done. Russia and Soviet have just been carried out by Taiwan and his friends."

"What about North? Has anyone got North?"

China went silent. "...I don't know; I hope so. It not then we'll get

him since there's only a few remaining."

"What if he isn't here? What if he's dead like Palestine?" South began to tremble and gripped his gun harder.

China tensed up. "Don't say that. I'm sure he's fine. Besides, we can confirm with Syria after this about anybody else they might've killed."

America suddenly radioed through: "I saw someone running through the woods, chasing after them now."

"Be careful, America. If it's Vietnam he may be armed." France radioed in response.

"I'll be fine."

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His body hadn't run in a long time, and it was in no state to. He was starved and his body felt aches and pains from his beatings, wounds, and injuries. Scratching his legs and arms on the sharp branches of the trees and bushes as he pushed his way through the forest didn't help much either.

His breathing was shallow and his legs burned. His eyes poured tears down his scratched cheeks. He wanted nothing more than to go home. Go home and be held in someone's arms.

North Korea's body slowly began to slow down against his will. He silently begged for it to keep going as he heard footsteps behind him draw closer. No matter what he did, however, his body gave up on him and his legs collapsed just short of a tree.

North crawled to the tree and turned around. One of the faces that had put him through all this horrendous pain approached him. "Shoulda killed ya sooner," Vietnam snarled, "but then my fun would've been significantly lowered."

North choked a sob as he trembled. "If I'm getting caught, then some other countries will suffer. Killing you will do just the trick."

Vietnam stepped towards North, gripping a knife that was stained with blood. North began to sob as he begged for his life.

Two loud bangs echoed through the forest. Vietnam stumbled, dropping the knife and held his side, though another wound was in his back. He then was tackled by America. "Not on my watch, ya ain't!" The American shouted.

Vietnam tried to resist but began complying when a gun was held to his head. "Did ya get him?" Canada asked, running up as well.

"Yep. Pick up North, I got this douche." America forced Vietnam to stand up, the latter struggling a bit.

Canada turned to North and crouched down. "Hey," he smiled reassuringly at the sobbing and trembling Korean, "can you walk?"

North shook his head.

"Alright. I won't drop you, I promise." Canada carefully picked North up bridal-style. "Let's head back, Ame."

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"North!" China yelled upon seeing Canada and America come into view. He tried to run over but Taiwan grabbed and prevented him. "Tai, I have to-"

"Canada needs to get North to WHO so he's healed enough to make it to the hospital. Every second counts." The taller said.

China sighed and nodded in agreement. "I'll go check on the others."

China walked over to where Soviet, Russia, and Finland were sitting. Estonia was sitting next to Finland talking softly to him. "Hey...how you feeling?" China asked.

"B-Better already!.." Russia smiled. "I-I honestly didn't think you guys would come..."

China managed a sad chuckle. "And I didn't think I'd see y'all again..."

He looked at the bandages wrapped around Soviet's torso. Soviet himself was spacing out. "...So, he has-"

"Yeah.. Maybe I can get him to eventually tell me more but for now I just wanna go to the hospital." Russia sighed.

"North's the final one WHO and the other medical countries have to heal, then we can begin heading out."

Russia smiled. "Th-That's great! Finally, finally this period of our lives is over!"

Epilogue

Oh, hello. It's been a while, hasn't it? Well, maybe not for you, but for us, it has been quite some time.

You might know me already. North Korea, does that name ring a bell? I hope it does, haha.

Oh, you must be wondering how we're doing now. I can fill you in, if you'd like?

...I'll take that silence as a yes.

Well, first thing's first, Afghanistan, Mongolia, and Vietnam were arrested and went to jail. Syria insisted he go to jail as well since he believed he wasn't innocent to the atrocities that they committed. It took a bit since literally everyone didn't want him to go.

He eventually got his wish and went to jail, but he served the least amount of time out of all the kidnappers. When he got realeased I remember him telling me that the guards had him seperated from Afghanistan, Mongolia, and Vietnam the entire time he was there since they worried they'd try and attack him.

Once Syria got released he actually went and visited them a few times. Over time Afghanistan and Mongolia softened up a bit and he learned that they actually started dating, so good for them! They also distanced themselves from Vietnam.

As I'm telling you this the three of them have long since been released. If I were to combine how many countries have forgiven them, I'd say a quarter of all the countries in the world and probably 5 organisations. I'm among the countries who forgave them, since I'm not one to hold grudges anymore and I believed they changed.

I know you may not be happy about that, but I don't wanna spend my life being a hateful person anymore. That's probably not enough

but I feel like leaving y'all on a cliff with that one.

Anyway, me and the rest of the captured countries had went to the hospital and stayed there for quite some time, as well as had a lot, and I mean a *lot* of therapy. Soviet and UN had stayed at the hospital much longer than the rest of us cause of the whole ripping wings out thing. Huh, it seems like doing that causes the wings to grow awkwardly so the hospital staff had to fix it.

As for Palestine's corpse? Well, we originally planned to have her funeral until Jordan stumbled upon an old book in the archives in the meeting building (we call it meeting building but it also has many more uses). He looked inside it but couldn't read any of it and brought it to the organisations.

None of the organisations could read it either. UNESCO theorized it was an old language judging from how old the book looked, so they went around asking if any of the countries could read it.

When they got to Iran he could indeed read it, and he said that it was written in Old Persian. He also found that his ancient grandfather, The Achaemenid Empire - most of us know it as First Persian Empire - wrote the book. He read it and got to a passage talking about the revival of countries. He immediately told the organisations about this and suggested trying it on Palestine.

Based off what the translated passage said, in order to revive a country from the dead you have to get their cities or states/ provinces/regions/ect.. They stand in a circle in an area that was important to the person being revived. They grab hands and sing the countries full national anthem. If done right there will be a white flash and the countryhuman will appear in front of them.

Oh, and if one city or state doesn't want to bring back the countryhuman or you force them to do the process, it won't work.

(Note: Author made the revival process only have traits and things related to modern times, obviously the process was way different during ancient times but she's too lazy to research stuff atm

Author's also tired)

Back to the passage. The organisations agreed to try it out with Palestine. So, they gathered her cities and let them know what had happen and the process they were gonna do to try and bring her back. They agreed to do it and did everything.

Sure enough, the white flash happened and Palestine appeared. Iran promptly tackled her into a hug and her friends surrounded her asking if she was alright.

It had been a happy day.

Wow, that's already a lot of information I just dumped on you. I'm not even done yet, those were just the two major events that I thought to tell first.

I'll get to tellin' y'all everything else.

Uh, let's see... Oh! Third Reich and Soviet got married a few years ago. I wish you could've seen the wedding, it was so nice and everyone had a blast! Britain also fought Spain for no reason.

They're a happy couple and currently have a wonderful daughter named Germany. She has wings like her father and is already learning how to use them. I visited the family with my brother and China and she was just the cutest thing! Austria and Hungary think she's very cute as well and they often fight over who will babysit. Russia and his siblings were ecstatic when they saw her.

South and I decided to live in the same house together, so we did the only reasonable thing: pack up and temporarily move into Taiwan and China's house, had people come and tear our old houses down, and build a whole new and bigger one.

See? Reasonable.

We also went and found our old home. We renovated it and fixed it up. It's one of my favorite places to go whenever I wanna feel closer to our parents, or just to relax. Oh, and that old hedge maze? I still get easily lost it in like I did as a kid.

The only other news that happened was a bunch of couples getting together. I'll list off a few: UN and EU, Sweden and Panama, Romania and Bulgaria, Taiwan and Belarus, and more.

Well, I guess that's all. Everyone's doing just fine now. South and I have the brotherly relationship we did all those years ago. I missed this.

Ya know, I'm glad he went through the effort of ***Repairing Our Relationship.***

END

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Wait, wait! Author's not done yet! She has some things to say to y'all! Stay tuned!
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It's Finished

Repairing Our Relationship is now finished. I'm pretty sure I worked on this book for over a year now so-

Thank y'all for supporting me during this time, and thank you for being patient with my sporadic updates. I'll be honest, I'm a bit surprised that you stuck around this long. But that just means I'm even more grateful! ^^

Now, here's some fun facts about ROR while it was in production.

·Halfway through making this book I thought about making a sequel but scrapped the idea
~No, I'm not making a sequel please don't ask

·There were a lot of things and ideas I wanted to do but they were scrapped cause I couldn't lead up to them or they just didn't make sense

·"Britain also fought Spain for no reason." Reference to one of the chapters in my Countries Messin' Around series

·Palestine originally wasn't going to be brought back to life but then I developed my headcanon more and since ROR's canon to my headcanon timeline I needed her alive

·Some characters personalities and how they treat another country are way different when you compare them to the beginning of ROR vs the end
~ex. SK in the beginning of ROR was best friends with Japan but towards the end of the book my headcanon changed to him hating Japan so that's kinda why they stopped interacting

·Author forgot a lot of things and she's aware there may be many plotholes but she doesn't care

·I almost made Oman say something in chapter 46 cause I forgot he was kidnapped

·I have a list of the kidnapped countries but stopped updating it a bit ago

·I winged it most of the story

·I got attached to Syria to I made him good

·I think you can tell that my headcanon changed drastically from beginning to end

·The bloody knife Vietnam was gonna kill North with was the same knife Britain was stabbed with, so that was Britain's stained blood on the knife

·My headcanon's current date is 2085, ROR's ending isn't even *close* to that date

· whitewolf_warrior I FORGOT TO MENTION THE WOOD STATUE TURKEY GOT FROM OUR ROLEPLAY I SORRY :(((

Okay, that's all. Once again, thank you for attending this journey with the Korean bros and their wack friends. I hope you enjoyed the story and had a fun ride.

Goodbye, and thank you.